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Jan-Apr

529, 1936

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Vol. 266

XDA
13

1. The Perplexities of French Policy. By W. Walter Crotch.
2. Park Lane, Past and Present. By E. Beresford Chancellor.
3. History and Politics. By Sir John A. R. Marriott.
4. Land Settlement in England and Wales. By S. L. Bensusan.
5. A Modern Aspect of the Novel. By Sir Philip Magnus, Bart.
6. The Case for Divorce Law Reform.
7. Lawrence Sterne. By Dame Una Pope-Hennessy, D.B.E.
8. India and Economic Nationalism. By Sir William P. Barton, K.C.I.E.
9. Despotism in English Law.
10. Two American Lives. By John Drinkwater.
11. The Philosophy of Writing History. By David Thomson.
12. The General Election — and After. By Lieut.-Col. Sir Cuthbert Headlam, Bart.

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 527.—JANUARY, 1936.

Art. 1.—THE PERPLEXITIES OF FRENCH POLICY.

To the dispassionate observer there is nothing more bewildering, at least in appearance, than French foreign policy in the present critical hour. At first blush there seems to be a flagrant contradiction between the principles professed and pursued by France during the past fifteen years on the one hand, and her attitude towards the Italo-Abyssinian dispute on the other. To the merely superficial eyewitness the situation is one full of perplexity; to unravel that tangled skein of confusions, therefore, may not be without interest and perchance of positive service.

The apparent contradiction is undeniable. Since the time when M. Aristide Briand returned to power after the War, France has been the unceasing champion of the League of Nations, both in doctrine and deed. It would be useless to recall here all the manifestations of that policy; the famous protocol of which M. Edward Herriot constituted himself the guardian and the god-parent was the most striking evidence of it. But it was not the only one. Geneva was, and still is, the stronghold of all that French diplomatic effort which has consisted essentially and fundamentally in the organisation of a collective security that all the Paris cabinets have insisted must be an indispensable prelude to, and the unalterable condition of, disarmament. Whilst other powers mainly saw in the League of Nations a spiritual force and an element of moral order, France brought to Geneva certain definitely material forces, firstly in the form of economic sanctions and afterwards in the form of military possibilities.

Vol. 286.—No. 527.

2 THE PERPLEXITIES OF FRENCH POLICY

M. Léon Bourgeois, one of the patriarchs of French democracy as well as one of the most fervent of the Geneva apostles, even outlined the constitution of a kind of international *gendarmerie* which was to be supplied by the Geneva adherents in order to ensure the due execution of any sanctions imposed by the League.

Now it happens that the Italo-Abyssinian conflict furnished just the regrettable occasion when that doctrine should be applied and in some measure quickened and re-invigorated. A violation of the Pact had been committed; a violation obvious and flagrant, since it was a question of an act of aggression by one member of the League against another and had been perpetrated under such physical and geographical conditions as rendered possible an intervention of the League. Thus an action by the League became a veritable dress rehearsal of the play it would perform in case of European aggression. That was immediately realised by all the secondary powers, and it is this fact which explains their zeal for sanctions, notwithstanding that they have no actually direct interest in the whole affair. They were and are anxious to create a precedent—one which will serve them in the event of finding themselves assailed.

No country, it would have seemed, had a greater advantage to gain by heading such a movement than France. It meant that she would be able to gather and range about her all the partisans and advocates of collective security. It meant that she would be able to profit by the extremely favourable—nay, even the enthusiastic—welcome afforded to this defence of peace act in Great Britain; that she would be able to commit that nation to such a policy permanently and finally to establish such a complete system as alone would be capable of maintaining the European *status quo* in the future. Then comes the surprising spectacle. In semblance, at all events, it is France who to-day burns the idol which yesterday she worshipped! There is no question that she will always finish by ranging herself in the same ranks as England, but she will follow instead of leading; she will be the mere lieutenant in this peace army instead of being its radiant, inspiring commander-in-chief! And above all, her press creates the impression that had not her Government been spurred into action by

that of London, she would have assumed a listless attitude of benevolent neutrality with distinctly Italian leanings.

Does this mean that there has been some sudden change in policy, some revulsion of feeling, some veering in French opinion? If so, from whence does it come? In reality there has been no actual tacking and no alteration in sentiment. There has simply arisen a certain hesitation in the face of an admittedly considerable difficulty—the difficulty of reconciling a strict application of Geneva principles (to which the French Government remains staunchly faithful) with the desire to preserve the recently sealed Italian friendship, now considered by an important body of French public opinion as the imperative necessity for national security.

It cannot be disputed that the French people as a whole—leaving aside certain elements of the extreme Left—welcomed with special satisfaction the return of the Italian Prodigal Son to the Allied household. The late M. de Jouvenel—who combined much lightness and mental agility with an astonishing facility for predicting actualities—during his short and brilliant Ambassadorship at Rome became the convinced believer in and strenuous worker for a Franco-Italian *rapprochement*. Thanks to him, Signor Mussolini ceased to be to Paris merely the personification of Fascism; he became still more an incarnation of order and authority, a sort of dominating but benevolent Cæsar. The position which the Duce took up at the time of Chancellor Dollfuss' murder and the Austrian crisis resulted in Italy and Fascism appearing in the glorious rôle of guardians of European order and the bulwarks of European liberty against Germanic encroachments in Central Europe. From a constantly reiterated expression of public opinion, the late M. Louis Barthou, then Foreign Minister, received instructions to pursue the idea and to effect a reconciliation with Italy. In September 1934 at Geneva he applied himself to the task, at the same time trying to effect a *rapprochement* of the traditional French kind; that is to say, one which would not sacrifice in any way her alliances with the powers of the Petite Entente and particularly with Jugoslavia. Every one knows, of course, that his first attempt failed. M. Barthou was not discouraged, and he pressed on with the idea. Unhappily,

4 THE PERPLEXITIES OF FRENCH POLICY

by one of those tragically dramatic coincidences, death struck him down just at the very moment that he counted upon enlisting the sympathy and support of the King of Serbia, Alexander I, for a general agreement between the Little Entente and France and Italy. He had hoped to stretch a sort of pacific chain from London to Moscow, passing by Rome, Belgrade, Prague, and Bucharest; a chain connected at Geneva and which stretched across Europe would have constituted 'the great wall of peace.' Rome was an essential link in that chain.

The death of France's Foreign Minister seemed likely to imperil his work. Public opinion, however, imposed its continuance upon his successor; it even insisted upon it with a certain amount of impatience. Uncertain of success and even suspecting a definite failure, M. Pierre Laval deferred his visit to Rome. Immediately there were whoopings and shriekings and a general hullabaloo in a section of the press, which had the effect of inducing him to hurry on with his Roman pilgrimage, notwithstanding that his technical advisers at this time regarded the visit as premature. The permanent officials in the Government departments were tempted to believe that the Italian isolation gave France an opportunity of deriving the maximum advantage from the circumstances; and, therefore, nothing should be precipitated, but that it should be seized particularly for a settlement of the Balkan question.

If the agreements of Jan. 7 have not, properly speaking, brought a solution of the Danubian problems, save perhaps in regard to the arrangement for a Franco-Italian co-operation in guarding the Brenner, they have most assuredly put an end to certain difficulties between the two countries—Tunis, Lake Chad, Djibuti; have created an atmosphere and climate of cordiality, almost of friendship; and have prepared the way for the *accords d'Etat-Major*, assuring to France a kind of neutralisation of its Alpine frontiers. There can be no doubt that public opinion welcomed these results very heartily. The Roman accords have been the veritable pedestal upon which M. Laval's political fortune has been built. It was this 'achievement' which enabled him to rise to the front rank of public men and it was this which has secured for him a quite definite popularity. Until that moment

he was only a politician or parliamentarian—what the French call a 'homme du parlement'; he has since become both a statesman and 'l'homme du pays'!

Many reasons may be marshalled to explain the exceptional gratification with which the greater part of the French nation greeted the reconciliation with Italy. Apart from the fact that there is said to be a spiritual affinity between the two peoples, a first place must be given, I think, to the eager, strenuous, and sustained efforts of what is called the Press of the Right. It is only necessary, in order to confirm this, to turn to the files of the 'Action Française' and its satellites like the 'Nouveliste de Lyon' or the 'Eclair de Montpellier' on the one side, and on the other to nationalist sheets issued daily, like 'Le Jour'; weekly, like 'Gringoire,' 'Je Sais Tout,' 'Le Choc,' etc. And in this respect there can be nothing more typical than the position of 'L'Echo de Paris.' While its principal contributor, Pertinax, who devotes himself exclusively to foreign politics and who has gained for himself a world-wide reputation for his perspicacity and clairvoyance, continues to maintain and defend the classical French policy and the thesis of the League of Nations and the sanctity of the Covenant, its principal writer on internal politics and home affairs, M. Henri de Kerillis, publishes day after day almost deliriously enthusiastic articles in favour of Italy and justifying her action in Abyssinia. Thus its poor faithful readers are drawn and quartered upon Procrustes' bed!

For all the French Right press, Signor Mussolini is the embodiment not only of Italy—a neighbour whose enmity is redoubtable and whose amity is profitable—but Fascism itself; that is to say, when one gives a French interpretation and colouring to Fascism, the vital principle of authority. For any of the Right parties and also for the Moderates, agreement with Italy is not only an element in foreign policy but a cardinal point in home policy as well. The partisans of the authority-idea have for Signor Mussolini a cult similar to that which the Catholics had at one time for Austria and that the Communists to-day have for Moscow. That prediction is of more importance than one might imagine. The Right parties benefit by all the discredit into which parliamentarianism has fallen and by all the sympathy with which the notion of

Authority and State Supremacy is received in all nations. Moreover they have found, for a variety of reasons, an agreeable echo in the big daily newspapers, like the 'Journal,' the 'Matin,' and the 'Petit Parisien'—in a word, in the majority of the journals, save the publications of the Left with small circulations, always excepting 'L'Humanité' and the 'Populaire,' and a certain Catholic press—'La Croix' and 'L'Aube,' not very extensively distributed and whose policy is reputed to be pacifist. Basically, if one excepts certain articles written by Pertinax, the League of Nations theory has never been strongly presented to French readers, for even the entirely correct and sedulously watched exposés of 'Le Figaro' and the 'Temps' at intervals still evince a lurking and secret sympathy for Italy.

Side by side with these preferences dictated by considerations of domestic policy, the tendency of French public opinion reflects actually one dominant desire, that of maintaining peace; and in this respect Italy seems to offer the average Frenchman guarantees that the League of Nations cannot or has not yet given him. It has been said and said truly enough, despite the banality of the consideration, that all French policy is formulated and based upon the assumption of a German invasion or aggression, to be realised either under the form of a direct attack or by a two-fold manœuvre, with the first act in the East. For governments this is a probability, for the French nation it is a certainty, and public opinion distributes its sympathies according to the scale of eventual utility or serviceableness in the case of Franco-German hostilities.

Public opinion esteems the fact—and who will dare to affirm the contrary?—that France, with its forty-two millions of inhabitants, cannot pretend to face a German-Italian coalition mustering more than one hundred million men and more than ten million bayonets. Meantime Italian friendship at least secures neutrality in the Alps; the possibility of utilising the garrisons and the armament of that region; tranquillity in North Africa; the ready and easy transport of French troops stationed in Algeria, in Morocco, and in Syria. The more that France spreads in the Mediterranean, the more Italy occupies a sort of central position in the breast of that French empire.

For the average Frenchman, then, her enmity combined with German hostility would be a formidable and even alarming contingency.

It may be objected that since Germany has shown ambitions in the direction of Austria and designs upon Vienna, an Italo-German combination is a quasi-impossibility, the great Italy of Mussolini not being able to accept the protective German alliance at the time of Crispi. To that contention the average Frenchman replies that for his African adventure, which will decide, if not the fate of Italy, at least the future of Fascism, Signor Mussolini is the man to sacrifice everything, momentarily at all events, to ensure the success of his great and impelling scheme. Thus a German-Italo Pact becomes feasible.

This reasoning appears so much more convincing to the man-in-the-street and even the man-in-the-office too, since he has only a mediocre confidence in the League of Nations. The remembrance that Germany has been able, despite Treaty obligations, to re-arm obsesses him. To him the toleration accorded to German re-armament is a real crime against humanity, while Italy's 'colonial operation' against Abyssinia seems no more than a slight misdemeanour. By a scrupulous care and regard for theoretic equity—which is surely all to their honour—the French people as a whole experience some misgiving and difficulty in refusing to the Italians the right to do what they themselves have done in Algeria and Morocco; what the Spaniards did in South America; the Portuguese in Africa; the Belgians in the Congo; the English all over the globe, and what, after all, seems to-day to constitute one of the titles to glory of all civilised nations! When they consider, like the strictly logical people that they are, the venial fault of Italy in their eyes and compare it with the deadly offence of Germany from their point of view, they do not understand that it is precisely the German resurrection which has awakened the League to a sense of the danger or that a new era has dawned, nor that the action of repression towards Italy to-day preconceives and presumes an action against Germany to-morrow. They bind themselves to the past and to mere appearances. They compare the indulgence *vis à vis* Germany with the severity *vis à vis* Italy, without reflecting that it is a question of different epochs, and

8 THE PERPLEXITIES OF FRENCH POLICY

they rush to the conclusion that there must be some secret and selfish reasons for such a change of attitude. They find these reasons in England's colonial interests and vast possessions overseas.

From that assumption it is only a short step to infer that the League of Nations will not apply its principles of to-day with the same fervour if to-morrow specific British interests do not find themselves involved. And it must be added that the present weakness of British land troops has created doubts in the French mind as to the immediate efficacy of British support and aid, no matter how otherwise sincere it might be.

Such, then, are the reactions of French public opinion in the face of the Italo-Abyssinian conflict. Are the currents thus formed powerful enough to impose or, on the contrary, to prevent a policy? If not, will they leave the Government either full or part liberty of action? It is a delicate task to give an answer, for the classic testimony—that of the press—is uncertain and unsound. The different categories of opinions are not exactly or even approximately represented in the Paris journals as a whole. The Left elements, which have a majority in the electorate, do not distribute more than half a million copies daily, going from 'La République' to 'L'Humanité,' that is to say from Radicalism to Communism; while the Right and moderate papers of all shades and nuances of thought have a daily circulation of more than six millions. The opinion of the Paris press, therefore, cannot possibly be that of the country as a whole.

That difficulty of investigation duly recognised and conceded, I do not hesitate to affirm that no *positive impulsion* has been given or is now given to the government in this Italo-Abyssinian matter. On the contrary, it seems certain that negatively the country would present obstacles to certain orientations. France does not ask its Cabinet to show favouritism to Italian interests, for the simple reason that she has not become pro-Fascist and her Italian sympathies have no imperative or dynamic character. But France is pacific—she might almost be called pacifist—and she is distinctly refractory at the present moment to all and every policy which carries the slightest risk of war.

Let me briefly cite the reasons for these last two

declarations. Up to the present the only sincerely Fascist elements in France have been the Royalists, who adapt themselves to the fashion of the day. It is among the publicists of the 'Action Française' that Signor Mussolini's Abyssinian expedition has found its most ardent defenders. If the Duce has won admiration in other sections, then the tendency to imitation has been limited to the re-establishment of authority within the framework of Republican institutions. Such, for example, is the avowed leanings of the majority of the Croix de Feu. Otherwise this movement is merely the expression of a sentimental aspiration; an appeal for national unity in the task of expurgating public morals and manners and the eventual defence of the bourgeois regime against Bolshevism. For the rest its programme is vague, uncertain, *flou*, and it is this which precludes it from playing an important rôle in French politics. Actually, therefore, Fascism in France is a negligible force.

On the other hand, French sympathy for Italy goes little beyond a gratitude—perfectly sincere, without doubt—for the support and help which Italy afforded during the War and an attachment, more theoretic than living (save in the Mediterranean districts), to the idea of Latin solidarity. There has been a good deal of unreality about the recent demonstrations in Paris and Rome of undying affection and fealty between the two peoples. As a matter of actual truth, the French Government has been in no way hampered in its action either by Fascist tendencies, which scarcely exist, at least not yet, or by any active preferences sweeping through the nation for Italy.

On the contrary, it would very possibly encounter an opposition difficult to surmount if the country gained the impression that it was being carried along a path which directly or indirectly led to war. Whilst public opinion is ready to endorse any diplomatic action which involves a reasonable application of the Covenant, whilst it will suffer if needs be in silence the injuries inflicted upon private interests by sanctions, it does not seem prepared—outside the hypothesis of some other flagrant Italian aggression—to envisage an armed intervention in defence of the decisions which Geneva may make.

If the application of the Franco-British naval entente insists upon any indiscreet mobilisation—and remember

10 THE PERPLEXITIES OF FRENCH POLICY

that the French Fleet no longer consists of reserve units capable of immediate recall—then a great emotion will sweep over France and a vehement opposition will spring into being. French repugnance to pursue the path of effective sanctions is founded upon the fear of getting their fingers caught in the cog-wheeled gear of war and above all of a war which cannot be localised. If M. Laval's popularity endures it will be because, above all else, he is believed to be inalienably attached to the peace idea. The recent Franco-German gestures, like that of the interview between Herr Hitler and the French Ambassador, M. François Poncet—which *au fond* had no real value—are merely internal political manoeuvres intended to demonstrate in the face of the French people the pacific ideals of the Prime Minister.

It is the existence of this state of mind which explains the enigma of French foreign policy : that of reconciling a continuing fidelity to the League Covenant with an intangible devotion to peace. To preserve and even forward the organisation of collective security while not losing any friendship by any new enmity—such is the contradictory task which French public opinion assigns to its Government. In French this is called 'tacher de ménager la chèvre et le chou.' A difficult, disconcerting, troublesome, and even dangerous job, for to adopt still another French proverb, 'Qui trop embrasse mal étreint.' By wishing to superimpose his friendship, a man or a nation runs the risk of losing all. French opinion has not ceased to hope that despite all the political disputation in England during December, at the eleventh hour some conciliation will intervene between Geneva and Rome before it is called upon to make its choice. The future alone can say whether that hope is well founded. But it explains, in any case, French policy as it is being pursued.

W. WALTER CROTCH.

Art. 2.—PARK LANE, PAST AND PRESENT.

IN most of the rebuilding to which London is being subjected in a way almost without parallel the changes that have occurred are, after all, chiefly architectural. In the City relatively small (as we now regard them) business premises have given place to vast and imposing ones; even in the West End the majority of new structures have taken the place of older ones of a commercial or semi-commercial character and cannot be said to have changed the social aspect of the neighbourhoods in which they stand to any appreciable extent. The case of Park Lane is altogether different. That famous thoroughfare is the western outwork, so to speak, of what was once London's most fashionable quarter which down to what seems the other day was still regarded as the Faubourg St Germain of London. For ever since its creation by Sir Richard Grosvenor in the eighteenth century, Mayfair has possessed a special aura of what used to be called 'the Ton' and as such was regarded as synonymous with wealth and ancient lineage. The changes that have overtaken social life during the last twenty years have had their reflex more markedly on such matters than almost on any others, and although Mayfair still remains in many respects the Mayfair of the past, there are various signs showing that it is rapidly passing from its high estate and becoming as commercialised as have long since been such once fashionable quarters as Soho and Lincoln's Inn Fields. Business premises have invaded it from Berkeley Square to North Audley Street; flats have risen on the sites of large houses in many parts of what was once a wholly and important residential area, and even Grosvenor Square, the last bulwark of these, has here and there succumbed to insistent attack of the commercial dwelling.

It is, however, in Park Lane where the changes in social life and architectural expression are most marked. After the South African War that spot became the objective of those Rand magnates who vied with each other in obtaining houses there or, better still, sites on which to erect their palatial headquarters; and Mr Barney Barnato created one overpowering structure, and Mr Beit astonished London by erecting a Tudoresque country

house close by ; while great sums were offered (and taken) for existing mansions wherein newly accumulated wealth could dispense its hospitality. True, some of the great houses still retained their hold here in the hands of their original owners, and Grosvenor House, Dorchester House, Londonderry House, Chesterfield House, Brook House, and Gloucester House at the Piccadilly end, remained as sentinels of an older régime. The changes that occurred after one war were still more marked as the result of another ; and what had seemed more lasting than brass—Grosvenor House and Dorchester House and Chesterfield House—are now to be included in that gradually lengthening list of lost private palaces which the lover of architectural excellence or of great traditions has to mourn. Nor is this the only kind of change. The earlier transition had been chiefly connected with social vicissitude ; the later has stamped an architectural *imprimatur* on the transformation, and where once stood great houses are to-day huge blocks of hotels and flats and shops which have dwarfed even the immemorial trees of the astonished Park itself.

Every one knows that Park Lane was originally called Tyburn Lane and was the connecting link between the road to Reading (now Piccadilly) and the spot, then in the fields, where the gallows stood, approximately where Connaught Place is to-day. It was to all intents and purposes a country thoroughfare, and did not emerge into an urban character till Sir Richard Grosvenor developed his property and Lord Chesterfield daringly erected his great mansion among what were still fields and open spaces. It is impossible to say how sophistication gradually extended itself here, for there are no views and few records extant to help us to visualise its gradual increase in fashionable popularity. What is a fact is that by the beginning of the nineteenth century Park Lane had become a favourite residential centre, and marked one of the first of those advances westward by which Fashion, like the Wise Men, came from the east. Leigh Hunt remarks that ' Park Lane is a curious instance of change of fortune, and of the meeting of extremes,' and he adds that ' its present name announces nothing but quiet and elegance.' This was written some seventy years ago. Had Leigh Hunt been alive to-day

he would have had to revise his remarks, for anything less associated with quiet or elegance than Park Lane now it would be hard to find, unless there be those who regard the constant stream of vehicular traffic likely to ensure quietude or those who consider the great blocks of buildings as elegant. To many they appear more like glorified artisans' dwellings than anything else.

In order, however, to be less controversial, let me attempt to visualise the Lane as it was before the *cacoëthes ædificandi* of our times became rampant, and perambulate its length from Piccadilly to Oxford Street. To-day it possesses on the south two entrances: one, that narrow way which is old Park Lane proper; the other and more ample one which is Hamilton Place. The former contained what was for many years a royal residence. This was Gloucester House, now represented by a block of flats whose architecture was once described by Mr John Burns, that maker of effective phrases, as 'Late Lavatory.' It was numbered 137 Piccadilly because its front looked on that thoroughfare, but its entrance and courtyard were in Park Lane. Originally built for the Cholmondeley family in the reign of George III, it remained their town house till they migrated to Egremont, or as it was later called Cambridge House, now the Naval and Military Club. After they had departed it became the residence of the Earl of Elgin, and Byron called it—

'. . . a general mart

For all the mutilated works of art,'

for it was here that the famous Elgin Marbles were first exhibited before they were acquired by the Government. On the marriage of the Duke of Gloucester to his cousin Princess Mary in 1816, it was purchased for him; and here he lived till his death. It was subsequently left by his widow to the Duke of Cambridge, who occupied it till his death in 1904, when it was pulled down and the disproportionate block erected in its place.

Hamilton Place has also had its vicissitudes. It took its name from James Hamilton, who was Ranger of Hyde Park in Charles II's reign and is remembered as the elder brother of Anthony Hamilton of De Gramont's 'Memoirs.' In those days it was known as Hamilton Street and consisted of a row of relatively small houses. More ambitious

ones designed by the Adams in 1809 succeeded these, and to one on the south-east corner Lord Chancellor Eldon retired when he left Bedford Square. His serenity, however, was disturbed by the fact that Lady Conyng-ham took a house at the opposite corner. But this was nothing to his anger when he heard that the adjoining abode was about to be purchased for Queen Caroline, of all people. This catastrophe he, however, obviated by himself purchasing the place before her representative, Alderman Wood, was able to complete negotiations. Eldon in those days, after the death of his wife, was an old and sad man, and he might have been seen sitting at his window and, to borrow his own words, 'counting all the long petticoats that went past, and all the short ones ; and finding the short ones beat the long ones hollow' ! He might be sitting there to-day, with the same result of his observation. Other notable people who once resided here were Thomas Grenville amid his books, at No. 3, and the Duke of Wellington, in 1814-15, among his despatches. In those days the little street was a *cul-de-sac*, but in 1871 its upper end was opened into Park Lane in order to relieve the traffic in the smaller thoroughfare ; a step which necessitated the demolition of much of the east side. In more recent times the old houses on the west were refaced ; and the corner one was occupied by Mr George Herring, who, on his death, left it to King Edward's Hospital Fund, and that facing the strip of garden on the north was for long the residence of Mr Leopold de Rothschild.

As one emerges into Park Lane itself one is confronted by one of those groups of statuary the appropriateness of which in such an environment seems more than doubtful ; for here stand Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Spenser, who may well wonder to find themselves in such an unaccustomed locality. Opposite is the first of Park Lane's great houses and one of the few still remaining there. This is the mansion known in Victorian, Edwardian, and our present Georgian times for the successive splendour of its entertainments. It first swims into fashionable ken as Holderness House, then the town abode of the earls of that name, the last of whom died in 1778. In or about 1850 the old mansion was pulled down and the present one erected from the designs of the Wyatts for the third

Marquess of Londonderry, the eminent soldier and diplomatist, who had acquired it about twenty years earlier. As all the world knows, this private palace remains still in the same illustrious family, an instance, and there are not too many, of a London abode having a connection of over a century with its original owners.

While Londonderry House was beginning its life as a political and social centre, a much more modest abode near by was to enter on a somewhat similar career, for in 1830 Lady Blessington, having given up her residence in St James's Square (the Windham Club has occupied it ever since), rented Lord Mountford's house in Seamore Place, and there began her literary-cum-social reunions in the rooms that had been decorated, regardless of expense, under the fostering care of D'Orsay. From these headquarters she made her first attempt at social leadership, and emulated with success that trio of tried London hostesses Lady Holland, Lady Charleville, and Lady Cork. Hither she attracted by her beauty, her charm, and her wit such outstanding personalities as those of Lord Durham, Disraeli, recently bursting upon London in all the glory of literary success and effulgent attire, the two Bulwers, and many lesser lights. Here, too, it was that she herself first adventured into literature, with her 'Book of Beauty' and her highly successful 'Conversations with Lord Byron'—that restless spirit who has come to anchor (with his dog) in statuary immortality within the Park opposite. Lady Blessington had taken but a five years' lease of the Seamore Place house, and in 1835 she went to Gore House, Kensington, whose identity is now strangely merged in the Albert Hall. Seamore Place is in and yet hardly of Park Lane, for there is no public access, save by some steps into a yard at its south end, from its houses to the historic thoroughfare. In our days Lady Blessington's one-time abode became the residence of that veteran Lady Rosslyn who died but a few years since. At the north corner of the Place is the house once an equally well-known social centre when it belonged to Mr Alfred de Rothschild who, during the War, protected his invaluable treasures by a wire-netting over the roof.

As we look down Stanhope Street to-day we see, alas! a gap representing all there is now to show of the great

house which Lord Chesterfield commissioned Isaac Ware to design for him, and in which, after interminable delays, he gave his house-warming in 1749. So far out of town was it and incidentally so near that part of Mayfair which had become anything but a desirable neighbourhood, that his friends bade him beware of thieves and robbers and he himself said he would have to keep a watch-dog. Nothing appears to have troubled the serenity of his residence, however, and with his magnificent library, his 'Canonical pillars,' and his great staircase, once also at Canons, the great earl lived till 1773, when, with a last dying testimony of his invariable politeness, almost, indeed, with his last breath, he bade his servant to give his friend Dayrolles a chair. That event is now with yesterday's hundred and sixty odd years, and since then Chesterfield House, after being occupied by the two succeeding earls of the Scudamore family, was let in 1850 to the Marquess, afterwards 1st Duke, of Abercorn, the 'Old Glory' of social and political renown. Then Charles Magniac, M.P., purchased it, and erected Chesterfield Gardens on the once ample grounds at the back. It is curious that at that time a writer in the 'Athenæum' feared the worst, for he wrote, 'The Public are hoping that they may be permitted to see the interior of this historical house before the first pickaxe is laid to it.' Mr Magniac was a keen lover of art, and only circumstances over which he had no control made necessary the truncation of the place. In any case, had he not purchased the property this historic house would then have met the fate which has only recently befallen it. After Mr Magniac's tenure the place became the residence of Lord Burton, and later, as every one knows, of H.R.H. The Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood, the latter having purchased it before his marriage when he was yet Lord Lascelles.

The great mansion built by Mr Barney Barnato, and now the residence of Sir Philip Sassoon, and the mediæval house, now the headquarters of an Insurance Office, where Mr Hudson once lived, flank Stanhope Street, and beyond is Tilney Street, where till relatively recently stood the bay-windowed abode of Mrs Fitzherbert. But that interesting house, so intimately associated with the Regency, has gone, as has its magnificent neighbour,

Dorchester House, which Vulliamy designed and our greatest sculptor, Alfred Stevens, decorated with the best fruits of his genius, for Mr Holford, during the years 1851-3. That noble mansion, the finest in London, was erected on the site of an earlier one of the same name, belonging to the Earls of Dorchester. Although little is recorded of the older house during their régime, it is known to have been occupied by the third Marquess of Hertford, who married Maria Fagniani and who died there in 1842, and there assembled some of his wonderful treasures now to be seen in Manchester Square. It was appropriate that such a splendid patron of art should be succeeded by one whose tastes were so similar and who filled the new house with nothing but pictorial gems, rare books, and beautiful furniture. But what made Dorchester House outstanding was the fact that Alfred Stevens did there most of his best work, and it will ever be a disgrace to such as were concerned that such a place was not preserved not only for its architectural merits but as a museum of the productions of one of the world's outstanding artists.

But it is as useless bemoaning lost masterpieces as it is crying over spilt milk. One Dorchester House has gone and in its stead we have another, bearing the same name. Which is the more appropriate in this milieu is for those who remember the old one to say. This vast caravanserai is matched by another a little way up Park Lane, which occupies the site of another great mansion and its, for London, considerable gardens. On Horwood's map dated 1794-9 it is shown under the title of Gloucester House, the reason being because it was built for William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, a younger brother of George III, who had married the Dowager Countess Waldegrave before the Royal Marriage Act was passed in 1772. It seems that the place was erected for him after his return from living with his wife abroad. Here he died in 1805, when the property was taken over by the 2nd Earl Grosvenor and henceforth became the town residence of his successor, until it was disposed of by the present Duke of Westminster. It is appropriately situated in the large area brought into the family by Mary Davies' marriage to Sir Richard Grosvenor.

Those who recall what is lost to London will remember

that the bulk of the house possessed a thoroughly late Georgian air, with its circular veranda-sheltered front and its plain and solid exterior. What made this the more marked was the classic addition designed by Cundy to serve as a receptacle for the famous pictures by Rubens and also as a ballroom. This was built in 1842, at which time the same architect contrived the elaborate gateways and screen in Upper Grosvenor Street. These additions, fine as they were in themselves, were singularly inappropriate when joined to such a different architectural body, and save that the loss of a landmark, and, incidentally, the filling up of the garden with a great block of flats, is to be regretted, the disappearance of the place itself cannot compare with that of Chesterfield House or Dorchester House. Like most of the great residences in London, Grosvenor House was full of treasures, the most spectacular of which were, I suppose, Gainsborough's famous 'Blue Boy' and Reynolds' 'Mrs Siddons,' both of which are now in America.

Grosvenor House stood at right angles to Park Lane; another important mansion rather further north, Dudley House, faces directly on to the thoroughfare, and possesses no garden in front. The existing structure was built in 1824 from the designs of William Atkinson, but the great picture gallery and the ballroom behind were added in 1858 by Samuel W. Daukes, the architect. The eccentric Earl of Dudley, once Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, died here in 1833, and the additions were made by his kinsman and successor (his title was a new creation), a great collector of works of art, with which he filled his London and country houses. Dudley House and Londonderry House are the only two large ones of any age now remaining in Park Lane, but not far from the former was the red-brick and stone Brook House, planned by Wyatt, once the residence of Lord Tweedmouth and later of Sir Ernest Cassell, who made great additions to it. After his death it was for a time the residence of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, who, however, subsequently went to live in Belgrave Square. But it, too, has succumbed to the seemingly inevitable fate of London's good houses; and where it stood has arisen yet another block of flats. One cannot pass what was once that house without being reminded of the frequent visits

paid to it by the late King Edward in the days when his friend and financial adviser Sir Ernest Cassell was living there and dispensing his princely hospitality. It stood a majestic sentinel at the corner of Upper Brook Street, that historic thoroughfare where once lived such diverse great ones as George Grenville, Lord George Gordon, 'Single Speech' Hamilton, and the Hon. Mrs Damer, the sculptress. Dudley House, on the front of which the coronet and crest of its original owners appear, is specially interesting, not only as being one of the two surviving private palaces in Park Lane, but for the fact that having been sold by the Dudley family, it was in course of time re-purchased by a well-known member of that family, Sir John Ward, and his wife, the daughter of one of America's outstanding ambassadors to this country, the late Mr Whitelaw-Reid, who, by the way, himself for some years rented Dorchester House. Dudley House must, therefore, be among the few mansions, if not the only one, in London which having passed out of the hands of their earlier owners have again happily become restored to the same family.

As one approaches the top of Park Lane one is confronted by yet another immense block of flats. These have arisen on the site of a mansion which possesses a special interest. This was Camelford House, architecturally anything but an imposing structure and, indeed, as one remembers it, dull and uninspiring. But, like so many unpretentious London abodes, it had its notable associations. Originally erected for one of the Pitt family whose title it bore, it was occupied by Lord Grenville at the time of his cousin William Pitt's death in 1806. Whether the notorious Lord Camelford, the duellist and terror of law-abiding people, ever occupied it is doubtful; but in any case it is not of importance, the main interest in the place being that on the marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Wales with Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, it was taken furnished for them as a London residence, and here their first blissful days when they were in Town were passed. But the place was ill-suited to so illustrious a pair, as there was only one storey above the ground floor and but a single narrow staircase; and they passed far more of their time in the seclusion of the ampler Claremont, although they did some entertaining in London, notably when they invited the Duke of Wellington and

his staff to dinner at Camelford House, on which occasion the Regent, in a fit of spite, specially desired the Duke to dine at Lord Castlereagh's, with the result that the command had to be obeyed and only the staff were able to partake of the Prince and Princess's hospitality. It was at last recognised that the heiress to the throne should have some more appropriate London residence, and in 1817 Marlborough House was assigned for that purpose. The death of the ill-fated Princess, however, prevented her occupying that house, although after her decease it was for a time rented by Prince Leopold.

It seems, so quickly does time fly, but the other day that Park Lane remained essentially the same as it had been during one's early life-time. Here and there new buildings had arisen, such as Mr Barnato's statue-studded mansion (the statues were mercifully removed when Sir Edward Sassoon, the father of its present owner, acquired it), and Mr Hudson's mediæval abode at the corner of Stanhope Street. The financier Whitaker Wright, too, bought the house next door to Londonderry House and rebuilt it, although he never actually occupied it; while Mr Beit had placed a country abode close by. But with these exceptions the Lane remained much as it was in earlier days, and retained that air of distinction with which its name had long been synonymous. Now all is changed, and the sole objects that help to recall the past are the few relatively small houses left with but two or three of the larger ones. All these are now dominated by that skyscraper kind of building with which the much enduring London earth is being loaded. Use reconciles, however, and doubtless in time we shall become accustomed to these mammoth structures and when we want to see the sky shall patiently make our way to those open spaces of which London happily possesses so many. Of these open spaces Hyde Park is the most notable, and it is its proximity to Park Lane that can, by affording ample space before them, alone be said to justify the filling of it with the new buildings which have obliterated so much of historic and social interest.

In perambulating this famous thoroughfare, it is these past landmarks that have chiefly concerned us; but there are a number of lesser points of interest that a more careful investigation would reveal. For instance, it was to

No. 1 Grosvenor Gate, the house overlooking Park Lane, that Benjamin Disraeli came on his marriage in 1839, remaining there till Lady Beaconsfield's death in 1872. His friend Bulwer Lytton lived at the other end of the thoroughfare at No. 1 Park Lane what time he was occupied in writing 'Zanoni.' Other houses here have sheltered Warren Hastings, and the first Marquess Wellesley, and 'Conversation' Sharp. A study of the Rate Books would reveal many other notable residents who have left footprints on the sands of time, but whose ghosts would to-day be hard put to it to recognise the once familiar roadway, which began and ended with a royal residence, in its present metamorphosis. Nor has the Park side of the Lane been without its changes, although these changes took place before our day. If we examine old prints of Tyburn, with its fateful 'tree,' where Connaught Place is now, we can realise what a change took place here when executions ceased to be a popular attraction and Jack Sheppard and 'Sixteen String' Jack were turned off with a hempen cord and Lord Ferrers with a silk one. Even after the place had emerged from its pristine rural condition into an urban centre, a change was to come which again altogether altered its appearance; for in 1850 the Marble Arch, which had hitherto stood in front of Buckingham Palace, was taken down and re-erected in its present position; while, as we all know, since then the Park boundary has been set back and the Arch now stands in a dignified isolation, a beautiful and useless object. Once it was intended to surmount it with a statue of George IV, but that project was, perhaps wisely, never carried into effect. Another print shows old Cumberland Gate, which has long since gone the way of all bricks and mortar. Once, too, there was a circular reservoir and a small military station in the Park opposite Mount Street, the latter appropriately here, for this was the spot where one of the forts was set up to defend the city from Charles I during the Civil Wars, hence the name of the adjacent street.

As we wander back from the rush and turmoil of Oxford Street to the turmoil and rush of Piccadilly, we are traversing an area full of dead romance and historic happenings. A glance down the streets that lead from Park Lane into the centre of Mayfair will remind us of the great and

beautiful who once lived in the houses which are now gradually being rebuilt and losing that individuality they erst possessed. Every one of them has some tale to tell, some illustrious figure of the past to evoke. Here and there are the circular plaques which those who care to recall the ghosts of yesteryear have set up to the memory of some famous figure. There are some who consider the past dead and done with. Let them remember that our present, in which we are so much interested, will anon also be the past for future generations ; and while giving adequate thought and attention to the things of to-day, let them not, at the same time, disregard what has gone before but preserve them, so far as may be, as incentives and inspirations.

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

Art. 3.—HISTORY AND POLITICS.

1. *Down the Years.* By the Rt. Hon. Sir Austen Chamberlain. Cassell, 1935.
2. *Gustav Stresemann, His Diaries, Letters and Papers.* Edited and translated by Eric Sutton. Vol. I. Macmillan, 1935.
3. *Au Service de la France.* By R. Poincaré (partially translated and abridged by Sir George Arthur, Bt.). Plon, 1913–1926.
4. *War Memories.* By the Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George. Four vols. Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 1933–4.
5. *The World Crisis.* By the Rt. Hon. W. S. Churchill. Six vols. Thornton Butterworth, 1923–31.
6. *The Genesis of the War and Memories and Reflections.* By Lord Oxford and Asquith. Cassell, 1923 and 1928.
7. *Twenty-Five Years.* By Viscount Grey of Fallodon. Two vols. Hodder and Stoughton, 1925.
8. *Memorandum on Resignation.* By Viscount Morley of Blackburn. Macmillan, 1928.
9. *Final Protocol of the Locarno Conference (1925).* Cmd. 2525.

HASTE is the outstanding characteristic of this post-war world. Heedless of the destination, everybody is in a hurry to reach it. Speed is the Moloch on whose altars are daily sacrificed the comfort and safety of thousands of people in this country alone.

The virus has infected literature—especially that department of literature which is devoted to Biography and History. The leading actors in every sphere of human activity are evidently in a hurry to put their cases in the most favourable light before contemporary jurors as well as to secure a verdict from the final Court of Appeal—the Weltgeschichte. Soldiers and sailors, politicians and publicists, diplomatists and journalists, to say nothing of artists, mimes, and musicians, have been giving to the world, particularly since the Great War, in great profusion and with apparent candour, their Memoirs, their Recollections and their Commentaries on affairs in which they have played a part. Governments have shown themselves not less eager than individuals to vindicate, in the eyes of contemporaries and posterity, the policies they

have severally pursued. One after another State Archives have been opened, their contents have been published, and thus there have been revealed to a bewildered world the secrets of diplomacy, the confidential correspondence, even the marginal comments of Monarchs and their Ministers. It is estimated that some 40,000 documents of recent date have in this way already been published, to the confounding of the critics and the complete confusion of the public. The list of books prefixed to this article represents, needless to say, only a small selection from a vast library of similar publications. Two of the latest, heading the list, are curiously complementary. Sir Austen Chamberlain, having held most of the Great Offices of State, having narrowly missed the Premiership once, and had it, on a second occasion, within his grasp, brought to an end a highly honourable and distinguished official career by the tenure of the Foreign Office from 1924 to 1929. Dr Stresemann's period of office in Berlin almost exactly coincided with Sir Austen Chamberlain's Foreign Secretaryship, having lasted from 1923 until 1929. Among the personal sketches in Sir Austen's book one of the most attractive is that of the great German statesman.

A great statesman—the greatest produced by Germany since Bismarck—Stresemann unquestionably was. It is therefore fitting that anything which can throw light upon so remarkable a career should be given to the world. His 'Papers,' under the title of 'Gustav Stresemann Vörmächtnis,' was in fact published in Germany in three volumes in 1932-4, and we have now, in an English translation by Mr Eric Sutton, the first of two volumes which, though somewhat abridged (to its great advantage) from the original German, will give the English reader an insight into Stresemann's aims and methods deeper and clearer than he has ever had before. The present volume carries us no further than the end of 1924. Consequently, for authoritative documents destined to illuminate the five years in which Stresemann's most important work was done, in which, indeed, his life-work was concentrated, we must wait until the publication of the second volume. Meanwhile, Mr Sutton has prefixed to the present volume an admirable Introduction covering the whole of Stresemann's career. He has done wisely; for without his indispensable assistance the

English reader might well have floundered hopelessly in this attempt to follow intelligently and sympathetically the story unfolded in the book itself. The admixture of 'Diary,' of 'Letters,' of biography and autobiography, of speeches, reported in the first person, and of speeches in the *oratio obliqua* is, truth to tell, somewhat confusing, and the reader's gratitude to Mr Sutton for his lucid and coherent summary is proportionately great.

Stresemann's name is not one with which to conjure in Nazi Germany to-day. With almost incredible pettiness and ingratitude 'Gustav Stresemannstrasse' in Berlin has already been rechristened 'Saarlandstrasse.' It may well be that a later generation, emancipated from the discipline of a dictatorship which may or may not be the appropriate prelude to the establishment of a Liberal Constitution, and able to view recent history in truer perspective, will reverse the process and restore Gustav Stresemann to the place in the reverence and gratitude of his countrymen which those who can anticipate the verdict of this History have already assigned to him. We cannot tell. Meanwhile, one thing is clear. The period of Stresemann's service at the German Foreign Office (1923-9) was unquestionably that in which the political and economic recovery of Germany was most conspicuous to the outside world. That Stresemann was *felix opportunitate mortis* is true. Had his life been prolonged only another year he must have encountered the full force of the economic blizzard which wrought so much havoc in Germany as in all countries. In that sense Stresemann was lucky. But it is also true that his record between 1923 and 1929 affords ground for the belief that better than any other German statesman since the War, he could have kept the ship of State, though sorely buffeted by the waves of depression, upon an even keel, and perhaps have brought it safely into harbour.

Sir Austen Chamberlain's sketch of his colleague at Locarno was apparently written at the time of Stresemann's death (Oct. 3, 1929), though here, as elsewhere, Sir Austen is irritatingly parsimonious in the provision of dates. Perhaps he imagines that his penultimate paragraph will give a sufficient indication of the date at which it was written. 'It is a comfort to us that he who took such risks and showed such courage lived to see his purpose

accomplished and was mourned by his own people as one *whose immense services to the Fatherland were recognised*, and who was respected by other nations as a great statesman, a loyal partner and a true friend of peace.' At the moment of Stresemann's death every word in that sentence was true; with the exception of the words I have italicised they all remain true. The sooner the exception is cancelled, the better for the political repute of Germany. The Nobel Peace Prize, which in 1925 was conferred upon Sir Austen himself and General Dawes, was in 1926 no less appropriately divided between Dr Stresemann and M. Aristide Briand.

It is, then, in the fitness of things, that an obituary appreciation of M. Briand, originally published in the 'Sunday Times,' should in Sir Austen's miscellany follow immediately on the sketch of Stresemann. The article on Briand is largely, and naturally, concerned with the part played by the brilliant Frenchman in the conclusion of the Locarno Pact. Though he presided over no fewer than thirteen Ministries M. Briand undoubtedly reached the meridian of his political career when he signed that famous Instrument. A true lover of peace he had, like Mr Lloyd George, all the endowments of a great orator, combining with extraordinary facility of utterance and vivid imagination, a voice not only of rare flexibility and power but of compelling and caressing charm. Nor did M. Briand ever make a more impressive speech than on the day when the Locarno Pact was formally signed at the English Foreign Office. 'The spirit of solidarity,' he said, 'is taking the place of that of distrust and suspicion; not by an accumulation of strength is it hoped to make war impossible, but by the bonds of mutual assistance and human solidarity.' His ideal was 'a European family within the orbit of the League of Nations.'

Locarno was the meridian of the careers not only of Briand and Stresemann, but of Sir Austen Chamberlain himself, and it is natural that he should devote one of the most important chapters of his book to the story of its inception and conclusion and to a vindication of the wisdom of the policy, not unchallenged, which the Pact embodies. The chapter on Locarno and the appreciation of his two chief colleagues at the Conference form, indeed,

the kernel (not, as a former Minister of Education once minuted, the 'Colonel') of the whole book. Modestly and accurately disclaiming for these miscellaneous chapters the character of history Sir Austen expresses the hope that they will be accepted as 'sidelights on history, and as such, may have some little permanent value.' Sidelights, and exceedingly illuminating sidelights they are, and none are more illuminating than those which deal with his Locarno colleagues and their handiwork. Fortunately, too, Sir Austen has preserved some of the brilliant witticisms with which Briand enlivened the proceedings of the diplomatists, and which undoubtedly did much to promote their success. Briand was, says Sir Austen, 'incurably witty. The good things sprang irresistibly to his lips in graver discussions not less than in his lighter moments.' Perhaps the famous game of golf with Mr Lloyd George and Lord Riddell at Cannes was one of the lighter moments, though it was the precursor, if not the cause, of heavy weather in Paris, and ultimately led to the wreck of the ministerial ship. Lord Riddell was there as 'a sort of Super Press Agent for Mr Lloyd George.' Briand's first drive was, contrary to the customary luck of tiros, a failure. Lord Riddell drove a long ball. 'Tiens,' exclaimed Briand, 'il lance sa balle comme une fausse nouvelle.' Of a different and much higher order was Briand's retort to Stresemann, evoked by some tactless reference to 'war guilt' in Germany. 'Why,' said Briand, 'can't you leave it to the judgment of History?' 'But what,' asked Stresemann, 'will History say?' 'Ah,' replied Briand, 'I am no prophet, and will not anticipate her judgment. But there are three things which I think she will not say—she will not say that this time France was the aggressor; she will not say that Belgium invaded Germany; and she will not say, like Bethmann Hollweg, that a treaty is only a scrap of paper.' Fortunately, Dr Stresemann's sense of humour was not less acute than Briand's, and if his wit was neither so incisive nor so ready, he was not inferior even to Briand himself in political courage.

From the portraits we turn to the painter. Sir Austen Chamberlain is the last survivor of the 'professional politician,' not in the depreciatory sense in which the description is generally applied, but in the sense of a man

deliberately apprenticed to the craft of politics. Before the Reform Bill the craft was hereditary, the training for it was unconscious; the taste for participation in public affairs, if not imbibed (as it often was) with a mother's milk, was cultivated in the social environment in which between 1688 and 1832 most of the leading politicians were born and lived. Peel and Gladstone were men of different origin; they belonged to the new commercial aristocracy whose sons were educated at Eton or Harrow and Oxford. Joseph Chamberlain was not by birth a member of that class: his son Austen was, and he had no sooner taken his degree at Cambridge than he entered on a special course of training for the craft of statesmanship. His whole adult life has been spent in Westminster or Whitehall. He might perhaps have been even a greater man than he is had he strayed for a while beyond those narrow precincts. Anyway it is certain that the men who rule this country in the future will have had a different training and a more varied experience.

It would, then, have been of extraordinary interest to have had from Sir Austen's pen a full length and formal autobiography of the last of the 'professional politicians.' That is not, however, the character of the very attractive book under review. It is in no sense a formal autobiography; the author, it appears, has never kept a diary and he asserts, somewhat mendaciously it would seem, that his memory is faulty. Hence he professes that he has given to the world no more than 'the random recollections of men and events.' That is not indeed an inapt description of the contents of his book, which may perhaps be best described as a 'miscellany.' Besides the personal sketches already mentioned, there are others even slighter though not less vivid of M. Raymond Poincaré, of whom Sir Austen writes with much more understanding than most English critics have shown; of Arthur Wellesley Peel, a truly great Speaker; of Arthur James Balfour, of John Morley, and of Andrew Bonar Law. As the text of his discourse on Balfour he takes a saying of Lord Birkenhead's: 'Balfour has the finest brain that has been applied to politics in our time.' No one can dispute the truth of that judgment: but does the admission carry the corollary that Balfour was a great statesman? Sir Austen thinks that he was; and gives reasons

for his belief. He defends him, moreover, against the charges that in politics he was a mere dilettante, and in personal relations heartless and indifferent. But in some ways the most remarkable tribute in the whole volume is that paid to the memory of Bonar Law.

Twice Bonar Law intervened between Sir Austen and the object of his legitimate ambition. That does not, however, prevent a peculiarly generous colleague and rival from doing justice to his memory. Perhaps more than justice. 'Lovable, elusive and wistful': such was Mr Baldwin's description of Bonar Law's personality. The description was singularly apt, and Sir Austen endorses it, while frankly confessing that he was 'pained' when at the Carlton Club meeting of October 1922 Bonar Law emerged from his retirement and put an end to Sir Austen's leadership. Sir Austen accurately analyses the irony of the situation. 'It is,' he writes, 'part of the irony of life that I should have wished to end the Coalition with the war, and that he should then have wished to continue it, only to bring about its destruction when I had fallen heir to his inheritance and felt myself bound in honour by the ties which he had created.' That in the Party Crisis of 1922 Sir Austen played, as he always has, a scrupulously honourable part, everybody must acknowledge. And the facts were as he states them. But is there not a flaw in his argument? Are his deductions from the facts correct? Did Bonar Law's 'emergence from retirement' 'put an end' to Sir Austen's leadership? Evidently it did, but only if Sir Austen was prepared, like Mr Baldwin, Mr Bridgeman, Lord Younger and others, to break ties by which on his own confession he 'felt bound.' So long as Sir Austen felt bound in honour to Mr Lloyd George the contest for leadership lay not between him and Mr Bonar Law, but between the latter, with the bulk of the Conservative Party at his back, and Mr Lloyd George, whose leadership the rank and file of the Party were no longer prepared to accept. The point at issue may seem to be trivial or merely personal: it is more than that; and it is one on which the historian of the future may demand and should obtain illumination from more than one 'sidelight.'

Personal sketches of colleagues and contemporaries by no means exhaust the interest or importance of this

delightful volume. Gardeners will read with rapture the paper on 'My Cottage Garden,' though others may perhaps think it unduly technical. There are two chapters also on Sir Austen's student life in Paris in 1885-6 and in Germany in 1887, which have a special interest to contemporaries who had similar experiences. Nor will it escape notice that thus early did the young Chamberlain lay the foundations of that intimate knowledge of continental affairs which has stood him in good stead in his political career. But of the miscellaneous chapters in the book surely the most charming is that which contains two letters from a 'Family Post Bag.' They were written by a great aunt, Mrs Edward Bailey, the widow of an ironmonger of Holborn, and prove conclusively that the ability of this middle-class Unitarian family was not confined to the males. One letter describes how, in 1842, Mrs Bailey was carried off, with her baby boy, to Windsor in order that the little Prince (afterwards King Edward VII) might be vaccinated from so healthy a baby! So great, indeed, was the impression made by the baby upon the royal household, that opportunity was taken to inoculate from the same source not Prince Edward only, but the Queen herself and the Prince Consort! The other letter, equally lively, gives a delightful glimpse of the life of Sir Austen's grandparents at Highbury Place, Islington, and describes a dinner-party which they gave to welcome Dr Martineau, the eminent philosopher, when he was called to be the Unitarian minister at Essex Street Chapel. Dr Martineau, it appears, was human enough to enjoy good food and good wine: the feast (described in great detail) was truly gargantuan, and the menu suggests that in matters of digestion we are very poor creatures as compared with our grandparents.

Such chapters, however, represent the lighter side of Sir Austen's miscellany. Mention must now be made of others which make definite contributions to contemporary history. Of these, one records a conversation, reported at once in detail by Sir Austen to his father, with Count Paul Metternich, then German Ambassador in London. It took place at Cambridge in May 1908, at Metternich's request and turned entirely on the increasingly tense relations between Germany and England. Metternich understood England well, and could he have controlled

the policy of Germany there would have been no general war in 1914. Metternich, however, was bound to put his own country's case to the English statesman, and he put it effectively. Germany, wrongly as we know, felt herself threatened by the 'persistent hostility' and 'aggressiveness' of English policy. Sir Austen tried to convince Metternich that the 'aggressiveness' was wholly imaginary, and that if 'hostility' could be alleged it had been provoked by the attitude of Germany. But in vain. Sir Austen immediately reported this important conversation not only to his father but to Mr Balfour who said that Rothschild had just been to him to report a similar conversation. That was in May 1908, a few months before the Habsburg coup in Bosnia-Herzegovina brought Germany and Russia to the brink of war. A second conversation at Zurich on the morrow of the Agadir Crisis, followed in 1912 by a visit to Petersburg and a long interview with Sazonov, the Russian Foreign Minister, impressed Sir Austen so gravely that he deemed it his duty, on his return to England, to seek out Sir Edward Grey and lay his fears and suggestions before him. What his suggestions were Sir Austen does not tell us, nor does Lord Grey, to whose 'Twenty-Five Years' we are referred. But they may perhaps be inferred from Sir Austen's confession that at one time he himself held the view, commonly expressed by continental critics, that a definite pledge given by England, France and Russia, coupled with an intimation to Germany that such a pledge had been given, might have averted the war. Lord Grey in his 'Apologia' for 'Twenty-Five Years' rejects that view on the ground that the German plans had covered the risk of Britain coming in, and, that, calculating on a short war, 'during which they would not be seriously hurt by anything the British army could do,' the German military authorities had 'made up their mind to take that risk.*' It would appear that Sir Austen has himself, in the light of all that we now know, come to share Grey's opinion. The avowal of a definite Treaty might at most, he now thinks, have postponed for a year or two the outbreak of the struggle. Rash would be the man who would question the accuracy of views held in

* 'Twenty-Five Years,' II, 41-3.

common by Sir Edward Grey and Sir Austen Chamberlain ; but two things may, without impertinence, be said. First, that the mere postponement of a fight is almost always solid gain ; much may happen in a pause, however brief ; and, secondly, that if a definite pledge of intervention had not, at the eleventh hour, stopped Germany, nothing else could. When the crisis came there was one service which statesmen out of office could render to their country. They rendered it ; and Sir Austen reprints a memorandum dictated at the time of the events that occurred, within his personal knowledge, between Friday, July 31, 1914, and the following Wednesday (August 5), when we were involved in war. It is an invaluable record, supplementing and correcting some accounts that have previously appeared, and making absolutely clear the attitude and action of the Unionist leaders, though we are left to conjecture (it is not difficult) how far the decision of the Cabinet was influenced thereby.

Another important sidelight on contemporary history is supplied by Sir Austen's chapter on the fall of the Asquith Government. A letter to Lord Chelmsford, then Viceroy of India, and dated Dec. 8, 1916, gives a succinct summary of events which have been narrated, from different angles, with considerable discrepancies in detail. Two other papers, though very slight in texture, are not without importance, both personal and political. One refers to the constitutional position after the war when Sir Austen was induced, somewhat unwillingly, to accept the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Neither Mr Lloyd George nor Mr Bonar Law had any firm grip upon Constitutional principles, and their proposal after the 'Coupon' Election, to 'place England under a Duumvirate' (to use Sir Austen's own expression) was very strongly and properly resisted by him. The Duumvirs, when not in Paris, were to reside side by side in Downing Street ; the Chancellor of the Exchequer was not only to be excluded from his official residence, but from the Cabinet. Such was the Prime Minister's offer, made with Bonar Law's concurrence, to Sir Austen and at first rejected by him with some heat. The matter was ultimately settled by the revival—some months later—of the Cabinet system, but the discussion recorded by Sir Austen throws an interesting light upon the amazingly

lax views on Constitutional decorum held by the two 'Coupon' leaders. The other paper contains a vivid and dramatic description of the signature of the Irish Treaty in December 1921. For his own part in that transaction Sir Austen has never been forgiven by some of the older members of the Tory party, nor was Lord Birkenhead. But Sir Austen's paper incidentally contains a striking tribute to that erratic genius. To the public, as Sir Austen truly says, 'Birkenhead sometimes showed himself cynical, flippant, and violent. To his colleagues in any time of difficulty or crisis he was a tower of strength—the most loyal and unselfish of friends, careless of himself but careful for them; gay and light-hearted in moments of ease; serious, coolheaded, and with nerves of steel in times of stress and danger.' Of similar vignettes this book is full, and for that and other reasons it will be indispensable to the historian, who, in days to come, essays to write the history of this important epoch.

We turn to a more general question suggested by Sir Austen Chamberlain's book, and even more insistently by the other works prefixed to this article. With one exception and that a partial one, all those works have been written by men who played conspicuous parts in the affairs they chronicle. How far does that fact impair the value of their works as historical 'authorities'? From one point of view it evidently enhances their value. The information they furnish, whether tainted or not by personal partiality and prejudice, is at any rate first hand. Apart from personal recollections, most if not all of the authors had access to memoranda and documents not available to historians outside the official circle. This gives to their works a peculiar significance and importance. But is the gain not counterbalanced by loss? Is it possible to find, is it reasonable to look for historical impartiality in politicians who have themselves been immersed in party conflict? It is not; but this question raises two others. Why should you demand impartiality—do you get it from the professional historian? And where do you find the professional historian who is not a politician. It is, surely, arguable that no one can possibly be a competent historian who is not designed by nature to be a political animal (*φύσει πολιτικόν ζῶον*), if not actually

engaged in the conduct of affairs of State. Bishop Stubbs leaps to the mind as a pure historian, as a chronicler of impeccable impartiality, an example (as Carlyle would have phrased it) of 'green-eyed incorruptibility,' wholly without the taint of politics. But was Stubbs, it may be asked, a politician? Certain it is that he had very decided views on matters of moment in the State as well as in the Church, and no one who compares his account, say, of Simon de Montfort with those of Freeman and J. R. Green can doubt that Stubbs was, *au fond*, as convinced a Tory as they were ardent Radicals.

Between History and Politics there is, however, a much more intimate connection than the names just quoted suggest. May we not name as the four most eminent, if not the four greatest, English historians Lord Clarendon and Edward Gibbon, Lord Macaulay and George Grote? All these men sat in Parliament; the first three held office and all four were definitely partisans.

Clarendon was the father of English History. His 'History of the Great Rebellion' is the first great work of the kind in our language; it is a classic which, unlike the majority of works so described, is still widely read, both as an original authority for an important period and for its brilliant portraiture and elevation of style. Yet Clarendon was pre-eminently a politician: he sat as Member for Wootton Bassett in the 'Short' Parliament, and in the 'Long' Parliament he represented Saltash. He was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer and sworn of the Privy Council in 1643, and was, until 1646, the principal adviser of Charles I, and the author of many of those Proclamations which cannot, even now, be read without emotion and admiration. He became Secretary of State to the exiled King Charles II in 1651, and was Lord Chancellor and virtually Prime Minister during the first seven years after the Restoration. It is, however, noticeable and significant that the 'History of the Great Rebellion' was not printed until 1702-4—more than a quarter of a century after the author's death (1674), and that his 'Autobiography' did not see the light until 1759, just as George III was about to succeed his two predecessors of the House of Hanover. If then Clarendon's great works emanated from a politician, it was from one who had long since made his final exit from the stage.

Edward Gibbon, the greatest of English historians, was not like Clarendon a statesman of the first rank ; and his great work dealt with an age far remote from his own. Nevertheless Gibbon, as is frequently forgotten, was a politician : he sat as Member for Liskeard from 1774-80, for Lymington from 1781-3, and he had at least a glimpse of the Executive side of government, as Commissioner of the Board of Trade, during the troubled time from 1779-82. He thus refers in his 'Autobiography' to his experience of Parliament :

'I took my seat at the beginning of the memorable contest between Great Britain and America, and supported, with many a sincere and silent vote, the rights, though not perhaps the interest, of the Mother Country. After a fleeting illusive hope, prudence condemned me to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute. I was not armed by Nature and education with the intrepid energy of mind and voice,

'*Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.* Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice. But I assisted at the debates of a free assembly ; I listened to the attack and defence of eloquence and reason ; I had a near prospect of the characters, views and passions of the first men of the age.' . . . After referring to Lord North, 'a statesman of spotless integrity, a consummate master of debate, who could wield with equal dexterity the arms of ridicule and reason,' after referring to the 'majestic sense of Thurlow, and the skilful eloquence of Wedderburn,' to Fox and Burke, he proceeds : 'By such men every operation of peace and war, every principle of justice or policy, every question of authority and freedom, was attacked and defended : and the subject of the momentous contest was the union or separation of Great Britain. The eight sessions that I sat in parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian.' *

A 'school of civil prudence.' Precisely : a first-hand acquaintance with politics is, as Gibbon would seem to insist, an indispensable discipline for an historian. The first three volumes of the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' were published while Gibbon was a member of the British Parliament, and to that 'school of civil prudence' he acknowledged a debt at least as heavy as the debt which he owed to his service in the Hampshire

* 'Autobiography,' p. 100.

Militia. Why his debt to his military service should have passed into the currency of historical criticism, and his debt to the 'school of civil prudence' be as commonly ignored, it is difficult to understand. Certainly it is not the fault of Gibbon himself.

He, though a politician, was no orator in the oral sense. Macaulay was an orator both by voice and pen. Thanks to the incomparable brilliance of his oratory he lives, and will live, as an historian. Yet he was, perhaps, the most bitter political partisan that ever devoted great talents to historical criticism. The period of history on which Macaulay specialised was, in years, separated by two centuries from his own time. That fact in no wise abated the passion with which he regarded the course of, still more the leading actors in, the great drama of the Puritan Revolution. No historian, with the indispensable endowment of a politician, could indeed depict with complete and colourless impartiality the highly controversial events of that period. Samuel Rawson Gardiner came as near to impartiality as any one with human blood in him could, yet his own sympathies are not difficult to discern. His book would not be the great work it is, if they were. Gardiner was not, of course, a man of like passions with Macaulay, who, whether writing for the 'Edinburgh Review' or composing his History of the Whig Revolution, was primarily the politician. Except during his service as Legal Member of Council in India (1834-8) and for a few years after the publication of the first two volumes of his History (1848), he was hardly ever out of Parliament from the time of his election for Calne in 1830 until his death in 1859. For two or three years he held minor office as Secretary at War (1839-41). In the 'school of civil prudence' he, like Gibbon, graduated. But, unlike Gibbon, he was a keen not to say a bitter partisan. It is indeed doubtful whether any of the attacks launched in the recent election by left-wing Socialists against Mr Ramsay MacDonald — 'traitor' and 'apostate' — were comparable in bitterness to Macaulay's impeachment of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford.

'He was the first of the Rats, the first of those statesmen whose patriotism has been only the coquetry of political prostitution . . . the first Englishman to whom a peerage was

a sacrament of infamy, a baptism into the communion of corruption . . . in every talent which exalts or destroys nations pre-eminent, the lost Archangel, the Satan of the apostasy.'

Macaulay allowed the Edinburgh Reviewer an extravagance of invective which he denied to the historian of the Revolution of 1688 ; but even in his 'History' he remains the partisan.

In politics he was a typical Whig. Grote, an equally keen if less bitter partisan, was no Whig, but an ardent Radical. In the agitation for Parliamentary reform he took a very active part. It was a fitting reward for his labours that he should be elected as one of the Members for the City in the first reformed Parliament, and he continued to represent that famous constituency until, in 1841, he retired in order to devote himself to 'The History of Greece.' The first two volumes of that work were published in 1846, to be followed by six more during the ensuing decade.

It might have been supposed that Pisistratus and Cypselus, Solon, Cleisthenes and Pericles, were sufficiently remote from the England of Lord Grey and Lord John Russell, of Peel and Palmerston and of Disraeli and Gladstone, to secure complete impartiality of treatment. Yet if ever there was a party pamphlet, partially obscured under eight volumes of erudition, it was Grote's 'History of Greece.' That Grote was profoundly learned goes without saying. But it is safe to say that his great learning would never have been expended on a History of Greece had he not discerned in Athens the pre-eminent example of the virtues of Democracy. It is difficult to suppose that Grote was misled by the famous speech of Pericles, it is impossible to believe that he intentionally misled his readers. Yet the fact remains that many thousands of schoolboys, to say nothing of more advanced students, have been taught by Grote to suppose that the government of Athens was in truth a Democracy. Among the students misled by Grote was no less an historian than Edward Augustus Freeman. It is amazing that two such ardent Radicals should have paid so little heed to the warning uttered by the father of Philosophic Radicalism. 'What is curious,' wrote Jeremy Bentham, 'is that the same persons who tell you that Democracy

is a form of government under which the supreme power is vested in all members of a State will also tell you that the Athenian Commonwealth was a Democracy.' Rousseau was even more emphatic than Bentham. 'Athènes n'était point en effet une démocratie, mais une aristocratie très tyrannique gouvernée par des savants et des orateurs.' Alexis de Tocqueville, following (in this matter) Rousseau, described Athens as an 'Aristocratic republic.' Grote, therefore, was not without warning, and apart from Athens, his own researches should have taught him that many of the States of Ancient Greece attained the meridian of power and prosperity not under Democracy but under Dictatorships, or as the Greeks called them 'tyrannies,' misleadingly denounced by Grote as 'Despotisms.' To English ears 'despotism' must needs carry a sinister implication. To the Greeks a 'tyranny' had no such connotation. The 'tyrant' might be a bad ruler, but he might be, and often was, an exceedingly good ruler. To George Grote, the very embodiment of bourgeois Radicalism, this mattered not: he looked on his re-creation of Athenian Democracy, and saw that it was good; at Greek Despotism, as at all Despotisms, he looked askance, and saw that it was bad.

Evidently the remoteness or proximity of the period under analysis has little to do with the problem of historical impartiality. An historian may be as much of a partisan in dealing with the Athens of the fifth century B.C. as with the England of the twentieth century A.D. The temptation to a perversion of judgment is admittedly, in the former case, less powerful, but if the historian be a keen politician it must nevertheless beset him. Fair he may be in his judgment of men and things; impartial he cannot be. Is it desirable that he should be? There has been, it would seem, a good deal of affectation in regard to the virtue of impartiality. Certain it is that only those histories will live which are the work of men who have mingled in the hurly-burly of affairs, who have observed at close quarters the working of the machinery of government, who have realised that politics is the life blood of History. The materials for History may well be supplied by men of a different temper and outlook. The labour of research demands qualities very different from those of

the expositor. Even in these days of specialisation, when labour tends to be more and more divided, the two functions may be combined ; occasionally they are ; but it is safe to predict that with the ever increasing accumulation of historical material, the differentiation of functions will become more and more pronounced. That every historian should know something of the methods of research and be able to assess the comparative value of the results obtained therefrom, is, of course, eminently desirable—nay, indispensable. But as there are ‘ differences of administration,’ so there are ‘ diversities of gifts ’ ; to one is given the gift of precise and accurate scholarship, to another the gift of exposition. The functions are complementary ; each member is indispensable to the utility of the other. The expositor stands to the research student in the same relation as the general practitioner to the Harley Street specialist, or perhaps as the two last both stand to the laboratory worker. Analogies must not, however, be pressed too far.

‘ Of late years the popular value of history has greatly diminished.’ So said Professor Trevelyan in his ‘ *Clio a Muse*,’ published in 1913. He attributed the diminution to the divorce between History and Literature and the attempt on the part of historical scholars ‘ to drill us into so many Potsdam guards of learning.’ Of doubtful validity when originally uttered, Mr Trevelyan’s statement is surely no longer true. It is common knowledge that the Great War gave an immense stimulus to the study of history, and the effects of that stimulus are still felt. Nevertheless the danger to which he pointed, and which he has himself done so much to dispel, still subsists. History will never perform its proper and appropriate function in the training of citizens unless it avails itself of those gifts of skilful and imaginative exposition possessed in full measure by ardent politicians like Lord Clarendon and Lord Macaulay. But Clarendon and Macaulay were not merely great masters of style and exposition, they were possessed with passion, they were politicians, they were partisans. Be it admitted that therein dangers lurk. ‘ We cannot be at too much pains,’ as Mr Trevelyan finely says, ‘ to see that our passions burn pure, but we must not extinguish the flame.’ The flame is lit by a keen interest in the affairs of men, by

participation in the government of the *πόλις*. The fully equipped and effective historian must needs then be a politician. Not necessarily, of course, if the phrase be permitted, a 'practising politician.' Mr George Trevelyan has never sat in Parliament, yet who that knows his admirable work can doubt that he is an ardent politician, with the instinct for public affairs in his marrow bones? How could it be otherwise—the son, the brother, the grand-nephew (to enumerate only the best known of his kinsmen) of men who have spent long years in the House of Commons? Of living Oxford historians the two most eminent have themselves 'done time' in that House of Correction, have graduated in Gibbon's 'school of civil prudence.' Neither of them, it is true, have, thus far, devoted their pens to contemporary history,* but if the argument of this paper be sound, that is a negligible circumstance. Mr Justin McCarthy was less of a partisan than either Mommsen or Grote.

We need have no hesitation, then, in going to Sir Austen Chamberlain, to Mr Lloyd George, to Mr Churchill, or to Mr Asquith for the history of our own times, for an account of the transactions in which they severally played conspicuous parts. With this proviso. If, for instance, we read Sir Austen's account of the displacement of the Asquith Government we must check and, if need be, correct it by reading the accounts of the same episode given by Lord Beaverbrook, representing Bonar Law, by Mr Lloyd George and by Mr Spender, on behalf of Asquith. This may be an arduous task, but it is the only sound method, and it is the method which every conscientious historian adopts, as far as possible, in his investigation of past history. But to the real historian no history is past. It is as much 'politics' as the events recorded in 'The Times' of yesterday. History and politics are in truth one; consequently, only a politician can write History.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

* This article was written before the publication of the third volume of Mr Fisher's brilliant 'History of Europe'; but his treatment of contemporary affairs is (necessarily) so slight as not to impair the accuracy of the statement in the text.

Art. 4.—LAND SETTLEMENT IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

1. *The Agricultural Dilemma.* By the Viscount Astor and Mr B. Seeböhm Rowntree. P. S. King, 1935.
2. *Back to the Land.* By C. S. Orwin and W. F. Darke. P. S. King, 1935.
3. *Land Settlement in Germany.* By Christopher Turnor. P. S. King, 1935.
4. *The Land.* By R. G. Stapledon, C.B.E. Faber, 1935.

THE need for a well-considered national programme of Land Settlement in this country is becoming so clear that previous failures to carry one through successfully have lost a great part of their validity. All who remember the Land Settlement (Facilities) Act passed soon after the War (1919) will admit that the result could hardly have been less encouraging. In spite of it, successive Governments have remembered the claims of the land and the possibilities of settlement as a means of reducing unemployment or distress. The last Small Holdings Act, passed so recently as 1926, may be regarded as an honest effort to improve conditions, but it contained a permissive clause which rendered all others nugatory. At the time when the 1926 Bill became law, there were 15,000 unsatisfied applicants and County Councils could claim 75 per cent. of any losses if they settled an estate with the Ministry's approval. In the seven years following the Act few Councils need plead guilty of activity, the rate of increase was less than 2,500 acres a year. Everybody in authority knew that the counties were impeding progress, and in 1931 the Agricultural Land (Utilisation) Act gave the Ministry power to create holdings if County Councils did not provide them for unemployed people, to establish training centres and to grant loans; official patience, sorely tried, was exhausted. Then came the financial crisis, and the National Government decided that it could not sanction any expenditure for small-holdings.

It is necessary to point out that the Small Holdings Act of 1926 was only one of several abortive measures. There was an Act so far back as 1892; this too was permissive. Throughout England and Wales only five

counties took any interest in it ; by 1906 less than 1,000 acres had been acquired. A Departmental Committee found that the failure of the Act was due to the apathy of the local authorities ; a similar committee in action to-day would be drawn irresistibly to like conclusions. The Act of 1908 followed, guaranteeing 50 per cent. of the loss on approved schemes ; in seven years upwards of 25,000 people applied, but the real needs of Settlement were not recognised. Many men were put on bare land ; or their equipment did not include a cottage—they had to travel to and from their work. County Councils were apathetic, progress was slow. In spite of these mistakes, by 1914 the Act had settled 1,200 small-holders, of whom less than 3 per cent. had failed to carry on.

The Land Settlement Act of 1919 made the Ministry of Agriculture responsible through seven years for losses incurred by County Councils, and the response was immediate, under conditions that were entirely unsatisfactory. Land values were booming, wages were high, much building material was controlled by rings and trusts, borrowed money cost over 6 per cent., and a part of the land purchased was unsuitable for settlement. A further trouble was that the Government had to redeem its promises to ex-soldiers and could not be so careful as it should have been over the selection of land or settler. Ultimately the loss on the venture was fixed at a point between seven and eight million pounds ; the Treasury paid. To-day the County Councils of England and Wales hold nearly half a million acres, but there are many people who believe honestly enough that small-holding has no place in the scheme of things and that, if it had, there is not sufficient land available. Against this contention it is only necessary to point out that when the Government took compulsory powers to speed the plough in 1917, our arable area jumped from eleven and a quarter million to nearly twelve and a half, under conditions of gravest difficulty. There were the usual protests from indignant farmers, inevitable mistakes were magnified ; but on a tour of inquiry made after the Armistice I was unable to find evidence that land broken up had been in any considerable measure unfit for the plough. There were plenty of complaints, but they were based on a carefully fostered antagonism to 'farming from White-

hall.' All farmers are willing that the State shall pay the piper ; few will allow that it has any right to call the tune.

To-day this country is faced with what may be only the beginnings of an extraordinarily difficult economic situation. Our mines, shipyards, and heavy industries are suffering severely from international poverty and the evil effects of economic nationalism ; there is every reason to believe that nothing more than a temporary recovery may be looked for. The ship of every state has broken away from the old moorings that seemed so safe and sound in the later years of the Victorian era ; to-day it sails uncharted seas. Nations do not wish to buy at the John Bull Store, they prefer to build the factories to supply their own shops ; they are even buying quite freely the special British machinery without which such factories would stand at grave disadvantage. The race for armaments keeps nations poor and erects a barricade between potential buyers and world markets. While providing for all human needs science is relegating able workers to the scrap-heap, making them of no account ; before the States of the world can decide how mankind may best acquire the means of purchasing ease and comfort, these means are to hand. The subsistence problem is a real one in spite of plenty on every side ; statesmen look for the time when unemployment may be down to the one million mark, their optimism seems unable to get past that. The solution of many difficulties lies in our neglected fields, but our rulers will not look at them until they must.

Land Settlement has many critics ; two books, published lately, attack it. In 'The Agricultural Dilemma,' Lord Astor and Mr Seeborn Rowntree emphasise difficulties attendant upon any change in our production policy. Their chief argument is that imports of food-stuffs stand upon a special footing, forming part of a system of economic intercourse of which the investment of British capital, payment of interest, and current export of British manufactured goods are integral features. The authors do not think that improved marketing conditions would help ; they are optimistic about the general course of trade. At the same time they admit the dangers of malnutrition, holding it responsible for a

large proportion of the cost of medical insurance benefit, hospitals, and sanatoria. They also note that the volume of our exports in 1934 was less than 70 per cent. of the volume of 1929, but they do not stress the implications. In 'Back to the Land,' Mr Orwin and his colleague Mr Darke tabulate their objections to Land Settlement; these are not hard to meet. The first lies in acquisition of land and cost of equipment; surely reduced unemployment would help to meet this? Secondly, they tell us that holdings would be small ones of market garden and small live-stock type; Sir John Boyd Orr, Principal of the Rowett Institute, tells us this form of production is what we need most. Thirdly, they affirm that small-holdings contribute little to the subsistence of the family; one would suggest that they should visit some of the small Welsh farms. Fourthly, they think the competition of the capitalist grower in the produce market is increasing rapidly; is not Parliament able, if it so desires, to limit the scope of those activities? Fifthly, they declare there are no parallels in agricultural or industrial life for a system of group settlement; the answer here would appear to be that the experiment may still be worth making. Sixthly, they state that very few town-workers can succeed as family farmers; an answer is *quod erat demonstrandum*. Then they fear lest settlers should be called upon to accept something lower than the industrial standard of living; but if settlers like to accept any standard in return for resultant advantages, it is their affair. The answer to a final contention, that the general body of consumers would have to be taxed, is that where the burden was increased in one direction it would probably be lightened in another. After all, perhaps the most complete answer to both these books lies in the details of German effort given in Mr Christopher Turnor's 'Land Settlement in Germany'; 150,000 unemployed farm workers have been absorbed in the past ten years on subsistence holdings varying from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{4}$ acres of land and on a certain number of larger farms. Much of the land supporting these people in Germany would be pronounced unfit for cultivation in England.

There is little that carries conviction in the opposition to land settlement. Nobody denies the difficulties, but all will agree that difficulties exist to be overcome. It is

important to consider reports of His Majesty's Commissioners for distressed areas. We find Captain Euan Wallace, M.P., declaring that in parts of the industrial north there is no future save what the land can provide. The Government is not hostile to settlement, though it prefers to retain a free hand; it is backing the efforts of the Land Settlement Association to the extent of £75,000 a year for three years on a basis of pound for pound. Mr Malcolm Stewart, another Commissioner for special areas, has presented an estate of 540 acres at Potton in Bedfordshire to give workless miners a fresh start in life. It is proposed under the Special Areas Act, 1934, to provide the sum of two million pounds for relief of the unemployed and to spend a considerable part on small-holdings and allotments. So the effort will go on, despite more than a hundred years of comparatively unsuccessful endeavour. This is as it should be, for these years have witnessed revolutionary changes in the technique of production and have made organisers well-acquainted with all manner of difficulties, financial, social, and commercial.

We may consider the problem from another angle. France maintains nearly 40 per cent. of her population on the land, Germany and United States over 30 per cent., England and Wales 7 per cent. We have to all intents and purposes two million people out of work, we have another million receiving assistance; so that there are three million people who are not self-supporting, while economic nationalism has power to add considerably to their numbers. Against this gloomy background we may turn to look over English land. In 1918 under the spur of necessity we had twelve million four hundred thousand acres under the plough; in 1934 we had nine million, two hundred and fifty thousand, a loss of three million acres, though large farming is being heavily subsidised. Go back to 1870 and compare that year with 1935; the losses are seen to be nearly six million acres. On the one hand three million people out of work or in receipt of assistance; on the other hand six million acres that could respond to the plough. Derelict men call for derelict acres. When these figures are put before people who oppose Land Settlement because they believe that it is neither possible nor desirable on a large scale, they

point to the glut in the markets, the hard times through which the farming community has passed ; they suggest that we have more food than we want. Against this we have the evidence of Sir John Boyd Orr, one of the greatest living authorities on dietetics. He told the British Association that there is no danger of over-production, that we need much more than we have of eggs, fresh vegetables, and dairy produce, that proper food in sufficient quantity would raise the average height of the Briton by two inches, increase disease resistance, and make life better worth living for one and all.

Sir Charles Fielding, who was Director of Food Supplies during the War, farms on a large scale in Sussex, and has had a great business experience as managing director of one of the most important mining industries in Europe, declares that there is room on the land for one and a half million able-bodied men, women, and lads to produce and prepare the country's food. He states deliberately that we could grow upward of four hundred million pounds worth of what we import, and that it is possible to organise plans by which every county could contribute its proper production quota. He would like to see all land lost to the plough, or at least five million acres of it, given back, our permanent grass reduced considerably, since every hundred acres ploughed up and properly cultivated can produce four times the amount of food yielded at present. As a result of experiments carried out under his direction during the most critical years of the war, he came to the conclusion that intelligent men and women can master 90 per cent. of farm work quite readily. Stock-keeping alone needs a long apprenticeship. The authority behind these claims is too great for them to be disregarded ; we should do well to remember that these islands have been self-supporting before and can be self-supporting again, because while population has advanced rapidly, so too have the means of effective production and heavier cropping. From the farming standpoint it should be easier to feed our forty-five million folk to-day than it was to satisfy the nation's needs when the population was less than twenty million. To make Land Settlement a success one thing is wanted, and that is strong national support ; the Government will respond to an unmistakable mandate—and to nothing else.

An unrivalled authority has come forward in the last two months with a revelation of Great Britain's undeveloped riches and plans for their development. Professor R. G. Stapledon, Director of the Welsh Plant Breeding Station, for years has been breeding grasses that may bring under profitable cultivation a considerable part of the vast acreage of rough and hill grazings now lying neglected below the 1500 feet level. There are about three million acres of this type of country in England, nearly a million and a half in Wales, ten million in Scotland. In 'The Land,' Professor Stapledon tells not only what may be done but how difficulties in the doing may be overcome. Harness science to the hillsides, send the caterpillar tractor to ground that horses cannot face, feed the starved soil with suitable fertilisers and you will have rich summer grazing on the high hills and winter feed where none is found to-day. Professor Stapledon declares himself in favour of a national return to Nature; he would like to see the normal week's work carried through in four long working days with three of recreation to follow. He deplores the vast amount of permanent grass on English farms, complaining that the land has ceased to be the care of the State, the land-owner, or the farmer. He warns us to take long views about these islands, while denouncing the 'hand to mouth and immoral economics' that establish the cost of everything and the value of nothing. Our waste areas, he tells us, are a standing reproach to agriculture, and he pleads for large-scale afforestation. Writing of neglect and indifference to possibilities, he tells of one district in Yorkshire where there are 172,000 acres of heather, now sacred to grouse, much of which could be turned into good grazing land. His technical chapters, clearly set out, are easy to read and to understand. He finds that great acts of reclamation 'are absolutely necessary in this small country,' and he points out that the work will create large-scale employment while adding definitely to the national wealth. He has a vision of hill villages with their halls, clubs, and cinemas making life attractive to those who help to establish fertility on land that has never known it. 'The nation still needs the schooling of hill land to sustain and invigorate both its agricultural and urban population. . . . I pin my faith on owner-

occupation.' Professor Stapledon pleads with the eloquence of sincere conviction for what he calls the reconditioning of the countryside, while setting out his well-ordered proposals based upon wide knowledge and experience of farming practice. He has approached land settlement from a fresh angle, but in the light of his claims, his vision, and his background the opponents of the movements, those who are content to watch wealth accumulate and men decay, are seen to have no enduring grasp of the situation. 'The Land' is a notable book; I think it will long survive the writer and his present-day readers; it will help to give their heritage back to the people who fear lest England should have no use for them.

Long before County Councils were known the Government was arranging to admit the unemployed to the land. The Poor Law Commission of 1832 recommended that the work should be done by private owners rather than parish overseers. Mr Gladstone supported in 1886 a movement to help agricultural labourers to obtain allotments and small-holdings. The Government opposed this and was defeated. A little later came the Small Holdings Act of 1892. From this year till 1926 we find powers placed in the hands of the County Councils and these bodies deliberately evading the task entrusted to them on a variety of unsatisfactory grounds. It may be said that this hostility is likely to remain a constant factor whenever approach is made to Land Settlement, nor is it difficult to understand when we come to consider the constitution of the Agricultural Committee of County Councils. It consists in part of land-owners who bear the movement no ill-will, of men who are farming on a moderate scale and in the face of great difficulties, and of members of the Labour Party. Land-owners are more or less neutral; small-holding does not affect their interests, it may even advance them. The farmer in a moderate way of business dislikes the idea of extended settlement. He knows that the small-holder's cultivations are intensive, that he is likely to work long hours, employing wife and children who have no claim upon the statutory wage. Not only does the farmer regard this as unfair competition, a view-point easy to understand, but he knows quite well that if settlement becomes

wide-spread and effective the best of his agricultural labourers will leave him. Their lot in life may be harder, their ultimate income no more, it may even be less than that which they receive in his service, but they will be their own masters and they are prepared to make sacrifices to this end. Professor Ashby, one of the greatest authorities on small-holding in Wales, tells me that many Welsh small-holders cannot by strenuous labour and with the aid of their families earn an agricultural labourer's wage. He declares that in some parts of the Principality they are slaves to their land, working all hours and having only a very minimum of money from the sale of surplus. I have no doubt this is as stated ; but I have spoken to scores of the small Welsh farmers, I have asked the heads of the Welsh Agricultural Stations, University professors and others, who can see quite clearly what is happening. All agree that however stern the life, however poor the financial results the Welsh small-holder would not change his status to become a labourer, even with regulated hours, a certain wage, and a half-holiday every week. This attitude of mind is not limited to Wales ; I have found the harassed small-holder in all parts of England struggling against every difficulty and yet quite eager to remain the captain of his fate. Having shared his responsibilities and disabilities I can understand. In these circumstances, while the opposition of the farmer on a moderate sized mixed holding is readily comprehensible, it should not be allowed to stand between energetic men and their desire ; nor should the opposition of the Labour Party to land settlement be taken too seriously. It is based upon the conviction that small-holding is as near an approach to slavery as these islands know. The party, as a party, has an urban mind and a set of rigid principles ; it will not encourage any occupation that disregards the ordinary hours of labour and compels all members of the family to work without the benefit of regulated time or money, while developing whatever tendency they have to be individualists. Here again the great question of the liberty of the subject demands consideration, and we have to remember that those Trade Union Leaders who may be said to give colour and direction to the Labour Party policy often associate a very large knowledge of town conditions with

an abysmal ignorance of conditions outside the urban areas. It is easily possible to disagree with their viewpoint, easier still to understand it. If you or I or any man likes to take a small-holding and work seven days a week on it we have a perfect right ; if the Government says that for a competent applicant the County Council shall provide a holding, the County Council should do so. As things are, County Agricultural Committees have taken advantage of the loop-holes that every Act from 1892 onwards has provided, with the result that while there are rather more than five thousand registered and tested applicants to-day waiting for the place that cannot be found for them, it is common knowledge that if settlement were provided, the five thousand would become very many times that number almost immediately. It is the sense of helplessness in face of difficulties County Councils have set in the path that has turned men in disgust from the pursuit of a life useful not only to them but to the State and to generations waiting to be born.

In the late summer of the year that has passed I accepted an invitation to investigate the possibilities of settlement in the Midlands. The area defined included the counties of Gloucester, Warwick, Worcester, Hereford, Shropshire, Stafford, Derby, Leicester, Nottingham, Rutland, Northampton—a journey of 1200 miles in all. In the course of the tour I visited County authorities, leading land agents, the Government's Commissioners, farmers large and small, and settlers, some of whom had cottage holdings, others whose holdings were slightly above the regulation 50 acres that can only be exceeded if the total rent is less than 100*l.* a year. In this area, in the lifetime of many, two million acres have been lost to the plough, and the extent to which agricultural employment has been reduced can be gathered from the table on the opposite page. This shows a total of about 117,000 workers, many of them casual, on just over five million acres: about one to over 40 acres. If you turn to three favoured shires, Leicester, Rutland, Northampton, we get a total of less than 12,000 workers on upwards of a million acres. It is not surprising that one may drive for mile after mile through a fertile land that for all purposes of systematic intensive agriculture has been abandoned.

County.	Total acreage under crops and grass.	Men, women, and children employed (regular and casual).
Warwick ..	470,000	10,000
Worcester ..	370,000	12,500
Shropshire ..	700,000	17,000
Stafford ..	550,000	14,000
Gloucester ..	620,000	14,000
Derby ..	450,000	10,500
Nottingham ..	415,000	10,000
Northampton	500,000	9,000 (without the Soke of Peterborough)
Leicester ..	450,000	8,500
Rutland ..	88,000	1,400
Hereford ..	436,000	10,000

It is worth remembering that while Sir Charles Fielding found more than two million acres lost to the plough in the Midland area alone, the Land Settlement Association finds five acres are enough to support a man, wife, and family and to leave a surplus to sell. This means that we have in the Midlands sufficient acres for settlement of 400,000 workless men if soil were suitable, acts of husbandry correct, and the marketing of produce controlled. I don't think that much sound pasture in these counties need fear comparison with Home Farm, Potton. Mr Lloyd George says that every man who finds a living in the fields gives employment to a man in the towns; and though we cannot expect land to be of uniform quality, we do know that modern knowledge has developed so rapidly and the action of fertilisers is so well known and has been so closely studied that there is hardly a square mile of good grass in England that could not be turned into a profitable mixed-farming proposition. At the will of the Government, well over a million acres passed under the plough in the last year of the War, and if the will were to be expressed again a much better result could be achieved, because when war-time ploughing orders came the means at the service of agriculturists were of the poorest. We had the early Ford tractor and Oliver plough, labour was scarce and not always skilled, most of the country's engineers were to be found in factories and workshops or behind the front of various theatres of war. There were so few mechanics to spare that when at the close of 1918 I travelled England from Cornwall to Norfolk I found in field after field dead

tractors, their rusty remains sometimes covered with a stack cloth, sometimes lying open to the sun and rain. For lack of a little first aid or surgery slight mishaps had proved fatal; they had died where they fell.

Nowadays the work of breaking up grass could, if desired, be undertaken at twice the speed and half the cost that ruled twenty years ago. When fertilisers become necessary they would be available in more than sufficient quantities. The actual production of food may be said to present no problem that could not be solved with a minimum of difficulty; the one matter for concern is marketing. If that could be handled to insure for the producer a fair proportion of what the consumer pays, it would be easily possible for this country to absorb all the willing unemployed in a little while, without increasing current prices to the consumer. It is only our chaotic marketing system that permits the multiplication of intermediaries and the control of produce by combines and rings, making the cost of distribution so high that many articles of general need are placed beyond reach of the poor. One Government after another has endeavoured to tackle this side of the problem. The remarkable reports of the Linlithgow Commission set the facts out clearly. The Ministry of Agriculture has endeavoured to approach the matter in what the late Mr Albert Chevalier would have called 'a very gentlemanly way,' but it has never dared to take drastic action, perhaps because middlemen are as the sand upon the sea-shore for multitude and all have votes. Yet, even while acknowledging the difficulties with which the question of Settlement is beset, while admitting that the greatest and most serious is that of honest and effective marketing, the fact remains that in the Midlands alone there is enough land not properly utilised to break the back of the out-of-work problem, presuming always that there are sufficient men eager and willing to do their best and that they are backed by a Government determined that this best shall be done. While recognising the opposition that settlement must encounter from the important interests that direct banking, shipping, foreign loans, and the rest, we may still ask whether we shall be able to keep the land uncultivated even if we so desire. In this connection a study of imports and exports may

provide a basis for conclusions. The fact that we have grown rich as an exporting nation does not mean that we shall remain rich when countries are unable to buy our goods. However desirable it may be to maintain our standard of living, it is not immortal nor can it possibly be maintained by any act of will. Can we be proud of a standard that enables us to keep two million people on the dole and another million in receipt of relief and permits them to become through no fault of their own not only a drag upon the State, but a danger? Better an interregnum of higher thinking and plainer living.

So far as Settlement under the Land Association is concerned, although there are at the time of writing some half a dozen settlements in being and many more in contemplation, no improvement on accepted methods of marketing produce has been advised. At Potton they propose to rely upon the careful packing and grading of the best produce and then will take the chance of the market. Knowing how those markets are organised to-day, it is unlikely that correct packing and grading and the choice of good material will avail for long to stop manipulation to the growers' disadvantage. Apart from all the combines and rings that take toll of produce, the country is up against another and very disconcerting fact, and this is the shopkeeper's preference for small sales at a high profit rather than large sales at a low one. It is hardly too much to say that quite a considerable amount of produce never reaches the stage of being on offer; there is reason to fear that much finds the end of its career in the incinerator. We know that at a time when fruit is sold at a high price in the shops, growers may be unable to command enough to pay for the picking. 'When I can get fourpence a pound,' an Evesham grower said to me, 'you may look to pay a shilling in Worcester; if Worcester could only get fourpence a pound I would not be paid enough to cover the cost of picking.' It would be easy to multiply instances, but every housewife who cares to listen to the market reports from the B.B.C. and to compare the price of the ox or cow on the hoof with the price of the next joint she buys will understand something about it; the mysteries of live-weight, dead-weight, and offals are not hard to

fathom. She could also compare the price paid to the farmer for his milk with the price she pays to the milkman for her daily allowance, and if she would study the cost of the loaf when wheat was fetching 45s. a quarter with the price of the loaf when wheat is worth about two-thirds of that sum, she will realise that her bread, meat, and milk must be paying excessive toll to quite a large number of intermediaries and why it is better to be a miller, a butcher, or a milk-distributor than to be a producer of any of the material they handle. A reference to the Ministry's returns of fruit and vegetables will also prove illuminating. These conditions are intimately associated with the problem of settlement. Until the Government arises that is prepared to provide an avenue down which food may pass from producer to consumer with no more than a reasonable levy upon it, the work demanded of the producer in order that he may earn a poor living will be in inverse ratio to the work required of the middleman and the shopkeeper in order that the one may prosper and the second may find excuse for being superfluous.

If counties visited in the autumn of the year may be taken as fair examples, prospects of statutory small-holding in this country are not rosy. It is abundantly clear that if the Government has settlement in mind and regards the small-holder as an essential element, County Councils must no longer be left to decide for themselves if they will administer the Act. They have shown beyond peradventure that they will do nothing of the kind. Amendments are needed in order that County Agricultural Committees may be compelled to carry out the will of the people as expressed in Parliament. County land agents, upon whom so much depends, are, almost without exception, capable men. Some, of course, have more energy and resource than others, but no one of them can move at any greater pace than his Committee will permit, and in the handling of these committees diplomacy is essential. I could not find in all the Midlands any county whose Agricultural Committee is genuinely anxious to administer the Act of 1926 as effectively as possible. Certain of them, like that of Hereford, show a sympathetic interest; others, concerned with the possibilities of a charge on the rates and unable

to rid themselves of the fear of a deficit, are frankly and avowedly obstructive. Taking it altogether, the movement must be said to halt, to need the impetus of instructions that are in no sense equivocal, with stern reminder to responsible parties that if they will not act for their county, the State will appoint others to act in their place. To justify this suggestion of a threat it is only necessary to point out that the area of new land acquired by counties for small-holdings in 1934 was about 4250 acres. The area applied for by unsatisfied applicants was 140,000 acres and the number of applicants was upward of 7000. Of the 1200 men who received holdings in 1934 some 900 were settled on land provided by County Councils before the passing of the Act of 1926. In the last published report of small-holdings estates held by Councils in England and Wales we find 415,000 acres taken over by purchase, annuity, or lease before the Act of 1926, and only 40,000 acres since then. In the latest review of the position of small-holders, the Ministry declared that they had weathered the agricultural depression in a remarkable way and had been doing better than large farmers. The proportion of rents collected had been 'surprisingly high,' abatement had been small. 'This is all the more remarkable,' adds the writer, 'when we remember that the small-holder is usually unable to obtain the same credit facilities from tradesmen as is the large farmer, and generally has to pay off other creditors before he can pay his rent.' These comments were made in 1931. Later reports from the Land Commissioners say that the position of the small-holder is even better than it was.

'Arrears of rent are being overcome and applications for reduction are less frequent. . . . With very rare exceptions Councils have no difficulty in letting equipped holdings of 30 to 50 acres without reduction of rent, indeed, the general experience is that demand is in excess of supply. In Cheshire and Stafford the demand is greater than for many years. . . . In the dairying counties there is a keen demand for fully equipped 25 to 50-acre dairy holdings. . . . Most counties report that a number of tenants are moving to larger holdings, that the number of failures is small, and more add that a considerable proportion of these have been due to reasons of a personal character.'

The Ministry's experts are reliable and quite unprejudiced ; we may take it that if the heads of the Land Division can write in these terms, small-holding stands in need of more generous assistance than it receives to-day. Indeed, throughout the autumn tour it was clear that encouragement came from a minority on the various Agricultural Committees, though here and there one heard of a Chairman who has the root of the matter in him. Land agents, almost without exception, are keen. The general tendency of every county was to go very slowly, to contemplate every loss, and to see that no one entered upon a small-holding without a preliminary struggle that might be held to prepare him for the still sterner encounter with the land. The pace of progress varies, from counties that reckon their small-holding estates by thousands of acres down to little Rutland, whose Council has not purchased so much as an acre, and declares through members of the Agricultural Committee that it has always been impossible to find the right type of man. Why the desired type should shun so gracious a county is a puzzle indeed, unless the absence of available markets be the basic cause. In this regard alone Rutland is unfortunate.

In the course of a series of talks on this great subject, I received a number of letters from correspondents in various parts of England, several of whom insisted that small-holdings are a monstrous thing, because they demand so much hard work. In the course of conversation with people who serve county administration I was told that it was morally indefensible to establish small-holdings unless it was certain they would add nothing to the rates. 'This 25 per cent. responsibility,' said one, 'is more than the county should be called upon to bear.' I took occasion to point out that the Government auditors allow for expenses of administration, repairs, and several other charges that reduce the 25 per cent. considerably for the few counties like Worcester and Bedford whose small-holdings are not paying their way. Moreover, part of the money is for redemption, and within eighty years the Councils will have a freehold estate which will yield them a large annual income. The reply to this viewpoint was not convincing, it was generally made in six words: 'Oh, that's all very well,

but . . . ' If the Government had no serious intentions where Land Settlement is concerned, there would be every reason to fear that the small-holding movement must remain almost stationary, but the work of the Land Settlement Association suggests that there is a definite intention to meet the conditions that industrial trouble has brought about. If this be so, the machinery of the small-holding movement should prove invaluable to the authorities ; they have only to remove the brake they have suffered County Councils to apply.

Certain critics of large-scale Land Settlement object to it on the singular ground that it is revolutionary and opposed to the whole economic trend of the country. To this objection there would appear to be a simple and reassuring answer. In the first place if towns can absorb the out-of-work populations, Land Settlement will never go very far, if on the other hand there is a slow but steady decline in employment—and it may come about through very many causes—then surely nothing could be more desirable than the provision of an alternative occupation. This involves the careful consideration and organisation of schemes that have a certain necessary elasticity. Then, in the event of any sudden fall in the level of urban employment, it would be possible to open up fresh land areas, while for all the boys and girls who can find nothing to do on leaving school, agricultural training camps would insure good health and the beginnings of useful knowledge. Those who had no aptitude could take their chance in the towns ; those who showed that they had the root of the matter in them could be drafted on to settlements where they would find permanent employment. If there be any who think that such a movement is less attractive than street corners and the dole, it would be a waste of time to argue with them. The need of the boys and girls who leave school and have nowhere to go in an overcrowded industrial world would be best served on the land, where they could raise their own food and have as much as they require ; it would develop at an impressionable age a real sense of citizenship ; they would not feel that they are the waifs and strays of circumstance.

Naturally, increased production on a large scale would throw certain existing arrangements and interests out of

gear, but we are living in times of rapid and drastic change, change that should be faced rather than feared. In the course of six comprehensive tours through agricultural England, Scotland, and Wales I have been unable to find evidence that we lack the land, the men, the machinery or the markets required for home production on a scale of unexampled magnitude, or that such production could fail to be associated with a vast improvement in the national physique. Food production nearly adequate to our needs has always been possible, but has not been deemed advisable for economic reasons, and these reasons are largely responsible for the great mass of undeveloped men and women whose perennial discontent no Government can disregard. One of our troubles is that our rulers lift up their eyes to the towns, whence their votes come; that of all our workers little more than a million are serving Mother Earth; that every agency relying on the support of the masses is based upon urban requirements, sympathies, and ambitions. While our industrial system could provide employment it had a justification; to-day even the industrialists themselves fear that the years of their supremacy are numbered. The writing is on the wall; their kingdom is divided and gone in part to other countries that are entering into their own industrial era and are in a position to demand long hours in return for low wages. We have to face entirely new conditions, to watch intelligently and without anxiety the passing of an old order and the beginnings of a new one. There is no reason to doubt that the genius of the country will be equal to the call for fresh methods and viewpoint.

The land was mankind's stand-by for countless centuries before the pyramids rose in the Egyptian desert. Our industrial system is a thing of yesterday, subject to endless modification until at last it finds its proper level as the servant rather than the master of mankind.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

Art. 5.—A MODERN ASPECT OF THE NOVEL.

The Art of the Novel from 1700 to the Present Time. By Pelham Edgar. Macmillan, 1933.

THE novel is almost a generic term. It is the youngest of the literary arts, and despite a galaxy of famous names, from Boccaccio and Cervantes to Tolstoy and Thomas Hardy, it remains to this day, in the opinion of many of its appraisers, in a formative and immature stage. The 'present immaturity' of fiction is emphasised in the work that is named above. Mr Edgar considers that for every subject chosen by the novelist there exists, seemingly somewhat after the manner of Plato's patterns laid up in heaven, an appropriate form which it is the business of the novelist to discover and that of the reader to understand. Nevertheless

' . . . when we realise how varied are the elements of expression at the novelist's command we shall recognise how great is the margin of possible error, and how extensive also, in an art that is still in its formative stage, are the possibilities of untested combinations.' . . . 'We are in the midst of a period of intensive renovation in all the creative arts, and the novel reveals its sensitiveness by the peculiar violence of its experimentation.'

This violence of experimentation which, to take only one example out of many, characterises so much of the work of Mrs (Virginia) Woolf, the distinguished daughter of the late Sir Leslie Stephen, is very evident to-day in poetry as well as in fiction. There is, however, at least one very important difference. The novel has shown no serious evidence of a disposition to evolve any such arbitrary 'patterns' as were visualised by the late Henry James. On the contrary, the novel has shown itself to be the most flexible of all literary forms, capable of adapting itself with remarkable sensitiveness to the changing demands of successive generations. This quality of adaptability which, as Mr Edgar justly observes, is characteristic of the novel, is the very quality which modern poetry appears most to lack. Few people in former ages would have thought of looking to the novel for a reflection of the deepest elements in the spiritual

form and content of the age. Men turned to poetry to seek inspiration and renewal; they desired nothing more from the novel than relaxation and amusement. And yet, since Tennyson's death, poetry has been growing ever increasingly isolated from direct contact with contemporary thought and action, while at the same time something of that 'high seriousness' which has in the past characterised so much of the finest poetry has been transferred to a small but increasing number of modern novels. It is with this aspect of the novel that we are concerned. This novel of which we speak has been distinguished by three characteristics. It has displayed a tendency to develop a poetical, in some quarters almost a lyrical quality; it has displayed a tendency to shape and handle epic themes; and finally it has displayed a wonderful capacity for making the fullest artistic use of the fruits of the new science of psychology.

Let us look for a moment at such a novel as the late W. H. Hudson's 'Green Mansions.' Modern literature contains few things more beautiful than some of the haunting descriptions with which this book abounds of the luxuriant forest-scenery of South America. In the story of Rima, her shy, elusive beauty, her eager love, and finally her tragic and terrible fate at the hands of the Indian inhabitants of the forest, we cannot fail to see a symbol of man's unassuageable yearning after that beauty and perfection which he has never yet been able to capture and realise in his everyday life. The legend of Rima belongs to the same order of invention as those of Helen of Troy, the Golden Fleece, or the Sangrael:

'Even where the trees were largest the sunshine penetrated, subdued by the foliage to exquisite greenish-golden tints, filling the wide lower spaces with tender half-lights, and faint blue-grey shadows. Lying on my back and gazing up, I felt reluctant to rise and renew my ramble. For what a roof was that above my head! Roof I call it, just as the poets in their poverty sometimes describe the infinite ethereal sky by that word; but it was no more roof-like and hindering to the soaring spirit than the higher clouds that float in changing forms and tints, and like the foliage, chasten the intolerable noonday beams. How far above me seemed that leafy cloudland into which I gazed! Nature, as we know, first taught the architect how to produce by long colonnades

the illusion of distance ; but the light-excluding roof prevents him from getting the same effect above. Here nature is unapproachable with her grim, airy canopy, a sun-impregnated cloud above cloud ; and although the highest may be un-reached by the eye, the beams yet filter through, illumining the wide spaces beneath—chamber succeeded by chamber, each with its own special lights or shadows. Far above me, but not nearly so far as it seemed, the tender gloom of one such chamber or space is traversed now by a golden shaft of light falling through some break in the upper foliage, giving a strange glory to everything it touches—projecting leaves and beard-like tufts of moss, and snaky bush-rope. And in the most open part of that most open space suspended on nothing to the eye, the shaft reveals a tangle of shining silver threads—the web of some large tree spider. These seemingly distant, yet distinctly visible threads remind me that the human artist is only able to get his effect of horizontal distance by a monotonous reduplication of pillar and arch, placed at regular intervals, and that the least departure would destroy the effect. But nature produces her effects at random, and seems only to increase the beautiful illusion by that infinite variety of decoration in which she revels, binding tree to tree in a tangle of anaconda-like lianas, and dwindling down from these huge cables to airy webs and hair-like fibres that vibrate to the passing insect's wing.'

It is not possible to quote any shorter passage by way of effective illustration. In reading such a passage it seems difficult to escape the conclusion that in different times and under different conditions the creative energy which went to its making would have found its appropriate outlet in the form of poetry. But 'Green Mansions' is only a single example of a number of works of a similar nature which have latterly come to constitute what is practically a new sub-species of the genus Fiction. The poetical quality of the inspiration behind most of the prose writings of Hardy or Conrad, behind—to mention only a few works which are widely known and read—Mr Norman Douglas's 'South Wind,' Mr Richard Hughes' 'High Wind in Jamaica,' Mr Thornton Wilder's 'Bridge of San Luis Rey,' John Galsworthy's 'The Apple Tree,' George Moore's 'Aphrodite in Aulis' and other works in the same manner, Mr Osbert Sitwell's 'The Man Who Lost Himself,' Mrs Woolf's 'Orlando,' 'To the Lighthouse' or 'The Waves,' is not, in reality, confined to

individual books or even to individual writers. Its influence is widespread and is felt, in greater or less degree, throughout a large portion of the field of contemporary fiction. The danger with novels of this nature is that the element of connected incident and adventure, which must always constitute the framework of any novel, may be reduced below the essential minimum. Mr Douglas's 'South Wind' succeeds brilliantly as a *tour de force* and has won the highest praise from no less distinguished a critic than the late George Saintsbury. There is no doubt, moreover, that Mrs Woolf has made a permanent contribution to the technique of the novel by her handling of the time element in such books as 'Mrs Dalloway'—perhaps the easiest of all her novels to read—and 'To the Lighthouse.' It has, however, to be confessed that in 'The Waves,' which appeared in 1931, Mrs Woolf has greatly exaggerated if not actually parodied her own method. To the man or woman in the street the result is liable to appear almost as incomprehensible as the space-time continuum, despite all the eloquent and fascinating chapters which have been devoted to it by Sir James Jeans. It is only fair, however, to observe that whereas Sir James himself bears no personal responsibility for his continuum Mrs Woolf is in a very real sense the responsible authoress of the filmy world of shadows in pursuit of shadows upon which she focuses her piercing imagination and her powerful intellect. Even Mr Aldous Huxley and Mr. Osbert Sitwell cannot always be acquitted of the offence of giving too great prominence either to the elements of argument and reflection in their novels or to a series of lyrical and highly-coloured descriptive passages. In the case of some of their imitators and weaker brethren the action is liable to be whittled away until it becomes almost as negligible as in a dialogue of Plato. It is not always easy to say precisely just where the novel ends and some other species of literature begins, but it is clear, at any rate, that the line must be drawn some time before this extreme point is reached.

Now, merely to show that a certain type of modern novel possesses a nature which can best be described as poetical is a very different thing from showing that the novel has in any way come to usurp the position which was formerly held by poetry, as the principal medium for

the interpretation of the ways of God to men. It is undeniable that in comparatively recent years writers like R. L. Stevenson, C. M. Doughty, Mr Bernard Shaw, the Rt Hon. Winston Churchill, Mr Compton Mackenzie, Mr H. G. Wells, and many others have immensely raised the standard of English prose-writing. In their hands English prose has become the splendidly flexible and nervous instrument that it is to-day, capable of recording with ease and lucidity an almost unlimited range of moods, stresses, and impressions. Nor is all the mass of cheap journalism which is daily printed and forgotten able to obscure this result. It serves rather to emphasise the contrast. But beauty and distinction of style, though an important secondary element, cannot be regarded as of primary importance in the constitution of the novel. The fact that a novel can be translated from one language into another without necessarily suffering in the process whereas poetry is, as such, untranslatable, gives the measure of the importance of the element of style and language in poetry and prose fiction. The novel in recent years and in certain quarters has displayed other qualities than mere beauty of style, and it is perhaps just a little surprising to find no reference in Mr Edgar's 'Art of the Novel,' particularly in that section in which he analyses the different elements out of which the present-day novel has been built up, to the modern tendency to construct sagas, such as John Galsworthy's Forsytes and Mr Walpole's Herries series. Many of the themes which novelists have been busy in comparatively recent times to shape and handle would in former days have been regarded as providing material for epic poetry or the tragic drama rather than prose-fiction.

Let us consider for a moment Tolstoy's 'War and Peace.' This work, like the same author's 'Anna Karenina,' is composed upon too vast a scale to be strictly entitled a tragedy. Nevertheless the spectacle which it unfolds is essentially the same as that which is offered by classical or Shakespearean tragedy. In reading 'War and Peace' we are made to contemplate a world in which good and evil are not merely interwoven but engaged in such destructive conflict that the incidents of life and death and love itself become dwarfed into insignificance, and we are only aware of the unconquerable spirit of man

riding the storm, the origin and nature of which are alike hidden from him. From heights such as these which had been native to the drama since the days of Æschylus, the novel was excluded, almost until the advent of Tolstoy, by the tradition of Boccaccio. Boccaccio has been called the escape from Dante, and certainly it has in the past been accepted almost without question that the human comedy should provide the novelist with the material for his art. However, the unfolding of a comedy, whether human or divine, does not represent the highest flight of which the human spirit is capable. Men's deepest emotions find expression in tragedy, not because of any inherent superiority of the tragic over any other philosophy of life—far from it. Shakespeare, the world's greatest dramatist, was supreme in the fields of tragedy and comedy alike. It will be remembered further how Socrates, at the conclusion of the banquet in the Symposium, was left explaining to Agathon and Aristophanes in the small hours that the genius of tragedy and comedy was really the same. Socrates' audience was by that time too tired and too tipsy to follow his argument, and the details of the discussion have, unfortunately, not been preserved. We may, however, in the circumstances assume that if a record had been made Socrates would have been found insisting that unhappiness does not, as is commonly supposed, constitute the essence of tragedy, but is only incidental to it. The essence of tragedy is not to be found in unhappiness, but rather in the spectacle of the remorseless inevitability of fate. It is only through events which involve suffering and even death that it is possible to achieve that 'purgation of the emotions' which Aristotle derived twenty-three centuries ago, from the works of the Greek tragedians.

The importance of Tolstoy in the history of the novel is therefore this: his was almost the first, as it remains the most conspicuous, attempt to undo the work of Boccaccio, who had side-tracked the embryonic art of novel-writing from the heights which Dante had explored into the plains over which Don Quixote was afterwards to ride with Sancho Panza at his heels, and over which we were all once again recently adventuring in the society of Mr J. B. Priestley's 'Good Companions.' The work of Tolstoy in Russia found its counterpart in the

work of his great English contemporary Thomas Hardy. It is not easy to compare Hardy's tragic novels with those of Tolstoy, because Hardy deliberately restricted his canvas so as to include no more than the inhabitants, mainly peasants, of the old Wessex country which he knew so well, whereas Tolstoy allowed his imagination free play over the almost illimitable vastness of pre-revolutionary Russia and over every grade of which Russian society was composed in the time of Napoleon. The novelist has, of course, a perfect right to restrict his canvas within any limits he chooses, but it is nevertheless true that men's imaginations are greatly impressed by the spectacle of vivid figures moving amid terrific events against a background which is adequate to contain them. The spacial sweep of 'War and Peace' enhances greatly the effect which it leaves on the reader's mind, so as to suggest that one reason at any rate why the Russians should have achieved that primacy in the art of fiction which they gained during the nineteenth century was that the enormous area of their country provided them with a ready-made canvas which was, by its nature and extent, fitted to form a background for great fiction. It is, of course, true that even before the appearance of 'War and Peace' (1865-1872) an epic note had begun to manifest itself in the novel. Stendhal's spacious but oddly entitled novel 'La Chartreuse de Parme' was first published as early as 1839, and it is one of the great novels of the world. It is not, however, until we reach comparatively modern times that we find a whole group of novels like John Galsworthy's 'Forsyte Saga,' Mme Undset's 'Kristin Lavransdatter,' Herr Feuchtwanger's 'Jew Süß,' Mr Dreiser's 'The American Tragedy,' Arnold Bennett's 'The Old Wives' Tale,' Mrs Mitchison's 'The Corn King and the Spring Queen,' six works selected at random of varying quality and of widely different characters, yet each possessing this one feature in common, that they sound a note and are composed upon a scale which can only properly be described as epic.

It is largely on account of the fact that the conventions of classical drama have resulted in giving to the term 'tragedy' a limited definition within which the novel as an art-form cannot be confined that we use the term 'epic' rather than 'tragic' to describe this

particular aspect of the novel. The nearest approach to tragedy in the classical sense which has been made by any major novelist is to be found in the work of Thomas Hardy. Alike in his prose writings and in his poetry Hardy regarded nature, just as Wordsworth did, with the eye of a poet. However, he drew a very different moral from what he saw. Hardy's work reflects in great measure the influence of the doctrines of the new school of scientific determinism. In his novels, as also in a somewhat lesser degree in those of his great contemporaries, Joseph Conrad and W. H. Hudson, it was not the unity of man and nature that was seized upon, but the drama of the apparent conflict between them. In 'The Return of the Native' for example, it has often been pointed out that Egdon Heath is itself to be regarded as the chief character in the story—controlling like a god the fates of the poor bewildered mortals whose lives and fortunes have either been cast directly upon it or drawn within the orbit of its power.

We have said that by nature and inclination Hardy was a poet, but when, prompted by his genius, he sought to interpret through the medium of the written word the spiritual content of the age in which he lived, he was constrained to abandon poetry for prose fiction. The medium both of poetry and fiction is words, and in poetry these words achieve their effect partly by being arranged in the best possible order, partly by means of metre and rhyme, but chiefly through certain associations, romantic, melancholy, gay, which they possess in themselves or in association with one another, as a result of a long tradition of inherited usage. In this manner poetry achieves beauty, and if it fails to achieve beauty it is nothing. Now Hardy was born into a world in which some of the earliest and worst aspects of the so-called industrial revolution in its widest sense were beginning to be terribly apparent. Hardy, like Ruskin, was appalled, and in vigorous reaction from the optimism of the high Victorian and Tennysonian tradition he turned to scenes and manners which did not, on the whole, yield a vocabulary in possession of a sufficient inherited or acquired wealth of poetical associations to foster the creation of beauty. On the contrary, they tended actively to impede it. Hardy's problem was the same, to some extent, as that

which confronted both the present Poet Laureate, Mr Masfield, when he proceeded to incarnate his muse among ill-paid and besotted field-labourers and the denizens of the slums of our great industrial cities, and Mr Kipling, when he attempted to exploit the poetical qualities of barrack-room slang or the semi-technical phraseology of the engine-room of an ocean liner. Whatever may be our opinion of these and similar experiments, which are outside the scope of this article, Hardy was too sensitive a craftsman and perhaps also he came too early in time to play himself any considerable part in them. It is clear enough to-day that the field of modern poetry is divided between those who are content to play with scenes and objects which have prettiness indeed but no present interest or importance, and those who are engaged in evolving a new synthesis of allusion, association, and fine intimate tones and harmonies which are as yet but very imperfectly worked out. Until this work has been accomplished it will not be possible to translate into poetry the full spiritual content of the modern industrial age, and it is in these circumstances that we find the novel, in the hands of a great artist such as Hardy, invading a territory where poetry formerly reigned alone as the principal medium in literature for the interpretation of the ways of God to men.

We have so far distinguished two characteristics which this type of novel exhibits in greater or less degree. The first, the possession of a poetical, or, at any rate, a distinguished prose style, is on the whole, although significant, of subsidiary importance only. The second, the tendency to handle epic themes, is an element of major importance. There is, however, a third characteristic which is perhaps of even greater importance than either of the other two. It concerns the use to which certain writers have put the fruits of the researches which are still being conducted into the new science of psychology. The wonder of the new psychology, with its exposure of the bases of human action, thought, and imagination, has proved irresistible to a number of novelists. Together with the scientists' researches into the foundations of the structure of the material universe, the new psychology constitutes a most important facet of the intellectual content of the age in which we live.

Prima facie, therefore, it might have been expected that the fruits of this new knowledge and experience would be celebrated in the form of poetry, probably lyrical. Yet we find, on the contrary, that it has been celebrated chiefly in the form of prose fiction, in such work as that of André Gide, Mrs Woolf, Mr James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Marcel Proust. Surely, if additional proof were needed of the tendency of the novel to usurp the title which poetry formerly possessed to embrace the most profound aspects of men's mental and spiritual aspirations we have it here!

The element of psychology, as it is now called, is, of course, present in many novels of a far earlier date than Proust. Walter Scott, indeed, had declared in the first chapter of 'The Antiquary': 'I like so little to analyse the complications of the causes that influence actions,' but already, when we get to Meredith, we find: 'There are ideas language is too gross for, and shape too arbitrary, which come to us and have a definite influence upon us, and yet we cannot fasten on the filmy things and make them visible and distinct to ourselves, much less to others.' When we come, however, to writers like Mrs Woolf we find, for the first time, novelists of distinction who are concerned with little else than 'to fasten on the filmy things and make them visible.' Proust's chief work, 'La Recherche du Temps Perdu,' signalises the reaction against the school of realism in fiction as exemplified and to some extent inaugurated by the famous novel of another Frenchman, Flaubert's 'Madame Bovary' (1856). Realism, says Proust, is false inasmuch as it is necessarily the slave to conscious surface impressions. The true reality resides within us as a subjective quality and it is impossible to gain any adequate idea of it from objective appearances only.

'The past is hidden away somewhere outside the realm, beyond the reach of intellect, in some material object (in the sensation which that material object will give us) which we do not suspect. And as for that object, it depends upon chance whether we come upon it or not before we ourselves must die.'

Confronted with such a world it becomes the business of the artist to select and distil the essential part of the

life of the individual, the most important part of which is lived beneath the surface of the conscious mind and is not subject to the ordinarily accepted laws of time. The following quotation is taken from Marcel Proust's '*Du Côté de chez Swann*,' not necessarily because Proust is the most important or interesting of the novelists who employ this technique but because it is difficult to find any more apposite passage by way of effective illustration. The translation is by Scott-Moncrieff.

'And soon, mechanically, weary after a dull day with the prospect of a depressing morrow, I raised to my lips a spoonful of the tea in which I had soaked a morsel of the cake. No sooner had the warm liquid, and the crumbs with it, touched my palate than a shudder ran through my whole body and I stopped, intent upon the extraordinary changes that were taking place. An exquisite pleasure had invaded my senses. . . . And at once the vicissitudes of life had become indifferent to me, its disasters innocuous, its brevity illusory. . . . Whence could it have come to me, this all-powerful joy? I was conscious that it was connected with the taste of tea and cake, but that it infinitely transcended those savours, could not, indeed, be of the same nature as theirs. Whence did it come? What did it signify? How could I seize upon and define it? . . . I put down my cup and examine my own mind . . . I retrace my thoughts to the moment at which I drank the first spoonful of tea . . . I compel my mind to make one further effort to follow and recapture once again the fleeting sensation . . . I place in position before my mind's eye the still recent taste of that first mouthful, and I feel something rise within me, something that leaves its resting-place and attempts to rise, something that has been embedded like an anchor at a great depth; I do not yet know what it is, but I can feel it mounting slowly; I can measure the resistance, I can hear the echo of great spaces traversed. . . .

'Will it ultimately reach the clear surface of my consciousness, this old dead moment which the magnetism of an identical moment has travelled so far to importune, to disturb, to raise up out of the very depths of my being? I cannot tell. Now that I feel nothing it has stopped, has perhaps gone down into the darkness from which who can say whither it will ever rise? Ten times over I must essay the task, must lean down over the abyss. . . .

'And suddenly the memory returns. The taste was that of the little crumb of madeleine which on Sunday mornings

at Cambray (because on those mornings I did not go out until church-time), when I went to say good-day to her in her bedroom, my Aunt, Léonie, used to give me dipping it first in her own cup, of real or of lime-flower tea. . . . And once I had recognised the taste of the crumb of madeleine soaked in her decoction of lime-flowers, which my aunt used to give me (although I did not yet know and must long postpone the discovery of why this memory made me so happy) immediately the old grey house upon the street, where her room was, rose up, like the scenery of a theatre, to attach itself to the little pavilion opening on to the garden . . . and with the house the town from morning to night in all weathers, the square where I was sent before luncheon, the streets along which I used to run errands, the country roads we took when it was fine. And just as the Japanese amuse themselves by filling a porcelain bowl with water and steeping in it little crumbs of paper which until then are without character or form but from the moment they become wet stretch themselves and bend, take on colour and distinction, become flowers or houses or people, permanent and recognisable, so in that moment all the flowers in our house and garden and in M. Swann's park, and the waterlilies on the Vivonne and the good folk of the village and their little dwellings and the parish church and the whole of Cambray and of its surroundings, taking their proper shapes and growing solid, sprang into being, town and gardens alike, from my cup of tea.'

It is upon just such rare moments of intense inward vision as this that novelists like Proust, Mrs Woolf or Mr Joyce hang their entire panorama of the interplay of moods, sensations, and intimacies. It is quite extraordinary to observe with what intense conviction and skill a writer like Mrs Woolf will proceed to distil the essential reality in the lives of individuals and of groups from the secret recesses of their subconscious selves and the irrational accidents which occasionally possess the power to attract this reality or some close approximation to it to the objective surface of their everyday lives.

It is, however, important in estimating the permanent contribution which these writers have made to the art of the novel to remember that no amount of ingenuity in displaying the dramatic aspect of the richly-coloured spiritual existence underlying the surface of our everyday lives can compensate for a lack of the necessary minimum of action—that is of honest, straightforward incident and

adventure. Thus there are times when all the intellectual subtlety and ingenuity of Mrs Woolf hardly seems sufficient to prevent her prose from dissolving into a kind of progressive and indefinite extension of the feminine sensibilities. There must also be many readers of Mr Joyce's 'Ulysses' who have found it, once the initial excitement of securing a copy has been exhausted, a work of infinite conscientiousness and heroic proportions but so dull as to be almost unreadable.

At all times it has been part of the novelist's, as also of the dramatist's, function to give his readers an illusion of omniscience in regard to his characters. In the relations of ordinary life, the closest intimacy is but a make-shift and an illusion, but in a novel or a play the barriers which crowd in upon all the relationships of everyday life and which seem to cut us off irremediably from perfect knowledge and perfect love are lifted. In the greatest novels and plays we obtain, or we ought to obtain, the illusion of perfect knowledge of a separate individual human personality—a Hamlet or a Don Quixote—even although the character is only a figment of an artist's imagination. The success or otherwise of this illusion is a measure of the artist's power, and the best writers do undoubtedly possess the power to lull us into forgetfulness of that appalling sense of isolation which prompted the poet's cry :

' Yea, on the sea of life enisled
With echoing straits between us thrown
Dotting the shoreless, wat'ry wild
We mortal millions live—alone.'

In certain types of novel, this lifting of the barriers can be widened and extended until it comes to constitute a search for the eternal realities behind all the shifting and transitory phenomena of life. But this is only another aspect of the age-long, universal problem of the search for the one behind the many, the unity in the midst of flux which has engaged the energies of poetry and philosophy since time began. It is, however, a peculiarity of our own day that a new facet of this ancient problem should have begun to engage the serious attention of a school of novelists, exponents of an art which was formerly regarded as conditioned only by the needs of amusement and relaxation.

To the vast majority of novel readers the novel still exists, and will always so exist, for the sake of providing them with entertainment. Moreover, we can say that never before has there been a larger or more competent body of novelists writing in response to this need. The new development in the art of the novel which we have been describing concerns a single aspect of the novel only, but it has exercised an influence over a far wider range of books and writers than can properly be described as products or disciples of the new manner. This influence has had one unfortunate result. It has reacted unfavourably both upon the traditional and upon the new type of novel. For the novelist whose work is intended primarily to amuse, half aware of something rather more than usually intellectual in the air, is all too frequently led either to intersperse his narrative with long passages of description or reflection where they are totally irrelevant and serve only to delay the action and to exasperate the reader, or to select unnecessarily, and for their own sakes, unhappy, pseudo-tragical themes. On the other hand, the novelist who sets out to do something more than merely amuse his readers is quite likely to find that his public has been prejudiced by false ideas of the nature of this species of writing which it has acquired as the result of the tiresome irrelevancies of novelists of an altogether different school. It may be that we shall see the day when a major novelist will achieve such a synthesis of all the elements which now lie ready to his hand, that this age in which we live, though its texture may appear to us to be shot with colours of an all too bewildering complexity, will finally achieve its perfect and harmonious expression in great literature. In any case it appears likely that for some time to come we shall continue to have to reckon with a school of novelists who are ambitious of justifying the ways of God to men, in addition to those novelists who are content simply to amuse us and to help pass the time, and it is desirable that they should each learn to respect the others' preserves. Until they learn to do this, the public at large can hardly be expected to distinguish clearly between them.

PHILIP MAGNUS.

Art. 6.—THE CASE FOR DIVORCE LAW REFORM.

1. *Marriage and Divorce*. By Cecil Chapman. Nutt, 1911.
 2. *Hymen, or the Future of Marriage*. By Norman Haire. Kegan Paul, 1928.
 3. '*Married Misery*' and its Scandinavian Solution: a reprint of Lord Buckmaster's Articles, and a digest of recent Scandinavian Legislation. By H. G. Bechmann. Gyldendal, 1923.
 4. *Guilty but Insane: a Broadmoor Autobiography*. By 'Warmark.' Chapman and Hall, 1931.
- And other works.

LORD HEWART has added the weight of his great influence to the plea for a reform of the divorce law in this country. The time is therefore opportune for a consideration of the subject. I have attempted to deal with this subject from the secular and legal point of view. But in dealing with this particular social problem it is impossible to avoid reference to the attitude of the Churches. That, however, is more or less incidental to the subject, and no attack on those who hold religious views on the matter is intended. 'We have thought,' wrote Montaigne,

'to tie the nuptial knot of our marriage more fast and firm by taking away all means of dissolving it; but the knot of will and affection is so much the more slackened and made loose by how much that constraint is drawn closer: and on the contrary that which kept the marriages at Rome so long in honour and inviolate was the liberty every one who so desired had to break them.'

Much of the controversy about divorce revolves around religious scruples and the interpretation of Holy Scripture; but a great deal of muddled thinking is due to a misconception of the nature and history of the institution of marriage. The 'London Gazette' some time ago contained the announcement of a royal betrothal. It referred to a 'contract of matrimony.' That, in fact, is exactly what a ceremony of marriage always is: a contract. It is always a contract; it can also be a sacrament to those who believe it to be so, and to no others. The mistake is to insist upon its being a sacrament, and to

forget that it is a contract. John Selden wrote: 'Marriage is nothing but a Civil Contract. 'Tis true, 'tis an ordinance of God: so is every other Contract; God commands me to keep it when I have made it.'

The English legal definition of marriage is entirely satisfactory: in an English court it simply means the voluntary union for life of one man and one woman to the exclusion of all others. 'For life,' of course, refers to the intention of the parties at the time of making the contract, and does not import the idea of irrevocability in all circumstances. The requisites of a valid marriage are:

- that each of the parties should as regards age, mental capacity, and otherwise be capable of contracting marriage;
- that they should not by reason of kindred or affinity be prohibited from marrying one another;
- that there should not be another valid subsisting marriage of either party with some one else;
- that the parties, understanding the nature of the contract, should freely consent to marry one another; and
- that certain forms and ceremonies should be observed.

As to forms and ceremonies, these may be religious if the parties wish, but there is no necessity for anything but a civil contract. The law concerns itself with notices and with publicity; but, though it recognises religious ceremonies of various kinds, it does not enjoin them. Further, it has been held that a marriage might be lawful and valid even though performed by an unauthorised person; for, as the judge of an Ecclesiastical Court said more than a hundred years ago (*Hawke v. Corri* (1820), 2 Hag. Con. 280):

'It seems to be a generally accredited opinion that if a marriage is had by the ministration of a person in the church, who is ostensibly in Holy Orders, and is not known or suspected by the parties to be otherwise, such marriage shall be supported. Parties who come to be married are not expected to ask for a sight of the minister's letters of orders, and if they saw them they could not be expected to inquire into their authenticity.'

In other words, there was, possibly, no absolute legal necessity for a genuine clergyman; the intentions of the

parties and their belief in the ceremony mattered most. In modern times, however, numerous statutes have provided means of legalising marriages which were invalid, or of confirming marriages of doubtful validity.

If the intervention of the Church were confined to the cases of those who were voluntary members of it and who wished to submit to its rules, there would be little cause of complaint. The fact is, however, that the Churches that take the sacramentarian view include a State Church wielding a great deal of political influence, and that some clergy conscientiously oppose all liberal measures designed to give relief to those whose married life has become intolerable. Many of this party declare all divorce to be immoral; many more, though they find authority for admitting it on the ground of adultery, are resolute in their opposition to the extension of the grounds upon which relief may be granted. The Church, in fact (or a section of it), honestly believing that it possesses divine revelation of truth, seeks to impose its standards of morality upon the whole community; and, unfortunately as many think, it has largely succeeded in impeding what many regard as necessary reforms. The Church has not always exercised this power. If we trace the history of the institution of marriage we find it something quite different from the ideal, divine institution which the sacramentarians claim it to be. 'Historically,' says Mr Cecil Chapman, in his book 'Marriage and Divorce,'

'it is nothing of the kind. It is the product of social evolution and has been the subject of change and growth controlled by cosmic or universal laws exactly in the same way as political and all other human institutions have been. It is not a discovery, but a growth from the necessities of human nature. It has in consequence taken every variety of form, from simple concubinage terminable at will to polyandry . . . polygamy . . . and monogamy. . . . The author of the first chapter of Genesis has put on record the ideal or divine form of marriage, and man has from the beginning of history been, blindly and half unconsciously but slowly and surely, struggling to arrive at it.'

The same author quotes Professor Howard's 'History of Matrimonial Institutions,' to the following effect:

'It seems probable that during the first three or four centuries Christian marriages were not celebrated in church.

The betrothal or nuptial benediction was not essential to a valid marriage, however important from a religious point of view. After the nuptials the married pair attended the ordinary service and partook of the Sacrament.

'The introduction of the bride mass constitutes the second stage in the history of clerical marriage. Apparently the function of the priest is purely religious. It is merely an invocation of the Divine blessing upon the life of the newly wedded pair, and has no legal significance.

'In the tenth century we reach the beginning of a third stage in the use of the ecclesiastical ceremony. The nuptials still constitute two distinct acts. The first is the "gifta" proper according to the usual temporal form. It is no longer a strictly private transaction, but it takes place before the church door—*ante ostium ecclesie*—in the presence of the priest who participates in the ceremony and closes it with his blessing. The second act consists in the entrance into the church and the celebration of the bride mass, followed by a second benediction.

'The next step was accomplished in the beginning of the thirteenth century. Marriage was usually celebrated by the priest, and not merely in his presence; though the ceremony still takes place at the church door. Not until the thirteenth century, as a general rule, does the priest appear with authority as one specially qualified by his religious office to solemnise the nuptials.

'The final stage in the process of ecclesiastical domination, in which the Canon Law supplanted and eliminated the secular jurisdiction, was reached with the complete development of the Sacramental dogma.'

'This,' goes on Mr Chapman, 'had become a recognised dogma of the Church in the middle of the twelfth century, and in 1164 was incorporated in the list of the Seven Sacraments of the Church in the sentences of Peter Lombard. It was re-affirmed in 1439, and, finally, in 1563 it was again re-affirmed by the Council of Trent, and the whole subject placed under ecclesiastical jurisdiction. From that date, in all Roman Catholic countries, no marriage was valid which was not celebrated in accordance with the rites of the Church and consecrated by one of her ministers, and so it remained for all practical purposes in England until the year 1857,* in spite of many efforts to the contrary.'

A religious ceremony to add impressiveness to a solemn contract is quite unobjectionable; it is, indeed, desirable

* *Quære*, 1836.

in the case of those who believe in it. But what was originally an accompaniment to the marriage-contract gradually assumed the position of an essential without which the marriage was invalid. The Church's view of marriage itself has not been entirely acceptable. To-day the Prayer Book service offends some people in some respects, as emphasising the lower ideals. St Jerome said, 'Marriage is always a vice, all we can do is to excuse and cleanse it.' At one time it was in this country a felony for a clergyman to marry. It can hardly be said that Christian churches generally have in the past consistently represented the highest ideals of the married state, although they have insisted upon its sacramental nature.

Having claimed so much authority in relation to the solemnisation of marriage, those who upheld the sacramentarian view naturally claimed also to settle the question of the indissolubility or otherwise of the marriage. Generally, of course, divorce may be said to be as old as marriage, though in most societies it was a luxury indulged in by men and denied to women; this naturally followed from the old conception of woman as a chattel in whom man had a proprietary interest. (Even as late as the seventeenth century we find Selden saying, in relation to a wife and her debts: 'He that will keep a monkey, 'tis fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks.') Since the tenth century the Roman Catholic Church has steadfastly refused to recognise divorce. It has, as every one knows, recognised the right to have a marriage declared null and void, which is a totally different matter, or, rather, should be. It is perfectly reasonable to hold that even if a valid marriage can never be dissolved, yet a marriage ceremony which undoubtedly lacked one or more of the essentials requisite to a valid marriage may be declared never to have existed at all.

Those who have taken the strictest view of marriage as a sacrament declare that in no circumstances whatever can a divorce be permitted. Others allow divorce on the ground of adultery to be granted, but for no other reason. The difference between the two schools of thought finds its origin in varying interpretations of New Testament scripture, and, in particular, a passage in the Gospel according to St Matthew. Both hold their view sincerely and earnestly. Outside both schools, however, is the

larger and increasing body of opinion that divorce ought to be made easier ; that whatever may have been expedient two thousand years ago is not necessarily expedient to-day ; that words uttered then, even if correctly handed down to us, were not meant to be accepted as a perpetual injunction to all men and women, in all times, and in all places ; and that to put an end to intolerable marriages is better than to bind men and women in chains in the name of religion. In so far as opposition to divorce is based upon an honest belief in revealed religion, one must respect it ; but the opponents of increased facilities for divorce are generally prepared to support their case by horrifying pictures of the widespread immorality that would follow, sufficient to undermine the whole structure of family life as we know it.

The evidence is all the other way. If they were right, one would expect to find pure morals, beautiful, untroubled family life, happy couples everywhere, in all countries where divorce is not allowed, and rife immorality and the breakdown of family relationships in those countries that have offered increased facilities for divorce. Statistics are hardly necessary ; no one would seriously pretend that there is more scandalous immorality in Norway, Sweden, or Germany than in, say, Italy or Spain ; or that Scotland, which grants divorce for malicious desertion, is worse than England, which does not grant it. Such statistics as are available, indeed, show that widening the grounds for divorce does not necessarily lead to a marked increase in the number of divorces sought ; so that there is not the slightest reason for fearing a general rush to the courts on the part of the majority of the married persons throughout the country. Dr. Norman Haire says in his unconventional book 'Hymen, or the Future of Marriage': 'They (the religionists) seem to imagine that if legal and religious prohibitions were at all modified, almost all men and women would at once fly to the furthest limits of excess in all varieties of normal and abnormal sexual activity.' Or, to put it in another way, it is to adopt as true the old Arab proverb that 'Marriage is like a besieged fortress ; those who are outside wish to enter, and those who are within want to get out.'

In truth, although it is obviously impossible to do more than conjecture upon such a matter, most of us

would agree that in our own experience we have come across very few people who would wish to dissolve their marriage and break up their homes and families unless there has been some grievous cause of conduct or a peculiarly heinous matrimonial offence by one partner in the marriage. Those who advocate greater facilities for divorce do so not in the belief that they will release millions of discontented married people from irksome bonds, but in the belief that they could remedy an intolerable state of affairs under which a few people are suffering. Even if it be true (though probably it is not), as the author of 'Hymen' says, that, speaking broadly, only one marriage in four may be judged as even tolerably successful and a very much smaller proportion can be considered as really happy, there are many reasons why the majority of married people would keep out of the Divorce Court rather than resort to it lightly.

The opposition to reform in the divorce law, where it is not entirely based on a sincere religious conviction which no amount of argument can shake, proceeds from a confusion of thought by which divorce is regarded as an evil in itself, instead of as a remedy for an evil. Divorce is neither a reward nor a punishment. It is, as Bertrand Russell puts it, 'a safety-valve.' The evil is the maintenance of the marriage relationship between spouses who no longer have either affection or respect for one another, under conditions which really amount to something far worse than many so-called irregular unions. One must be sure the evil exists before applying the remedy, for there are obvious moral, social, and economic reasons for seeking to maintain marriages rather than to dissolve them, so long as there is hope that comfortable family life remains possible. Upon what grounds ought society to declare that husband and wife may be released from their contract with each other? Surely the ultimate test should be whether either society or individuals can possibly benefit by maintaining the bond between the parties; if happiness has become impossible, if the marriage has already ceased to exist save in name, neither Church nor State ought to insist upon its continuance.

At present, in this country, practically the only

ground upon which divorce is granted is adultery. Now if adultery were of all matrimonial offences the most heinous, if it were the one offence that most certainly wrecked married happiness, if all other misconduct seemed trifling compared with it one could understand the law's attitude on the subject. But who honestly believes that it is? Of course adultery is wrong; in many cases it is thoroughly shabby, dishonourable, treacherous. In other instances it seems almost excusable. Like most offences, it varies enormously in gravity. To regard it as if it were, always and of necessity, the worst of all matrimonial offences, a single commission of which entitles the wronged party to a divorce, when no other matrimonial offence is so visited, seems to show a want of the sense of reality and proportion. We have always shown a tendency to regard offences against property as the gravest; and perhaps that is one, though not the only, reason why adultery by a woman, who was regarded as her husband's property, was looked upon with so much disapproval while, until a few years ago, a man's adultery was not by itself sufficient ground for a divorce. Equality in this respect came at long last, rather to the surprise of some old-fashioned men. As Dr Haire says, 'In spite of its ['it' being pre-marital experience] theoretical condemnation, male chastity has never been considered really important, and the emancipation of woman is naturally leading to the extension of her freedom in this regard.' It is, however, to be hoped that the attainment of equality in the eyes of the law will not lead to a lowering of woman's standards of loyalty and fidelity, but rather to a raising of man's through a better realisation of the partnership idea of the marriage contract.

Persistent adultery, admittedly, wrecks any marriage worth the name; but this persistent adultery generally means also desertion or heartless neglect or cruelty. Isolated acts of adultery, though to be condemned, are by no means always fatal to happiness. They can be, and often are, forgiven and not repeated. But the fact remains that, if not condoned, one single act of adultery can be used as a ground for divorce though a hundred acts of brutality could not. Even the strictest upholders of the sacramental view of marriage can see the folly of

this. Writing in the 'Spectator' (Oct. 31, 1931) Dr N. P. Williams, though he maintains the indissolubility of marriage among Christians—and, he says, of course, the Christian ethic is an ethic for Christians, not for others—goes on to point out that 'it would be impossible to ascribe to Christ so arbitrary and mechanical a canon as that which declares the marriage bond to be dissolved by a single act of physical infidelity (which need not have been deliberately planned) but *not* dissolved by long-continued and heartless cruelty alone.' When he proceeds to refer to the contrast between external acts and internal dispositions, we see that, however much we may differ from his ultimate conclusions, we can at least admire the clearness with which he distinguishes the essential from the unimportant.

Lord Buckmaster, in 'Married Misery,' published in 1923 and therefore, happily, in some respects out of date, points out that no one can obtain a divorce for incurable insanity, incurable drunkenness, homicidal mania, life sentence for crime, perpetual desertion, or persistent cruelty; nor a woman for being infected by her husband (unless there is evidence of adultery), nor because her husband has forced her to submit herself to prostitution. There may be other grounds upon which divorce should be granted, but at all events here is a formidable list to dispose of. Just consider them. Does not each of these demand relief just as much as adultery, or more? Incurable insanity renders the resumption of married life impossible, yet many men and women have to remain married in name and, therefore, precluded from re-marriage while wife or husband lives on in an asylum. A man ought to maintain the woman who has been his wife and who has been overtaken by the worst of all misfortunes; but surely he ought not to be compelled, year after year, to live a lonely bachelor life simply because his wife, though irrevocably divided from him and his life, lives on. Incurable drunkenness is rather like insanity except that in most cases it is more disgusting and leads to even more matrimonial discomfort. An insane person is usually removed to an institution; most drunkards go on living at home and wrecking all happiness. Drunkenness, persisted in habitually, usually leads to a state bordering on insanity,

either constant or intermittent, in which the drunkard becomes dangerous or incapable, sometimes both by turns. Neither husband nor wife ought to be expected to put up with it indefinitely.

Homicidal mania is so obviously fraught with danger to the other party and to children if there be any that it clearly ought to be a ground for relief. Readers of 'Guilty but Insane,' by 'Warmark,' a remarkably temperate and reasonable account of the experiences of a man condemned to Broadmoor, will recollect his overwhelming grief when, after his wife had encouraged and helped him through long and trying years, she suddenly, as it seemed, deserted him. One's sympathies flew to the man. But a little calm reflection, though it in no wise lessened one's pity for the man, made one realise that his wife, though she may have lost none of her devotion or fidelity, may have been seized with fear at the prospect of the release of a man who had once at least been possessed of homicidal mania. Pity the insane, in all charity, but do not chain husband or wife to an insane partner for life.

Long, continued, and wilful desertion is a negation of all that marriage implies, whether as an institution or as a contract. The aggrieved party ought not to be theoretically bound to a spouse who utterly declines to recognise the bond and has put an end to it in every sense except the legal. Gross or persistent cruelty, which renders a woman's life intolerable or endangers her health, would also commend itself to most people, religious scruples apart, as a proper reason for dissolving the marriage. A life sentence for crime, or even repeated long sentences, are often urged as a ground for divorce, because a partner who is in prison more than out is certainly not fulfilling his or her part of the marriage contract and because habitual criminality, with its train of misery, disgrace, and poverty, destroys all prospect of normal happy married life. As for wilful infection with a loathsome disease or compelling a wife to submit to prostitution, surely no one would, except upon purely religious grounds, contest the right to divorce.

In point of fact, the English law provides what is supposed to be a measure of relief for most of these cases, but it stops short of divorce. Every year there are granted in the police courts of this country thousands

of orders of maintenance or separation, mostly on account of desertion, cruelty, or wilful neglect to maintain. In many instances, probably, adultery has taken place, but the parties are unable to resort to the Divorce Court, and indeed it would often be quite impossible to prove it. That is one of many respects in which poor people are at a disadvantage, in relation to their matrimonial troubles, as compared with the rich. If rich people want a divorce it is often not very difficult for them to obtain it, though, of course, there are hard cases even for them in which the law has provided no relief. It is otherwise with the poor. Lord Buckmaster writes, on this point :

'Desertion and disappearance is unknown among rich people ; even if it existed, wealth can always employ the necessary machinery to trace the delinquent and in the same way can, no doubt, prove his adultery.

'But without expense and without consent, proof of adultery is much more difficult than people think. There are very few cases, in the undefended causes at any rate, where the detection and proof of adultery is not due to the guilty person voluntarily affording the information.

'Cruelty, again, is an offence to which poor women are far more often subject than rich. This is not due to any inherent vice in poverty, but because among people who are well-to-do women can escape their husbands' society ; among the poor they cannot. It is the women who suffer, and they have no relief except a separation order, the provisions of which it is always difficult to enforce.

'It is impossible to understand how any person who permits divorce for any reason can continue to refuse to permit it for these cases. To-day it is hopeless to get back to the legal establishment of indissoluble marriage. It has never been found capable of honest application. In the words of the Commission, "We have to deal with human nature as it always has been and as it is, and it is established beyond all question that for various reasons, and, among others, drunkenness, sensuality, brutality, immorality, lunacy, and crime, many marriages become absolute failures, and married lives become, either morally or physically, or both morally and physically, impossible."

'The law in this matter has shambled ; it has been afraid to face reality, it has made compromise with its convictions, it has failed between both claims—ecclesiastical and social—and it has become discredited and despised.'

At present, the law grants separation orders or maintenance orders made in contemplation of actual separation of the parties in these thousands of cases where it denies divorce. These orders are nearly as effective in keeping married people apart as divorce would be, but the power to re-marry is withheld. No one can do more than estimate the amount of immorality that is involved. There is reason to think that among the poor the separated wives mostly keep straight, and that there is much more doubt about the men; and certainly an appreciable number of both men and women, forced to choose between celibacy and irregular union, choose the latter. Have we the right to blame them? To quote Lord Buckmaster again:

'The marriage service in the Prayer Book suggests in its preface reasons for marriage which the higher feelings of men and women reject. But supposing the Prayer Book is true and marriage is to be assumed as a "remedy against sin" or as an alternative to eternal punishment, are not the temptations to sin, with their consequent penalties, at least as great if a woman is left at the age of twenty-two with nothing but the experience of a brief, unhappy married life with a man whom she will never know again as to a woman never married at all?'

If the law admits that husband or wife may have sufficient ground for living permanently apart from the other party, why can it not go further and admit that the marriage ought to be dissolved? In Germany, it is, or used to be, considered contrary to public policy that there should be separations without any power of subsequent re-marriage. If we are to regard married life as normal and desirable for all ordinary people, the German view is sound, and our own law and practice are wrong. In some countries separation orders are granted in the first instance, but become convertible into divorce after a lapse of time and after certain formalities have been carried out. In Norway, which is not considered a country with a low standard of morality, separations may be granted upon mutual request and are convertible later into divorce. Yet, in spite of all this, divorce in that country is comparatively rare. The timorous people who think that the least loosening of the marriage chains would lead to the speedy collapse of all family life and

morality, and who talk largely about Hollywood or Soviet Russia the moment any one dares to suggest that divorce should be made easier, need not be so alarmed.

Some people are prepared to go so far as to urge that divorce should be possible by mutual consent. This may possibly be undesirable in the present state of society and its conventions. Even that rather startling proposition, however, becomes less alarming when one reflects a little. The number of people who would avail themselves of such freedom is probably quite small, and would consist for the most part of those who have already broken off marital relationships. Men and women are not going to break up home and family life for nothing. What keeps the majority of married people together is not the inability to get a divorce ; if they wanted it badly they would, at all events, part company. Even irregular unions are so much more tolerated to-day than formerly that those who are really unhappy in married life can often find an unconventional way out of it without serious loss of respectability.

But short of such a sweeping change as making divorce possible merely by mutual consent there is room for much reform. The grounds for divorce should be widened on the lines already suggested. It should not be left to a wronged wife to choose judicial separation or divorce, but rather the court should decide in the first instance upon the particular remedy. At present some wronged wives who could claim a divorce and who are not precluded by religious scruples choose to obtain only a separation in order to prevent the erring husband from contracting a fresh and possibly happier marriage. A more complacent wife gives him his freedom, so that the man who wrongs a good-natured woman stands a better chance than the man who wrongs an awkward woman—which seems hardly as it ought to be ! Great individual freedom, it has been said, invariably creates a greater sense of individual responsibility. If both men and women, particularly women, attain to a greater sense of freedom in the matter of marriage, the ties of matrimony will tighten themselves imperceptibly, and there will be less tendency, because less excuse, for finding them oppressive and irksome.

The State should recognise that the majority of the

people may not subscribe to the sacramentarian doctrine of marriage, and it should legislate for that majority. The contractual view of marriage should be emphasised and marriage should be regarded as perhaps the most solemn of all contracts, not to be lightly broken, even by agreement, because it affects more than just the two people; but religious people should recognise that men and women can honour a solemn contract and keep it in all loyalty without the addition of any religious observance, while those who wish to add religious ceremony to the contract should, of course, be encouraged to do so. We should like to see people voluntarily accept the blessing of the Churches.

'An unchanging Church,' says Cecil Chapman,

'cannot remain in perfect tune with a changing Society, and no religious influence can be retained if it seems to oppose new moral aspirations.' And, again: 'Many wives still regard it as a sacred obligation to endure a species of martyrdom in marriage out of reverence for the institution, or in the supposed interests of the children. But an increasing number are coming instinctively to feel that a mode of living cannot be destructive of life and personality and at the same time in accordance with the highest morality.'

As long as we preserve our love of home life, as long as there are bonds of affection between parents and children, to say nothing of those between husband and wife, which have a way of reviving unexpectedly just when they seem about to be broken, there will be little danger of widespread immorality or even of widespread divorce, simply because greater facilities are given to the comparatively few, whether rich or poor, who need relief from intolerable unhappiness, and the right to attempt a happier second married life. When a working man broadcast a few years ago on 'The Modern Dilemma,' he said that the institution of marriage was perfectly safe so far as the working-classes were concerned; the unhappy marriages were almost all due to economic conditions. If then, side by side with divorce law reform, there were other measures to ameliorate the lot of working-class husband and wife, there might well be, on the balance, even fewer divorces than before.

Art. 7.—LAWRENCE STERNE.

1. *Letters of Lawrence Sterne*. Edited by Lewis Perry Curtis. Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1935.
2. *The Politicks of Lawrence Sterne*. By Lewis Perry Curtis. Oxford University Press, 1929.

TOWARDS the end of his life Sterne, when pressed to explain the causes that had gone to the making of his unique personality, replied that they were three in number—a daily reading of the Bible, the study of Locke's philosophy, and, above all, the possession of an 'organisation' in which predominated 'the sacred principle' that forms the soul, 'the immortal flame nourishing life and yet devouring it.' A confession thus sententiously expressed would to-day excite ridicule, and it is only when we have read all that investigators into Sterne's life and letters have to say of him that we realise he was stating the plain truth about himself, for perhaps less than with other writers is it possible to account for him by studying the circumstances and incidents of his career. Sterne has always shown himself recalcitrant to dissection of this kind and can still display the will-o'-the-wisp quality which must be the despair of his biographers.

In America Sterne has been taken seriously. Particularly at Yale have his life and letters been made the subject of close study. Governor Wilbur L. Cross, when Sterling Professor of English and Dean of the Graduate School of the University, published an important book, 'The Life and Times of Lawrence Sterne' (1925); and now an edition of Sterne's 'Letters,' purporting to be critical and definitive, has been edited by Mr Lewis P. Curtis, Fellow of the same University. Mr Curtis is no new-comer into the Sterne field, for in 1929 he published a small volume entitled 'The Politicks of Lawrence Sterne,' in which he set out all that is known of Sterne's journalistic activities during the Election of 1741 and his subsequent change-over from Whig to Tory allegiance.

Interest in so elusive and allusive an author is not, of course, confined to America, and there are experts in this country who will feel that Mr Curtis has been perhaps rather high-handed in rejecting as 'highly dubious' over forty letters that have been accepted by many

critics as genuine. Mr Curtis announces that he will presently print his reasons for omitting to include these letters in his book. It seems almost a pity that he did not put forward his explanation in the present volume, for the 'Publications of the Modern Language Association of America,' in which his judgments are to appear, are not easily accessible to all Sterne's admirers. Though he has jettisoned some letters Mr Curtis has discovered others, and out of the two hundred and twenty-two included in this book ten are printed for the first time. The ten new letters are little more than notes. Two of them are addressed to Mrs Sterne's doctor on the occasion of the birth of a still-born child, one is written to the Overseers of roads, three to John Blake, Master of York Grammar School, one to the Dean of York's notary, one to a Ripon friend, one to a neighbour, and one to Lord Fauconberg. They add practically nothing to our knowledge of Lawrence Sterne.

Conscious that letters written to many different correspondents on many different subjects do not of themselves present Sterne as a rounded or viable figure to our minds, Mr Curtis provides in footnotes the bolstering circumstance and the background necessary to the interpretation of person, incident, and sequence of events. Admiring as we must the diligence, enthusiasm, and research that have gone to the editing of these not-in-themselves very illuminating letters, we cannot say with truth that we get much fresh light on the essential Sterne from the perusal of these voluminous and often interesting glosses. We certainly know more of the society in which Sterne lived and of the conditions that governed his advancement, but of the flame that nourished and devoured him we learn less than nothing; indeed, the net effect of all the information is half to extinguish our realisation of its intensity. If, then, painstaking investigation of his domestic, political, and clerical life gets us no nearer to laying hold of the sacred principle which animated the frail body of this Yorkshire curate, how may we best apprehend his development? Not from his published sermons, they are too composite; not from the autobiographical fragments, they are too slight; and not even from the letters themselves, for less than twenty were written before he was forty-five. It would seem

that by a process of elimination we are driven to seek the soul of Sterne in his books, which, as it is as an artist that he survives oblivion, is just what he would have wished. This obliges us to find our way about what Taine called that 'great bric-a-brac shop' 'Tristram Shandy,' a work which in its day was as great a shock to the reading public as 'Ulysses' in ours; it induces us to steep ourselves in the atmosphere of 'The Sentimental Journey' and to con the first and the second 'Journal to Eliza.' In these works we find ourselves untrammelled by the less pleasing biographical aspects of Sterne's career and are not called on to pass judgment on him as a vocationless cleric, a political hack, a callous son, or an indifferent husband; but rather to appreciate an impressionable creature who through authorship gradually divested himself of the humanistic traditions of his youth and became in his maturity as sentimental a romantic as Rousseau.

There can be no doubt that in the beginning Sterne practised writing as an escape from life. He had little congenial company at Sutton-in-the-Forest and he said that 'writing when properly managed is but a different name for conversation.' It was only by degrees that he found his literary feet, and 'Tristram Shandy,' we must bear in mind, is a progressive experiment published in instalments over a period of six years. Into the book he crammed his reading, his reflections, his experience. It is made up of pilferings from a hundred books, and though it is reminiscent of Rabelais, Bruscombille, Burton, Cervantes, and other authors, we are conscious throughout its length of the controlling presence of a master-artist manipulating his material with idiosyncratic power and humour. How profound his admiration was for the peerless knight of La Mancha he tells us when he says that he would have gone further to meet him than the greatest hero of antiquity. It was Sterne's 'Cervantick cast of mind' and omnivorous reading that suggested to him fantastic, scholastic, and often scabrous allusions which in their turn led him into enormous digressions, digressions which he regarded as the soul and sunshine of writing as of reading. In 'Tristram Shandy' we learn to know a man occupied with resolving his own world of experience and fact into another world of creative

fancy. He took a long time to learn to be 'in tune with himself' and at first incurred the censure of Yorkshire readers for 'vilifying his neighbours' and giving too recognisable a picture of Sutton parish and of leading figures in York and its environs. In London he was condemned on the ground of obscenity. By degrees he learnt to avoid the more obvious pitfalls and to present his matter more acceptably; but he never changed his ideas as to what it was possible to jest about in a novel and remained indifferent to charges of indecency of innuendo. To him it was the most attractive form of humour, for it raised a facile laugh, and to make a man laugh, he said, was 'to add to his life.'

What progress Sterne made even to the end of his career in self-expression may best be apprehended by comparing the *Travel Diary* in the seventh volume of 'Tristram Shandy' with 'The Sentimental Journey' and the first 'Journal to Eliza' with the second. In 'Tristram' we find a self-portrait in Yorick the clergyman who disapproved of 'preaching half an hour a week from the head' when he 'would rather say five words point blank from the heart.' We are told that Yorick had 'an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity—not to gravity as such, for when gravity was wanted he would be the most grave or serious of mortal men for days and weeks together, but he was an enemy to the affectation of it . . . when it was a cloak for ignorance or folly.' It was Yorick who said that the French definition of gravity—'a mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind' should be 'wrote' in letters of gold.

It is known to every one that failure to secure preferment or, in other words, a post commensurate with his abilities drove him not only to authorship but also to learn painting. He worked with George Romney and Count Steele in their York studio and diligently read Hogarth's 'Analysis of Beauty.' Whether it was study of this book or intercourse with connoisseurs and painters that made him take so jaundiced a view of art criticism we do not know, but the patronising attitude adopted by amateurs of art annoyed him profoundly.

'I'll undertake,' he wrote, 'this moment to prove it to any man in the world, except to a connoisseur. I object to a

connoisseur in painting, etc., the whole set of 'em are so hung round and befetish'd with the bobs and trinkets of criticism, their heads, Sir, are stuck so full of rules and compasses and have that eternal propensity to apply them upon all occasions that a work of genius had better go to the devil at once than be pricked and tortured to death by 'em.

'And did you step in to look at this grand picture? 'Tis a melancholy daub, not one principle of the *pyramid* in any group, there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the Coreggioscity of Coreggio—the learning of Poussin—the airs of Guido—the taste of the Carachis—or the grand contour of Angelo.

'Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.'

It was not only in art that Sterne found men inappreciative. His own humour did not amuse every one, as may be gathered from an account of the first reading of 'Tristram Shandy' at Stillington Hall, the home of his neighbour Stephen Croft. The company nodded and snored, whereupon the mortified author flung his manuscript into the fire, whence it was rescued by his host. A man to whom motion was life and joy and immobility death and the devil must, we imagine, have been made despondent by his want of success in any walk of life as well as by the clod-like character of his country associates, who so universally failed to display the Shekinah that he looked for in all men. And yet volatile as he was by disposition and lightning-quick to respond to any sentimental appeal, he was equipped with great resilience of spirit. The sickness that often pressed upon him failed to subdue his mind and perhaps the Newman-like prayer to be found embedded in a sermon best expresses his attitude to disappointment.

'Grant me, gracious God! to go cheerfully on the road which thou hast marked out;—I wish it neither more wide or more smooth:—continue the light of this dim taper thou hast put into my hands:—I will kneel upon the ground seven times a day, to seek the best track I can with it—and having done that? I will trust myself and the issue of my journey to thee who art the fountain of joy—and will sing songs of comfort as I go along.'

A visit to the scene of Sterne's clerical labours enables us to realise that he was not exaggerating when he said

he lay 'perdu' for many years in a forest knowing as little of what was going on in the great world as if he were in a mine in Siberia. Sutton was his home for over twenty years. There as a bachelor curate of twenty-five he ministered to his 'sheep in the wilderness,' and to its thatched rectory he brought his bride, Elizabeth Lumley. There we may inspect the Parish Book kept in his own hand and incidentally from its entries learn something of his domestic joys and griefs. Though there is no monument to Sterne in either of the churches he served, there have been placed in Sutton vestry by the present rector photographs of some of the portraits made of him in life, of which the most memorable is by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

It is a puzzle to some people and a scandal to others that a person of Sterne's tastes and outlook should ever have taken orders, but could he have done otherwise? It was a clergyman uncle who secured for him an Exhibition to Jesus College, Cambridge, and a clergyman great-grandfather who had endowed the Exhibition. His lines were laid down for him in advance and he showed no reluctance to enter the Church for a living. In that Whig stronghold interest, perhaps more than merit, counted for advancement. As deacon Sterne served an apprenticeship in two parishes and immediately he was ordained priest his uncle, the Precentor of York Minster, presented him with a living; for as Archdeacon of Cleveland Dr Sterne had patronage at his disposal, and it must have been a mere matter of routine for him to recommend men to fill vacancies as they occurred in his Archdiocese. There is no reason to assume, as does Mr Curtis, that the appointment of Lawrence Sterne was due to any political machination. The living presented to him in August 1738 was followed sixteen months later by the gift of the prebendal stall of Givendale. At twenty-seven he appeared to be a made man.

York was the centre to which northern families resorted for the winter season, and as an eligible young canon Sterne soon became acquainted with the county. The city boasted of a well-appointed theatre and its lustre-hung Assembly Rooms were the scene of nightly balls and routs. At one of these gatherings Canon Sterne was introduced to Elizabeth Lumley, the orphan daughter of a Yorkshire parson. The opening letter in Mr Curtis's

collection is the famous love-letter in which Sterne describes himself as 'worn out with fevers of all kinds,' but most 'by that fever of the heart with which he had been wasting these two years!' It has been suggested that the letter was 'improved' by Lydia, his daughter, after his death. Mr Curtis believes that it has been tampered with and prints in a parallel column a similar letter addressed to Mrs Draper some thirty years later. That Lydia should have had access to the 'Journal' is improbable and it is more believable, if copying there was, that Sterne should have adapted old letters for the benefit of Mrs Draper than that his daughter should have made up from the 'Journal' love-letters to her mother. Which-ever is the true explanation, no one can say that Sterne was above borrowing either from his own work or from that of other people.

At the time of his marriage Sterne was engaged in political work. His activities in this field have been set out by Mr Curtis in his interesting little book 'The Politicks of Lawrence Sterne.' In this study it is stated that some three weeks before his wedding Lawrence became, by the arrangement of Dr Jaques Sterne, its managing director, the editor of 'The York Gazetteer,' a new paper designed to further the Whig interest at the forthcoming General Election, or in the language of the day 'set on foot to correct the weekly poison of the "York-Courant."' Tory opinion in York was being enthusiastically and skilfully organised by the York gynecologist, Dr Burton, founder of the County Hospital, and Dr Sterne was determined to counter it to the best of his power.

To be a professing Tory was in any case to alienate the sympathy of the whole Minster Yard and, more than this, it laid a man open to the charge of being a treasonable person; for had not Walpole himself said that any one who was not a declared Whig must be assumed to be both Papist and Jacobite? Political controversy sometimes degenerated into scurrility—for example, Dr Burton charged Dr Sterne with planning to obtain the 'Sacrament money,' always earmarked for the poor, in order to spend it in securing an exclusively Whig set of church-wardens for the Minster. During the polling Burton was so zealous in getting Tories to vote that instead of two

Whigs being returned for the County as usual, one of them was beaten by a Tory. After the election Lawrence was rewarded for his services with the Minster stall of North Newbald, carrying with it three houses in Stonegate. Being thus comfortably provided-for, he began to look to the future. A by-election in York resulting in the return of a Tory and the jubilation caused by Walpole's resignation in February (1742) made him wonder whether he should not for preferment's sake join the winning side. By March he had made up his mind and wrote a breathless recantation to the 'York-Courant.'

'Sir,

'I find by some late Preferments that it may not be impossible to change sides; therefore, I beg the Favour of you to inform the Publick, that I sincerely beg Pardon for the abusive Gazetteers I wrote during the late contested Election for the County of York, and that I heartily wish Mr Fox joy of his Election for the City.

'Tempora mutantur et nos mutemur [*sic*] in illis.

'I am Sir your Penitent Friend and Servant,

'L. S.'

Shocked by the sentiment and possibly by the careless Latinity displayed in this letter Dr Sterne could not have minded hearing his nephew derided as a man who had undertaken neither to write nor to think till he could see which side would win. Changes took place at the Minster in 1743 when Herring, a Jesus man, was appointed Archbishop. Knowing of this prelate's passion for confirmations Sterne lived quietly and godly at Sutton, preparing members of his parish to become communicants. The reports he sent to the Archbishop revealed his zeal in holding evening-classes in his own house and catechisings in the church. Life ran smoothly for a while and then the bomb-shell of the Scottish invasion startled clerics and country-folk alike. York found itself in the danger zone and its citizens were urged by the clergy to form a Defence Association. In this crisis Dr Sterne and his nephew worked together once more. While tradesmen put up their shutters and concealed their cash, funds were raised by the clergy for the equipment of men willing to defend the town. During the period of tension persons suspected of Jacobite leanings were

liable to arrest. Dr Burton laid himself open to suspicion by riding off to see to the safety of his property in the West Riding. When he returned to York a few days later, with a Jacobite pass in his possession, he was summoned to appear before the magistrates and committed to the Castle Gaol. The order for his incarceration was signed by Dr Sterne.

The invasion over, Dr Sterne resolved to root out popery. He warned his clergy from Thirsk pulpit of the increase of seminaries and did his best to get the famous Bar Convent suppressed. The merit he earned was such that the Duke of Cumberland, halting after Culloden to receive the freedom of the city (an honour Dr Sterne had failed to purchase for 200*l.*), visited the Precentor in preference to staying with either the Archbishop or the Dean. Yet when it came to rewards for services rendered, it was the Archbishop and the Dean who received promotion, while Dr Sterne and his nephew were left at their posts.

Unlike Mr Shandy, we are not motive-mongers and can merely guess what it was that caused Dr Sterne at this time to set about destroying his nephew's character. It may be, as Croft alleges, that Lawrence had supplanted his uncle in the affections of his mistress, or again that the Precentor got it into his head that Lawrence was to blame for his being passed over for a bishopric. Whatever the motive, his hostility was so pronounced that Lawrence in a long autobiographical letter endeavoured to vindicate himself of behaving callously, if not cruelly, to his mother. It is known that Mrs Roger Sterne appeared at Sutton just before Lydia's birth (1747) and was given ten guineas and promised an annuity by her son if only she would return to Chester where she had been living. Dr Sterne, however, saw in her presence in York a means of discrediting his nephew, and encouraged her to remain there. Mr Curtis examines the charges against Lawrence in respect to the treatment of his mother and shows that it was Dr Sterne who arranged for his sister-in-law to be lodged as a debtor in Ousebridge Gaol, with the idea of setting opinion against Lawrence and making it impossible for him ever to get preferment.

The vindictiveness of Dr Sterne found another outlet in cutting off some of his nephew's occasional earnings

as a preacher. The Canons of the Minster all had their appointed days for preaching and the Canon of North Newbald took duty on the sixth Sunday in Lent and the nineteenth after Trinity. Prebendaries who did not wish to take their turn employed John Hillyard, a bookseller in Stonegate, to find them substitutes. Lawrence Sterne, who was in the habit of adding some twenty pounds to his income by preaching these extra sermons, usually filled his uncle's place on May 29. As late as 1750 he took the Precentor's turns on this day and on All Saints day. Walking from the Minster on November 1, he called in at Hillyard's and was told that the new Archdeacon had inquired how he stood with his uncle before engaging him to preach for him. The affronted Canon retorted angrily that he had that morning preached his uncle's turn and thereupon left the shop. When Dr Sterne got wind of the story he wrote to the new Archdeacon saying that Hillyard was employing 'the only person unacceptable to me in the whole Church, an ungrateful and unworthy nephew of my own.' When Lord Fauconberg first wished to appoint Lawrence Sterne to Coxwold the Precentor arranged that he should be passed over for his curate. It was not till six years later that the Canon of North Newbald became Rector of Coxwold.

The addresses delivered by Lawrence Sterne from the pulpit read impersonally and seem to express the moralisings of the conventional humanist. As Lady Cowper once observed, 'they were more like essays than sermons.' People who listened to him said that his voice and manner were alike disagreeable and half the congregation left when he mounted the pulpit. The best-known and apparently the best-liked of all his sermons was that preached to the York Assize of 1750. It dealt with the—to Sterne—abhorrent doctrine of merit by deputy and contains the famous description of the prisons of the Inquisition. It was printed first as a pamphlet and became universally known when read aloud by Corporal Trim in 'Tristram Shandy.' Its histrionic quality was quite to the fashionable taste, since we find Walpole admiring it and Voltaire quoting it in his article on 'Conscience' in the 'Dictionnaire Philosophique.' The surprising characteristic about Sterne's sermons on great

occasions is the fidelity with which they steer clear of their theme. If he is preaching in commemoration of the Martyrdom of Charles I or the Coronation of George III he shows an equal detachment—in the one case alluding to the return of a day on which 'we lament the guilt of our forefathers in staining their hands in blood'; and in the other inviting his hearers 'to see the blessing of a Protestant King in its fairest light.' When making an Innocents' Day address, he compares the massacre with the sack of seventy cities by Publius Æmilius's order, concluding with the ejaculation, 'May God in his mercy defend mankind against further experiments of this kind!'

Growing tired as he said of 'employing his brains for other people's advantage' he devoted himself in the forty-seventh year of his age to novel-writing. He had exhausted other local diversions and escapes from reality. Ennui had led him to race chariots along the sands at Saltburn where, with one wheel in the sea, he and Hall Stevenson would gallop forward and back to Redcar in great excitement. Indoors at Crazy Castle he would play quadrille with the same friend and indulge in imitations of the demoniac activities of the Monks of Medmenham, as well as spend hours reading the curious books in the Skelton Library. Novel-writing he found to be more absorbing than any of these pursuits, and by the summer of 1759 he had completed two volumes of 'Tristram Shandy.' Mr Curtis, in a pamphlet, has examined the problem of its first printing. Stephen Croft always said it had been done at the charge of a Mr Lee in York. Mr Curtis supports this by proving that the type and paper used were those of Mrs Cæsar Ward, the widow of the well-known York printer. Original copies sent for sale to Dodsley in London must have come from this press. The book was on sale in January 1760, and Sterne had the luck to be franked to London in the following March. The morning after his arrival he rushed round to Tully's Head, Dodsley's bookshop in Pall Mall, and asked for a copy of 'Tristram.' He was told there was none to be had at any price. The news almost made his heart stop, it was the kind of success he had not expected. Thus suddenly and miraculously did he achieve fame. From a 'by-corner of the Kingdom' he had at last shot into public view. No longer need he

scheme or languish for preferment, for now the world was running after him. It was 'head-turning' to be pressed to dine with Lord Chesterfield, invited to sup with the Duke of York, and to be presented to the King by the Vice-Admiral of the County of York, who a week before had not heard of him. 'Bozzy' watched with curious eyes the swift transformation of the country parson into the complete man of mode. Personal success lifted Sterne above hope or fear and even Church preferment lost its lure; for, with Garrick praising him, the Bishop of Bristol recommending his book to the episcopal Bench, and Sir Joshua painting his portrait, he felt as though he walked on air. And then for the first time he had money in his pocket and laughingly called himself the richest man in Europe. Eight hundred guineas seemed a fortune, and with part of it he bought a carriage and two long-tailed horses. Affluently did he travel along the Great North Road and drive up to his house in Stonegate. Though wife and daughter were there to admire, Dr Sterne was no longer on the earth to wonder at his nephew's belated success or to veto his appointment to the cure of Coxwold.

It was to Coxwold that Lawrence Sterne now proceeded with his family, a village in a far better climate than York where the coughing curate promised himself more health and more happiness than he had enjoyed at Sutton. To the right of the front door of Shandy Hall the present-day visitor is shown a little room that served Sterne as a study. There with his Rabelais, his Burton, his Locke, his Tillotson and other books about him did he sit and, during the summer of 1760, compose the third volume of 'Tristram.' The large church he had been appointed to serve stood on an eminence across the road. In spirit we may enter it with him and find ourselves endeavouring to conjure up the ghost of a small clergyman dispensing bread and wine from within the looped altar-rails that project so oddly down the chancel. It is easier, however, to call up the quizzical face and dapper figure of Yorick in almost any garb than a surplice and in almost any surroundings than among kneeling communicants. The monuments of the Bellasyse family that so bombastically dominate the chancel and cause the constriction of the altar-rail were not perhaps incongruous to the eyes of

Sterne, who must often have glanced up at the Roman figure of Henry Bellasyse and his robed peer of a son, Fauconberg, over whose head an angel holds a coronet. The fruits of success could never have been negligible in Sterne's eyes, for were not his comfortable circumstances due to successful authorship?

In the years that remained to him Coxwold was to see less and less of its rector, for London called him. Most of the letters printed by Mr Curtis deal with this period of his life—that is to say, one hundred and seventy-eight letters out of two hundred and twenty-four were written between 1760 and 1768. The last phase of his life is far better documented than are the earlier years. At Christmas 1761 he stole away to see to the publication of two new volumes of 'Tristram'; again in the following autumn he escaped to London and thence, nervous about his health, crossed to France. France was his spiritual home, and he managed by dint of living in a French family to learn to converse with tolerable fluency and he frequented salons where he found that his fame had preceded him. The Duke of Orleans, a great admirer, caused his private portrait-painter, Carmintolle, to make a likeness of the witty English author in his neat black small-clothes and smartly powdered head.

Illness prevented his return to England in 1763 and he was obliged to call on his family to join him. Excitedly they set out and in 'weather hot as Nebuchadnezzar's oven' reached Paris on the first stage of what was to prove for them a delightful four years' pilgrimage. When Sterne returned to England in 1764 they refused to accompany him. Worries pressed upon him as 'Tristram Shandy' was selling badly and he had to raise some money. The following year he went by himself to Italy; but in the summer of 1766 he was back at York attending the races and preaching the usual Race-week sermon. Driving to London in heavy snow, in January 1767, to usher a new volume into the world, he was pleased to find himself as much in demand as ever and constantly in the society of the Duke of York. But the climate proved as unfriendly as ever, and he wrote to a friend '*l'hiver à Londres ne vaut pas rien pour les poudrons—à cause d'humidité, et la fumée dont l'air est chargée.*'

All through his life Sterne had been 'miserably in love' with some one or other and the last year of his life was made radiant by his famous sentimental attachment to 'Eliza.' Eliza, Mrs Draper, the wife of an East India Company's official, was in London with friends arranging for the education of her children when Sterne fell in love with her. He became her 'Bramin,' or source of all wisdom, and she his 'Bramine.' They went about together for a few blissful weeks and wrote to each other daily; but all too soon she was summoned back to join her husband in India. Sorrowfully Sterne handed her into the postchaise for Deal, but from that parting he carried away something that cast an effulgence over his last months at Coxwold. At Shandy Hall he infused everything with her spirit, drove in imagination with her at his side, removed briars from Byland ruins against the day he should walk arm-in-arm to the 'mansions of our long lost sisters,' and wrote for her the famous 'Journal to Eliza.'

Though Mr Curtis dove-tails in the 'Journal to Eliza' among the 'Letters' he makes no mention of the 'Second Journal to Eliza' edited and prefaced in 1929 by Miss Margaret B. Shaw. The contents of this volume appeared eleven years after Sterne's death as 'Letters supposed to have been written by Yorick and Eliza.' At the time they were ascribed to and claimed by William Combe. Miss Shaw, however, states in her introduction that after careful examination of the style of these letters she believes them to be the work of Sterne himself. In short, that in the 'Second Journal' we have a second version of the original composition which lay hidden till 1878 and was first printed in 1904. This second version depends in detail and arrangement on the original version published one hundred and twenty years later and is the more artistic version of the two. Miss Shaw sees in it 'the gradual endeavour of an artist to achieve a more perfect expression of emotional experience.' She further claims that in the 'Second Journal' is not only to be found the key to the 'elusive personality' of Sterne, but also 'the supreme apologia of his genius.'

In September 1767 Yorick's meditations were interrupted by the arrival of wife and daughter from abroad. Rumours of his attachment to Mrs Draper had reached

Mrs Sterne. Reassured by finding that lady to be in India, she spent but a month at Coxwold and then, longing for something gayer than village-life, migrated to Stonegate for the winter. Sterne remained alone at Coxwold putting the last touches to the 'Sentimental Journey,' and then went to London to see to its publication. Once more he lodged in Old Bond Street, once more he was invited to sit to Sir Joshua; and then an influenza epidemic sweeping the town claimed him as a victim. Fashionable friends, hearing that he was ill, sent their footman on March 18 to his lodging to inquire how he did. The footman was just in time to see him expire. Horace Walpole notes that he was informed of his death that evening by Lord Ossory. Thus unadvisedly did Lawrence Sterne 'launch out from life's ambiguous shore' unattended by wife or friend. The news of his demise set his wife and daughter ransacking every cupboard and drawer in Shandy Hall for scraps of manuscript for publication. Their search was rewarded by a number of sermons, eighteen of which they printed, and a quantity of letters, some of which they destroyed at the time, while others were preserved for publication. For a literary man Sterne had left little behind him.

UNA POPE-HENNESSY.

Art. 8.—INDIA AND ECONOMIC NATIONALISM.

CLOSE observers of the Indian scene, both Indian and British, have long realised that India's troubles are economic, not political. British statesmen are not blind to the fact ; their policy can in fact only be explained on the assumption that they see in democracy, exotic as it is in India, some kind of magic that will enable Indians themselves to bring prosperity to their country. The judgment of Indian critics is not so charitable. They see in the policy of Britain an attempt to shift on to other shoulders the responsibility to which they themselves feel unequal. British statesmen have watched the shadow of poverty deepen over the countryside without lifting a finger to help ; they have done nothing to relieve middle-class unemployment. Do they really think the political remedy adequate to the stupendous problem of bringing back prosperity to India ? As to the unemployment of the middle classes, the British government might perhaps retort that that is a problem which Indians have created for themselves. High-caste Hindus eager to seize political power regarded the cheap and soulless system of university education established in India as an effective instrument for producing the type of political recruit they wanted ; they clamoured for more and more universities and colleges ; it is not the fault of Britain that the result has been to turn out over a quarter of a million of educated young men more than the economic life of the country can absorb.

The defence as regards conditions in rural tracts is less convincing. It is true that the British have done much to encourage agriculture in India. They have built up a wonderful system of canal irrigation ; the quality and yield of some of the crops have been improved. But the land revenue system is too rigid ; the peasant is overwhelmed with debt, a fact due in large measure to the British law of contract and the British judicial system, which enforces a contract literally, however one-sided, and to the hordes of hungry lawyers which that system has called into existence. Yet with all this the standard of living of the peasant had improved before the slump of 1929 and following years made his surplus almost unsaleable. The peasant has been the backbone of British

rule. He has paid directly or indirectly the bulk of the State revenue ; he has fought the battles of Britain and served loyally in the police. Always he has looked to the great white Sarkar for justice. What will be his fate under a system of parliamentary rule which he certainly did not ask for, and in which inevitably the classes whose interests clash with his will hold the reins of power ? The rural moneylender, the city financier, the industrialist, the grain and produce merchant, the lawyer—in fact, the urban classes generally—are concerned to maintain the economic status quo ; in other words, the exploitation of the countryside combined with industrialism behind a high tariff wall, exclusion of British products, and expropriation of British business interests. Will a mere preponderance of votes, which rural folk do not ordinarily know how to use, be a weapon which will enable them to defeat the practised politician of the towns with his efficient organisation ? There will inevitably be a bitter struggle between the town and countryside which may defer for a generation the welding of the peoples and communities of India into a nation, without which political independence is little better than a dream.

Now that the heat haze engendered by the political conflict has cleared, the less extreme school of Indian political thought are trying to look into the future. Recent developments in world politics fill them with alarm. They have to admit that India without Britain is defenceless ; the hope that a self-governing India might find shelter under the ægis of the League of Nations has vanished into thin air. Without Britain—even with Britain if Britain is weak—India might easily fall a prey to one of ' the dissatisfied powers,' to say nothing of the ever-present storm clouds on the Afghan border. Under military rule Japan, which was once a shining example of Eastern democracy, now sends a cold shudder down the backs of Indian patriots. In the present uncertainties of world politics an honoured place in the British family of nations seems the only safe refuge.

Here again the question whether a self-governing India can have the weight of Britain behind her is mainly economic. If India is to be reduced to economic chaos by the vagaries of the Indian extremist, British power in the East must inevitably collapse. Time may yet show

that it was not in the best interests of India or of the empire that Britain should have renounced, as she did to all intents and purposes, her economic hegemony to the Indian politician in 1922. The result has been disastrous to Indian and British trade and to Indian agricultural interests. It has accentuated British unemployment; a high tariff wall to keep out imports has had the inevitable consequence of depressing exports and so decreasing the demand for the produce of the villages. The additional burden imposed through the tariff on the countryside has been estimated by a well-known Indian economist at a figure exceeding the whole income tax of India. There can be no doubt that the striving after economic nationalism of the Indian politician was a factor of importance in the slump of 1930. But for the appreciation of gold which enabled the peasants to realise their gold ornaments at a high price the countryside would have been reduced to bankruptcy as a result of the trammels imposed on commerce in the interests of the town.

British statesmen did not foresee the consequences of their policy when they decided to entrust the economic destiny of India to a small group of nationalist financiers, industrialists, moneylenders, and lawyers, mostly Hindu. These people held no brief for the countryside (nearly 90 per cent. of the people of British India), nor did they speak for the eighty millions of the States, nearly one-fourth of the population of India and almost entirely rural. The States have, since the War, been forced to contribute through the tariffs over a hundred million sterling to the revenues of British India, from the expenditure of which they derived no benefit. Economic nationalism was beginning at the wrong end. The problem was to rebuild the economic life of the village; setting up a tariff wall round India meant striking a deadly blow at the countryside. The average income per head of the peasantry is only a little over 3*l.*; raise this by 1*l.* only and with a reasonable preference in the Indian market to Britain and a similar privilege to India in the British market the shadow of unemployment would soon lift from the depressed areas in Britain, while prosperity in the Indian village would mean such an expansion of trade and industry and of the satellite activities, banking, insurance, shipping,

transport, etc., in India that the unemployed middle classes would rapidly find that there was a place for them in the economic life of their country. Congress strategy would have the opposite effect. The economic nationalism of the political extremist would ultimately strangle trade ; the new industries built up behind the tariff wall would fail to mature, owing to lack of demand from an impoverished countryside ; the educated unemployed would be cheated of the promised El Dorado. British capital would be driven from the country.

India is the key to British sea power in the East. Naval supremacy depends largely on maritime trade, and the loss of the Indian market would involve the empire in disaster. For not only would Britain lose her predominant position in the Straits Settlements, she could no longer maintain her Chinese trade, no longer guarantee the immunity of New Zealand and Australia ; blank despair would settle on her industrial towns. She would sink to the position of a third-rate power. The one obstacle to the military ambition of Japan would disappear.

The Congress politician of the extreme left refuses to be perturbed at the dangers of eliminating British power in the East. Rid India of Britain ; let the Hindus establish a Hindu raj and ultimately all will be well. There are realists in political India who are not so complacent. Much as they would wish to stand alone, reluctant as they are to share power, influence, and economic opportunity with Britain, they nevertheless admit that a close and cordial partnership is essential between the two countries both in the political and economic spheres. India must have British capital ; she needs British business technique. And without British support and guidance in working the new democratic institutions communalism would infect and ultimately destroy the body politic. They realise that they cannot expect Britain to protect them by land and sea unless they make it economically worth her while.

When and how is the economic problem to be solved ? Doubtless the British government would prefer to leave it to the new federal government. But three years or even more may elapse before the federal machine is in working order and meanwhile the economic position will deteriorate

still further. The question is indeed urgent. As already noted, at its core is rural reconstruction. Delay will add to the difficulties of treatment. And if it is possible to find a way that will restore prosperity to the countryside and with it provide means of livelihood for the starving university graduate, is it sound policy to defer taking action, to leave the complicated issue to be fought out in the new parliament? Better that Indians and British should get together now and try to discover a basis of agreement.

The first essential is to ease the burden of debt in the villages. That is the simplest way of raising the standard of living of the peasantry. Without British capital, British co-operation, a comprehensive settlement of the debt question is beyond the bounds of possibility. For one thing the intellectual thinks the problem is intractable. Free the peasant from debt to-day and to-morrow he will be involved again. The problem according to them is in fact social, not economic. The only method of dealing with it is to improve the standard of rural education. This verdict can hardly be described as impartial. As things are at the moment there is no identity of interest between the political intelligentsia and the peasant. A strong and independent peasantry might, indeed, jib at the exploitation of the town.

Whatever the politicians may think, the lightening of the burden of debt on the land is the only path to the economic recovery not only of the villages but of the industrial centres as well. The rural debt is estimated at about seven hundred millions sterling. The normal rate of interest is 25 per cent., in some cases it is even higher; accumulated interest charges account for by far the greater part of the moneylenders' demands. The annual charge exceeds the whole revenue, central and provincial, of India. The vast majority of the moneylenders are Hindus of a different caste from the peasantry, allied rather to the political middle classes of the town than to the rural folk. The moneylender is usually a dealer in grain, and as a rule takes most of his debtor's crop at his own valuation in part payment of interest charges, the result being that the peasant gets far less than the market price for his produce. This naturally depresses his standard of living. The sense of being caught hope-

lessly in the toils induces fatalism and destroys initiative.

As already observed, British policy is largely responsible for the peasants' troubles. It is true that efforts have been made in some cases to prevent his expropriation by the moneylender or the lawyer. The Panjab Land Alienation Act, for example, has helped to keep what was left of the peasants' land in the hands of the fighting tribesmen. A scheme of co-operative banks was instituted about thirty years ago in order to teach the peasant self-help; but this only touched the fringe of the problem, as government did not provide funds. The only effective remedy is a system of mortgage banks providing money at reasonably low rates—5 per cent. or 6 per cent.—to pay off the moneylender. Conciliation boards would be necessary to settle the amount of debt on equitable principles. A scheme of the kind was recently carried out successfully in an important Indian State, Bhavnagar. There the claims of the village banker were reduced by more than half. Similar boards were instituted a year or two ago in a British province (the Central Provinces), and where debt settlements were made it was usually found that the amount equitably due did not exceed 60 per cent. It would, of course, be necessary to guard against future improvidence, but there are ways and means of doing this. Debt redemption on a comprehensive scale should reduce the annual charges on the land by over a hundred million sterling a year, enough to add 10s. per head to the annual income of the village. This alone would greatly increase the purchasing power of the countryside.

But freeing the peasant from the moneylender's clutches is not enough. Subsidiary or cottage industries are essential in order to absorb some of the wastage of human labour that occurs where fifty men on small and uneconomic holdings are doing the work which ten or fifteen men could do with modern methods on holdings of a reasonable size. There is a variety of possible industries, e.g. sericulture, silk and cotton spinning, and weaving. Over two million people are employed in the villages on handloom weaving: they supply about one-fourth of the demand for cotton cloth in India. Production of cloth in the village could easily be doubled by the use of

improved machinery and electric power, which can be produced at low rates in most parts of India. There is, it may be noted, a growing demand for electricity as the cheapest and most efficient agent for pumping water from wells.

A system of intensive cultivation would, however, be most effective in absorbing the wasted energies of the village. Most of the holdings are uneconomic and can only be made to pay if the more valuable crops are grown. The cheapening of credit would stimulate the peasant to adopt a more profitable system of farming. The development of the milk industry in the neighbourhood of towns and near railways is a case in point. The low physical standard of the people in most parts of India is due to the lack of a good milk supply. Tinned substitutes are used to a great extent. There is very little grazing in the plains, and to produce milk in large quantities it would be necessary to grow fodder crops on a large scale. Milk produced in this way would give a much larger return than ordinary grain crops. Fresh vegetables are everywhere in great demand and could be grown profitably near towns and where transport is available, for example, motor bus services, which are everywhere springing up along the high roads. The 'money' crops are still more important; cotton, sugar cane, castor oil seeds, tobacco, jute. All require far more labour than the ordinary grain crops. It would, indeed, in many cases pay the peasant better to eat Australian wheat and concentrate on growing valuable crops in his own small-holding. This sounds a paradox, but Australian wheat can be landed in Bombay more cheaply than it can be grown in the Panjab. One thing is certain. India is now the most densely populated country in the world, with a population of nearly four hundred millions. She has indeed left China behind. The cultivated area is barely three-quarters of an acre per head; and if every one in India had a full diet to-day, it would be necessary to import enormous quantities of grain. To meet the demand arising from an improved standard of living she will have either to increase and improve her own cultivation, or grow more valuable crops to pay for food from abroad. This is obviously a case for economic planning in co-operation with other empire countries which need Indian products. The rehabilitation of the

countryside is then the key to the economic recovery of India and to the restoration to Britain of her greatest market. It is a project to carry out which Indians representative of all economic interests, Britain, and the Dominions must combine. Political India, left to themselves, would simply lead the country into a quagmire following their will-o'-the-wisp policy of economic nationalism. That way lies disaster.

The possibilities of the Indian market for Britain and empire countries are enormous if only the standard of living could be raised throughout India. For example, there are eighty millions of Moslems who would consume beef or mutton daily if they had the means to buy them. India with its lack of grazing could under no circumstances meet a quarter of the demand. The demand for fruit is enormous : a prosperous India would take the entire crop of Australia and New Zealand. Butter from the same countries would find an equally ready market, if the people had the money to buy it. The home-grown supply is limited for the same reasons that limit the milk supply, inadequacy of grazing. In the winter months the climate is cold in northern India ; there are a hundred million people there who would wear woollen garments if they could afford to do so. This would mean an immense demand for Australian and South African wool. There should be a heavy demand for wheat. In return the Dominions would take from India jute, tea, coffee, rubber, castor oil seed, pepper, spices, rice, and other agricultural products. The British market would absorb much the same commodities with, in addition, timber, cotton, copra, tobacco, gold, manganese, etc.

As to what Britain would sell to India, it has to be regretfully admitted that Lancashire can never hope to recover her old market ; India will in future produce the greater part of her requirements in cotton piece-goods. Lancashire may, however, still hold her own in the finer counts. The British manufactures that India will most readily take will be machinery, railway rolling stock, electrical and wireless equipment of every kind, hardware, motor-cars, lorries, woollen materials, and generally luxury articles that India cannot yet produce for herself. Once the principle of imperial preference is given free play there is little doubt that British capital would be

forthcoming to establish, in alliance with Indian interests, mortgage and agricultural credit banks which would take up the redemption of the debt. British investors should be attracted by a sound and profitable investment, which besides yielding an attractive return would help to build up anew the economic position of Britain in India. Probably two or three hundred million would be required. This would absorb a large proportion of the idle deposits in British banks. There would naturally be full protection for Indian industries as at present, where such industries are reasonably efficient. Efficiency is a condition which the countryside might reasonably impose on urban interests.

Political India is intensely jealous of the exclusiveness of British business in India, for example, in the sphere of banking, shipping, stockbroking, insurance, transport (railway companies). There is some ground for complaint, and if a healthy atmosphere for British enterprise is to be restored in India, British business men must be prepared to welcome Indian participation. There would never have been a Haji Shipping Bill (the object of which was to expropriate British coastal shipping lines) if Indians had been associated with British shipping firms. It is true that Indian capital is slowly penetrating many of the British companies in India, but a more direct interest than mere shareholding is wanted. An additional inducement to Indians to co-operate with Britain would be an offer from Britain to allow Indians to colonise some of her tropical colonies on conditions acceptable to Indian self-respect. This might open up new prospects to the outcast. The potentialities of Indian trade are enormous. Before the slump of 1929 her imports amounted to 258 millions sterling. They have since shrunk rapidly, and last year the total was 115 millions. Of this Britain increased her share as a result of the Ottawa agreement to 41 per cent. With prosperity restored and a comprehensive system of imperial preference she might easily sell two hundred million pounds worth of goods every year to India.

An obvious criticism of these proposals is that the Indian politicians would greet with derision the idea of a consortium or economic entente between Britain and their own country. But the decision would not rest with them

alone. The Indian States would have at least an equal voice: it is unlikely that their views would accord entirely with those of the British Indian financiers and industrialists who provided a fighting fund for Congress and forced a tariff policy on India which, as already noted, plundered the States of a hundred million sterling. In any case the interests of agriculture, if properly represented, should predominate. An indication that the debt problem would be considered should be sufficient to attract the peasantry. And as regards the attitude of the politician, the Clare-Lees-Mody Agreement in the matter of the textile trade is an indication that the Indian industrialist is prepared to consider an agreement to the mutual benefit of both parties. Most industrialists are politicians. All that is now advocated is an enlargement of the Clare-Lees-Mody entente to cover the joint interests of Britain and India throughout the economic field.

The conference should be convened in India under the auspices of the British and Indian governments, but should be kept as unofficial as possible. Britons and Indians should get together to discuss the economic problems in which they are jointly interested. It is not, of course, suggested that trade with other countries should be excluded: Britain and empire countries cannot take the whole of India's exports, any more than India can take theirs, and the entente must not prejudicially affect trade with other countries. It should not be beyond human intelligence to discover a formula which would make it possible for Germany, France, and Japan to pay for their imports from India with a class of goods which would not compete with empire products. A standing committee or council of experts of both countries would probably be necessary to advise on the working of the agreement, and the conference itself should meet at intervals to discuss new problems that must inevitably arise.

Is all this a dream? Let an Indian speak who knows the mind of his countrymen, an Indian who is a Nationalist first and foremost and not by any means pro-British. India, he asserts, needs Britain in every sphere, economic, social, and cultural. Without Britain defending her frontiers her national policy must fail. Without British

capital, technical help, and direction in the more complicated problems of organisation her national life must fade. There must be a planned economy throughout the empire if India is to reach her full development. No Indian with any pretensions to sanity would wish to see Britain weak, especially in the economic sphere.

Will Britain take the opportunity that is offered? Set the Indian peasant on his feet, bring new hope to the Indian countryside, and you will solve not only the problem of British unemployment but that of the Indian intelligentsia, thereby bringing economic peace into the subcontinent, without which it may be a generation before federation has any prospect of success.

W. P. BARTON.

Art. 9.—DESPOTISM IN ENGLISH LAW.

1. *The History of Contempt of Court.* By Sir John Fox. Oxford : University Press, 1927.
2. *Hansard*, 3rd Series, Volume 277, pp. 1609-17 (Lords, April 6, 1883).

THE principal characteristics of Fascism, Nazism, and Bolshevism are the denial of liberty of speech and writing and in particular the suppression of all liberty to criticise authority. These features are specially harmful because their results are that governments have inadequate means of knowing what their own people are thinking about them and that the people themselves cannot learn what the world beyond their frontiers is thinking. In this country, happily, we have kept free from this kind of suppression. Yet in the very place where the liberties of the subject are ordinarily vindicated, the Courts of Law, there exists a doctrine which is foreign to English traditions and not dissimilar to those of countries ruled by the methods of dictatorships. This doctrine is generally referred to under the name of 'contempt of court.'

The phrase 'contempt of court' is mostly used in connection with the power exercised by the English Bench to punish summarily those who interfere with judicial procedure. Few would criticise even the summary punishment of those who, for instance, cause a disturbance in court while a case is proceeding, who wilfully disobey an order of a court, who publish comment on cases that are proceeding or about to be heard, or who wantonly interfere with officials of a court in the execution of their duty. Summary powers to deal with such intrusions into judicial procedure may be necessary, though the fact that Courts of Summary Jurisdiction are able to conduct their work without any such powers imports some doubt. Magistrates are much closer to the rough and tumble of life than are those who preside in the higher courts. As they do not sit in wigs and gowns they are easily recognisable outside the court ; in towns they usually work in places from where no means of conveyance exist other than the people's omnibuses and trams ; their day's work affects a far greater number of people than in other courts. Yet

magistrates have no powers over contempt of court and one never hears of indignities or difficulties. Should the grossest misbehaviour occur in a Police Court, all that the magistrates could do would be to adjourn while the offender was being removed—and possibly hope that the offender's elbow would be accidentally bumped on the way out. Perhaps a charge of 'using insulting behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace' might follow, but this would be dealt with by another Bench in the ordinary course, the charge having to be strictly proved and the offender being able to defend himself and to appeal if he so desired. Similarly any interference outside the court with those carrying out the orders of the court would have to be the subject of a formal charge and to be dealt with accordingly. In fact, magistrates conduct their work without experiencing the need for any exceptional powers to deal with any form of contempt of court. But granting that summary powers are necessary in the higher courts for punishing this kind of contempt of court, different considerations entirely apply to those extensions of this doctrine which are known as 'constructive contempt of court' or as 'contempt out of court,' namely the power to punish summarily and without appeal those who criticise judicial conduct generally or after a case is finished.

The belief is widespread to-day that all press criticism of the Bench constitutes contempt of court and is punishable. Despite our traditional freedom of the press, there is among editors and journalists generally an idea that they must not write in criticism of the courts. There is a solid substratum of reality behind such fears, as many convictions show. The powers exercised by the Bench over contempt out of court are not so extensive as is generally believed. But the existence of these powers is harmful, all the more so because our Bench is already more protected against criticism than is any other section of public servants. In Parliament questions cannot be asked which reflect upon the character or conduct of our senior Bench. If any member wishes to criticise a judge, he has to go through the same formalities of a 'substantive motion' as if he was desirous of criticising the sovereign or the heir to the throne. This protection of the Bench is restricted to parliamentary proceedings, but

owing to this doctrine of contempt out of court it is almost universally believed, even in Fleet Street, that any one who writes or publishes criticism of a judge is liable to be brought before the court and summarily punished.

When this procedure of contempt out of court is set in motion there is no trial by jury, no power to call witnesses in defence, no right of appeal, and no power to pardon in the crown. In 1873 the Tichborne claimant was hailed before the Court of King's Bench because at a public meeting he had impugned the honesty and impartiality of the Chief Justice. In court he declared: 'I submit that the charge ought to be tried by a jury. Before them I could prove what I have stated to be true.' To this Mr Justice (Lord) Blackburn replied that the charge would be dealt with according to the procedure for contempt of court. 'I am charged with contempt in complaining of the Lord Chief Justice and you are his colleagues. It is not fair that you should try it without a jury,' answered the claimant. But the Bench was adamant and for once there must have been sympathy with Arthur Orton. Not only does this procedure allow for none of the traditional methods of securing a fair trial, there is no restriction upon the sentence that the Bench may inflict. For a libel on Lord Mansfield in the 'North Briton' one William Bingley lay in prison for nearly two years and, as was written in his book by Sir John Fox (late Senior Master in the High Court), 'on principle he should have remained there for the rest of his life.' Bingley could have remained in prison till his death, for there is no limit to this form of punishment and the crown cannot pardon. In modern times defendants in these cases secure their release by submitting an apparently abject apology, but no one can foretell how long an editor or writer would be allowed to remain in prison if he had the persistence of Bingley; that misguided but courageous publisher refused to apologise and was eventually released on the motion of the Attorney General 'in the same contumacious state in which he had been put in.' We have fewer such Village Hampdens to-day.

The thirty-ninth clause of Magna Carta guaranteed our ancestors against arbitrary power. Our judges to-day

frequently denounce arbitrary power when exercised by government departments. The phrase 'New Despotism' is of judicial origin. While rejoicing as free Englishmen in the constant championing of our rights and privileges in the courts of law, are we not obliged to ask ourselves whether there is much difference in principle between the 'New Despotism' of the bureaucracy and the summary procedure for punishing constructive contempt? The question becomes all the more important when it is realised that the latter procedure is of very doubtful legal validity. The present practice began in 1721. Before then contempt of court was tried by jury, as theoretically it can be still. It is frequently said that a power to punish summarily all cases of contempt of court has existed from time immemorial. Yet, as Sir John Fox has shown in his masterly examination of the whole subject, our present methods are based on a judgment of 1765 which was never even delivered in court.

'The leading case on procedure for the punishment of contempt of court, and the root of the present practice in cases of criminal contempt, is *The King v. Almon*, in which a judgment was prepared, though never delivered, by Mr Justice Wilmot. . . . In this judgment, written in the year 1765, it is laid down that a libel on a judge in his judicial capacity is punishable by the process of attachment without the intervention of a jury, and that this summary form of procedure is founded upon immemorial usage (p. 5).

'Mr Justice Wilmot's undelivered judgment lay concealed until the year 1802' (p. 207).

'It is submitted here that so far as this doctrine extends to the summary punishment of contempts out of court committed by strangers, it is founded on a misapprehension of the common law, that it is not supported by immemorial usage' (p. 49).

It may seem strange that doubts about the validity of the present procedure from so distinguished a source have not yet been set aside by judicial ruling after full argument at the Bar. But, as has been said, the procedure excludes appeal. Some day perhaps an editor or critic will earn undying fame, if also temporary discomfort, by accepting imprisonment and promptly applying for a Writ of Habeas Corpus. In this way the legality of the whole procedure could be tested and the case could be

carried to our highest court. But not only have the courts ignored the doubts of Sir John Fox and others, they have developed the doctrine of constructive contempt further than was ever done by the courts of the nineteenth century, with the result that it is now even more serious than was ever contemplated by Mr Justice Wilmot. Originally only 'scandalising the court itself' or 'gross and impudent' criticism was dealt with as constructive contempt. In recent years, while there have been cases of this sort, there have also been cases where a reasonable defendant, however misguided, sincerely believed in the merits of what he said or wrote. For instance, the late Clifford Sharp was, in 1928, summarily punished by being ordered to pay heavy costs for having, as editor of the 'New Statesman,' criticised the conduct of the late Mr Justice Avory in a libel action brought by the editor of the 'Morning Post' against Dr Marie Stopes. Clifford Sharp denounced the verdict as 'a substantial miscarriage of justice' and added that 'an individual owning to such views as those of Dr Stopes cannot apparently hope for a fair hearing in a court presided over by Mr Justice Avory—and there are so many Avorys.' (The full passage and the whole story of the court proceedings are given in 'The Times' of Feb. 11, 1928.) Neither the justice nor the taste of such remarks need concern us here, but rather the facts that Clifford Sharp was then an editor of distinction and that he undoubtedly believed in the truth of what he had written. Four years later he wrote in the 'Week End Review' that the apology which his counsel had put forward in court to 'purge his contempt' was in fact a 'well staged farce.' (Incidentally this shows the danger of inflicting, not definite sentences, but sentences dependent on an appearance of contrition.) The vital question that emerges from the whole unpleasant story is whether either the reputation and position of Mr Justice Avory or the interests of justice generally needed this summary punishment for the expression of unusual opinions. Where criticism exists, is it not better that it should see the light and thus come into true focus? Yet in 1931 another journal of distinction was summarily fined 100%. 'Truth' incurred this penalty for having written of Lord Justice Slesser soon after his appointment to the Bench that he 'can

hardly be altogether unbiased' about Trade Board legislation. As is usual in these cases, the statement was silly and wide of the mark, but the proceedings for constructive contempt made one as sorry for 'Truth' as for Lord Justice Slesser.

The sensitiveness of our higher courts seems to have increased in the present generation. In an astonishing case in 1899 the Privy Council (*McLeod v. St Aubyn*) laid down this common-sense and very English principle: 'Committal for contempt of court is a weapon to be used sparingly and always with reference to the interests of the administration of justice. . . . When a trial has taken place and the case is over, the judge or the jury are given over to criticism. . . . Courts are satisfied to leave to public opinion attacks or comments derogatory or scandalous to them.' Some may think that these wise words cover the case of Clifford Sharp, but there are many other cases which show that our higher courts are sensitive to criticism, even to abuse, of the judiciary. In 1900 one Gray was summarily fined 100*l.* for criticising Mr Justice (Lord) Darling after a trial was over 'in terms which were intemperate, improper, ungentlemanly and void of the respect due to his Lordship's person and office.' Gray was doubtless a very foolish fellow, but it is difficult to see who was benefited by his summary punishment without any of the safeguards with which our judicial system ordinarily surrounds all lawbreakers. As recently as July 1935 one Prentice was summarily committed to prison for six months for circulating a few leaflets in which wild accusations were made against several judges. If punishment was deemed necessary in such a case, surely it would have been better from all points of view to have proceeded in the ordinary way by trial by jury. When the King was libelled some years ago the courts went out of their way to proceed by a method which gave the defendant ample opportunities to defend himself.

This belief that judges must never be criticised has sunk deep. Even when no proceedings are taken, the offenders are sometimes made to realise that they are guilty of some specially heinous offence. In 'The Times' of July 19, 1928, will be found an instructive incident in the Court of Appeal. A lady with a grievance who was, to say the least, a very persistent litigant was appealing

against the decision of a High Court judge. While conducting her own case she said 'the judge was biased throughout the hearing.' At once she was informed by the then Master of the Rolls that she was not entitled to say that. One is tempted to ask why the lady should not have been allowed to make that statement if she felt it to be true; she probably damaged her own case a good deal by making it and only another excuse for a grievance was added by the rebuke administered to her. There is not a country in the world where it would be safer to abolish even all penalties on criticism or abuse of the Bench. In days gone by some judges may have needed this extraordinary protection, but our judicial standards are higher to-day than ever before. Yet when the public respect the Bench as never before in history these doubtful theories of the eighteenth century are not only allowed to survive but are applied with greater severity than ever.

Apart from the individuals concerned, the most serious effect of the doctrine of contempt out of court is that it prevents our judges from learning what is said about them. In practice the doctrine checks more than scurrilous abuse; it prevents much reasonable criticism the effect of which could only be beneficial, for is it not good for everybody to see himself as others see him, even as he is seen by the most unreasonable? In one of his published diaries the late Lord Riddell, who despite all his newspaper activities remained a solicitor to the end, recorded after attending a dinner at the Inner Temple that a High Court judge had said to him, 'Living a life of this sort is like living in a cloister. We are really cut off from actual touch with the world.' Many judges must have thought this and some have said it; and the world knows that it is true. Why does the man in the street smile when he reads that in court a judge has asked 'Who is Mae West?'? The smile is not caused by a conviction that the judge knew all the time. Aloofness is a virtue when it means that the Bench cannot be approached in underhand ways, but it is not a virtue when it means that the Bench does not know of the faults in the judicial system. Why is it, for instance, that our judges do not as a rule include among their immense virtues a realisation that the machinery they work is in many respects out of date, that severe complaints are being

made about this in responsible quarters? Such complaints are not confined to those whose spiritual home is Moscow. They are to be heard among solicitors of eminence, among commercial magnates, among trade unionists, and indeed wherever legal administration is discussed. Yet few who have read the evidence given by the judges before the Royal Commission on the King's Bench Division can have failed to be struck by their apparent ignorance of the prevailing discontent. On April 6, 1935, a regular writer in the 'News-Chronicle' commented on this feature in the judicial evidence and added: 'Apparently they [the judges] do not hear the complaints.' Judicial ignorance of criticism and judicial complacency are not to the public advantage. Both are all the more serious since it is becoming almost an axiom in this country that legal reform is only possible if it can be passed with the good will of the judges. In the second volume of his 'Points of View' the late Lord Birkenhead wrote frankly that if the legal reforms that a Lord Chancellor wishes to carry 'are to obtain acceptance in the profession of the law,' they must be such that the Chancellor is acting 'with the concurrence of great judicial personages.' In view of this, it becomes almost a duty in the judges to know and to consider all reasonable complaints. Yet so long as present ideas about constructive contempt exist there will never be adequate criticism.

In 1799 a Lord Chancellor wrote of 'the prejudices of judges in the blind support of one another's errors.' It is true that these words were penned by the uncertain Erskine seven years before his appointment to the wool-sack, but can one not reasonably imagine them on the lips of Lord Bowen? So great a judge as Lord Davey once said that 'all English judges are impartial, but not all have the power of divesting themselves of prejudice.' Did Clifford Sharp or 'Truth' say much more? But even accepting the view that what was said in these cases was harmful, it seems very doubtful whether the harm was not made worse by summary punishment. In the past eminent lawyers like Romilly, Campbell, Bramwell, and Selborne all criticised the exercise of these summary powers. In 1883 a bill to curb them was introduced by the Government of the day. After Lord Chancellor Selborne had moved the second reading (April 6,

1883) Lord Fitzgerald, who had been a judge in Ireland for twenty-two years, pleaded with the Government to extend the bill by limiting the powers over constructive contempt. 'The present course of [such] proceedings,' he said, 'was exceedingly objectionable.' The judge was made 'at once judge of the law, of the fact, of the intention, of the sentence and his decision was without any power of review. . . . There could be no doubt that the doctrine had a tendency unduly to fetter the freedom of the press. . . . Its effect was to enforce silence on the press.' Lord Bramwell concurred in this speech. Only a change of Government prevented the passage of the bill. After 1883 the matter was raised in the House of Commons. On April 4, 1906, and March 10, 1908, motions condemning the whole procedure were carried in that House at the instance of Irish members. On both occasions the motions were accepted by spokesmen for the Government. In the 1908 debate Mr Tim Healy expressed the opinion that 'he did not believe the judges minded these attacks' and Lord Glenavy, then Mr James Campbell, added that 'he was quite sure the judges themselves would gladly accept from Parliament some relief so that there should be a statutory limitation.' In both debates it was accepted that in this matter conditions in England and Ireland differed only in degree. In all on five occasions bills to curb summary procedure for contempt of court have made progress in Parliament. In our own day the matter has escaped the attention of Parliament, yet the insidious effects of the doctrine of constructive contempt have continued. It would be harmful if we have to wait for reform until another of those unfortunate occasions arises when the Bench comes into conflict with public opinion. Periodically there has always been and periodically there will always be criticism of those on the Bench. To-day more than ever such criticism will find its own level, for never before were our judges less vulnerable. Nothing can be gained under modern conditions by the punishment of such criticism by arbitrary methods.

Art. 10.—TWO AMERICAN LIVES.

1. *Dwight Morrow*. By Harold Nicolson. Constable, 1935.
2. *Vachel Lindsay*. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Scribners, 1935.

THESE biographies of Dwight Whitney Morrow and Nicholas Vachel Lindsay are engaging in themselves, but taken together they present two sharply contrasted aspects of modern American life with an effect almost as startling as it is impressive. If Mr Nicolson and Mr Lee Masters had consciously collaborated to this end they could hardly have achieved a more remarkable result. Each biographer was ideally fitted for his task, and each, with inevitable trifling reservations, has carried it through with unflinching insight. The brilliantly ambitious young English diplomat and essayist has given an entirely convincing picture of the American financier and statesman, whose success was in many ways so clearly sympathetic to his own ideal. Mr Lee Masters, himself something of a rebel in poetry and in life, penetrates with creative mastery to the heart of his fellow poet's turbulent and tragic story. The idealist who despises all material standards of success does less than justice to the principles of compromise that are not the least civilising element of society. Nevertheless, there are times when such standards seem to be exposed by the example of some life in which they have meant but little. In this circumstance lies the dramatic contrast made by these two books. By the material standards of success, Morrow failed in nothing. He became eminent in his profession, amassed a large fortune, enjoyed, it appears, unbroken domestic peace, was a respected leader in his own social community, made an international reputation in public affairs, was consulted and esteemed by men of the highest authority in Europe and the United States, was lavish and loyal in his attachments, and never lost a friend. Over this uniformly successful career there is a general character of decency that supports Mr Nicolson's claim that Morrow, who died at the age of fifty-eight, 'developed a new type of civilised mind.'

By the same standard Vachel Lindsay appears, in the

light of Morrow's success, to have failed in almost everything. As a boy he defied the not unreasonable ambitions of an indulgent family, and thereafter spent many years in bungling pursuit of fame as an artist. He had a certain skill in vague and transcendental draughtsmanship, but it never justified the belief that he would do anything of consequence as a painter. In the middle of his life he found himself as a poet suddenly becoming popular, proceeded to exhaust himself by protracted lecture-tours up and down America, on which he was much applauded by people who knew little of poetry but were attracted by a novel kind of showmanship. The novelty wore off, and the applause died away. Lindsay was left with his eager but formless enthusiasm, intent on regenerating mankind, and particularly the citizens of his native Springfield, who when they did not regard his dreams with positive antagonism, at least thought him funny in the head. At the age of forty-six he married, and his young wife refreshed him with beauty and devotion. But he was already a weary and disillusioned man. At intervals, flames of the old exuberance would leap up from the smouldering ash until the end, but all constructive continuity of purpose had gone; indeed, it can hardly be said ever to have been present. In 1931, when he was fifty-two, sick and in debt, he died by his own hand.

That is a brief abstract of these two careers as told in terms of material success. And yet, in the end, we are left with the conviction that Lindsay's impetuous, disordered spirit was reaching towards a vision of which the clear, precise, magnanimous mind of Morrow had no conception. At rare moments only during his erratic and often unreasonable life did the revelation for which Lindsay was seeking shine clearly out of the confusion of his thought and passion. But in those moments, poems were made that were among the most remarkable, as they will be among the most durable, articulations ever achieved by the American people. No one can read Mr Nicolson without a deep respect for the admirable man whom he celebrates, but no one can also read Mr Masters without being aware of undertones that neither trouble nor illuminate the equable narrative of Morrow's perfectly disciplined progress. They are undertones from some source of power much more obscure and yet greater than

that which Morrow so notably employed. As we reflect on the mysterious laws of compensation, we ask ourselves whether, after all, even in the qualities for which Morrow was so conspicuous and in which Lindsay seemed to be so deficient, there is not in the final reckoning a balance to be found in favour of the poet. Mr Masters, who does not write unsympathetically about Woodrow Wilson, closes the introduction to his book with a question : ' Who will not see as much strength of character and high resolve in Vachel Lindsay as panegyrists attribute to Wilson ? Both lived at the same time. Which one contributed more to the enlightenment, the splendour, and the culture of America ? Let time answer this question, as it will.' Strength of character and high resolve, as denoting stability and clear purpose, are not attributes that most immediately associate themselves with Lindsay in our minds. And yet we think that Mr Masters has chosen his words well. Without these qualities, neither Morrow's executive triumphs nor Lindsay's best poems would have been possible. And in the dozen or twenty poems of the one we may decide that they were more memorably used than even in the steadily accumulating distinction of the other.

Dwight Morrow was born in 1873. His father at the time was President of Marshall College in West Virginia, an upright scholar of respectable if not conspicuous attainment. Mrs Morrow, Mr Nicolson tells us, ' was more than shrewd, and more than merry ; she was frequently witty and acute.' He adds, ' There was nothing grim or dark about Dwight Morrow's childhood ; it was strenuous, congested, intensive, penurious, happy, competitive, and crude.' Six children survived infancy, and the household was one of the millions that provide the middle classes of the world with a sound and liberal foundation. Morrow was a worker from the first, and the providence that is supposed to help those that help themselves co-operated punctually then as throughout his life. On leaving his High School he was chosen to deliver the valedictory oration, and although he was unsuccessful in his applications for admission to Washington and Jefferson and West Point, the only disappointments it seems that he suffered in his career, he entered Amherst

at the age of eighteen with a mind already competent and disciplined. No academy in America has a more decided personality than Amherst, and Morrow in after life never tired of giving practical expression of his attachment to the place. One of his classmates was Calvin Coolidge, who forty years later was to testify to the remarkable influence exercised by Morrow in college. The distinctions of industry and character were duly achieved. When he competed for a college prize the odds were on his winning it. In his fourth year he made Alpha in all subjects, and on leaving he was elected Class Orator.

A short and restless legal apprenticeship in Pittsburg was followed by a course at the Columbia Law School in New York. Here he stayed until he was twenty-five, when he joined a legal firm in the city as clerk. Six years later he was made a partner at the age of thirty-two, and this position he held for a further nine years, during which he made a reputation as one of the ablest corporation lawyers in the country. In 1914, a few weeks before the outbreak of war in Europe, he reached the pinnacle of American business by becoming a member of the J. P. Morgan firm. From that time until his death he moved from one personal triumph to another. His diplomatic sense, his knowledge of financial law, and his wide experience of American life made an invaluable contribution to the operation of the great banking house that has done so much to redeem big business from its baser associations. In his new vocation, Morrow quietly and easily took his place in a group of remarkable men, among them Thomas Lamont, Henry Davidson, and J. P. Morgan himself. The fixed principle of the firm that all its affairs should be the joint responsibility of all the partners, found Morrow fully equipped to share in deliberations that profoundly influenced the economic life of western civilisation.

Discharging these high duties, Morrow never failed in clear-sighted realism or in liberal courage. Moreover, it is a tradition of the Morgan firm that its partners should engage in public activities beyond the life of Wall Street. In these too Morrow took an increasingly important and brilliant part. Many local boards and commissions counted on him for light and leading, and in such work as the reform of penal institutions in New Jersey he per-

formed a national service of outstanding merit. In due course his influence began to be felt in wider spheres, and on the executive of the Allied Maritime Transport Council he helped to solve one of the major problems of the War. In this work, and later in his negotiation of the Austrian Loan, he won the high esteem of colleagues like Arthur Salter, men who throughout these long years of crisis and anxiety have preserved a genuinely international outlook in their efforts for conciliation and peace.

When he was forty-eight, Morrow was asked by the trustees of Yale whether in the event of the offer being made he would accept the Presidency of Yale. He was greatly attracted by the suggestion, but, wisely no doubt, declined. Six years later Calvin Coolidge, then at The White House, sent him an invitation that he was less anxious to accept but unable to refuse. It had been generally supposed that Coolidge, when elected to office, would offer the old Amherst friend, who had since been active in his political support, high cabinet rank, and Mr Nicolson is unable to explain very clearly why he did not do so. Morrow would have made an admirable Secretary of State, and certainly he did not lack Coolidge's confidence. That enigmatic person, indeed, when Hoover became President, strongly advised his successor to give this post to the very man whom he had so strangely excluded from his own cabinets. In the meantime, however, he showed that the neglect was due to no disbelief in Morrow by asking him to undertake the extremely formidable task of Mexican pacification. With many misgivings, Morrow accepted. It meant severing the Morgan connection that had become the controlling condition of his life, and it meant facing responsibilities that he knew might overtax the resources of any good-will and intelligence. But the sacrifice was made and the risk taken, and in 1927 he arrived in Mexico City as Ambassador of the United States. 'Dwight Morrow's mission to Mexico,' says Mr Nicolson, 'is often cited by students of international affairs as one of the most instructive episodes in modern diplomatic history.' Mr Nicolson's own narrative handsomely supports this view. Cynics may question the permanence of the settlement made by Morrow, but there is no doubt that at the time with great tact and great ability he overcame many

difficulties that seemed to be insuperable. At the moment of leaving New York to meet them, he had said, 'I know what I can do for the Mexicans. I can like them.' It was a good bid. Reinforced by his exceptional knowledge of finance and law, it saved, or at least greatly alleviated, a very precarious situation.

His Mexican success made Morrow a national figure. It was interrupted when in 1930 he came as an American delegate to the London Conference on Naval Disarmament. Again he impressed every one by his urbane yet determined good sense. On his return to America he completed his Mexican mission, the concluding stages of which left him less sanguine than he had been as to the future of the settlement. Later in the year he took his seat at Washington as newly elected Republican Senator from New Jersey. His arrival was acclaimed as an event by the national press. At long last, it would appear, a man of some intelligence had found his way to Washington. Morrow, anxious not to inflame the suspicions aroused in the Senate by this publicity, kept very quiet in the early months of the session, making few of the liberal gestures that were expected of him, avoiding instead of seeking notice, assiduously acquainting himself with the history and customs of senatorial practice. He was biding his time. A year or so of such probation, and he would be ready to assert himself, to make what contribution he could to national government. As always, he was unassuming but confident in his purpose. Before the year had passed, the purpose was frustrated by his sudden death in October 1931. At the age of fifty-eight his powers were still at their best, and he might well have lived to do another ten years of useful and civilising work.

Clearly an honourable and satisfactory life, firmly designed in its action, wide and wholesome in its influence, and fulfilling itself with rare assurance and finality. But if this were all, its suitability as a theme of such a book as Mr Nicolson has written might not be very striking. All these things might be said of countless men who pass through every generation, meritorious in service and rightly esteemed, and yet claiming no such memorial as this. It is true enough that in certain terms any life would make a good book if well told, but they are terms

rather of personal intimacy than of public eminence. Such glimpses of this personal intimacy as Mr Nicolson gives are often charming, but they amount to no more than an embellishment of his central theme, which is Morrow's public career. The career was in itself a striking one, but it could hardly have attracted Mr Nicolson's attention as a biographer if it had not suggested something more significant than its amiability, its rectitude, and its success. Mr Nicolson very skilfully contrives to show us what this deeper significance was. We have already quoted him as saying that Morrow 'developed a new type of civilised mind.' It may be noted that he does not claim that he created it, but merely that he developed it. In another place he goes a little further when he says, 'The point about Dwight Morrow is that, while representing the perfected type of American, he also became a model for the completely civilised man.' If we can assent to this only with reservations of which we will speak directly, we can at least allow that, in the carefully modulated undertones of his book, Mr Nicolson lends a good deal of authority to his argument.

He shows us a man who not only succeeded perfectly in worthy designs, which is uncommon, but who also exercised his power with a flexible and essentially devout spirit, which is rare. Morrow became eminent in the affairs of his time, and he could be implacable when he chose in the pursuit of his ends; but he was never ruthless or inconsiderate or vain. He helped to show a brutally competitive age that business and policy can be conducted in a way that need not shock the common instincts of philosophic decency. The reluctance with which Morrow said he refused the Yale Presidency was no figure of speech. To have had the supervision of a great university would have accorded exactly with his most devoted interests. He was not a great scholar, but he respected, it may even be said that he loved learning. An uncompromising Republican on his political platform, he nevertheless hated tyranny as fiercely as any revolutionary. He would have been entirely happy to preside over the education of young minds, determined that they should have every opportunity for unfettered expansion. It is, we know, held by many people that such characteristics are not reconcilable with the ethics of

great capitalist enterprises such as Morrow represented, but it is precisely in showing that this may be a fallacy that Mr Nicolson gives the deeper significance to his book. He puts it perhaps most concisely when he says, 'He showed how organisation and individualism could, in fact, be rendered compatible.'

In a letter to his son, Morrow wrote: 'The world is divided into people who do things and people who get the credit. Try, if you can, to belong to the first class. There's far less competition.' Asked to say nothing in an Amherst dispute because his support of the unpopular side might prejudice his own chances of election to the board of trustees, he replied, 'I think that you will agree with me that it is hardly a sound reason for keeping silent that one's influence hereafter may be lessened by one's speaking.' On the Cuban question he wrote to a friend, 'It is possible—yes, it is probable—that the United States might run Cuba much better. As I get older, however, I become more and more convinced that good government is not a substitute for self-government.' These are right things faithfully said. They belong to the man of whom Mr Nicolson writes 'he had an insatiable appetite for the misunderstood,' and again, 'One of the most potent of Morrow's intellectual implements was his trustfulness. . . . He dared, with his enlightenment, to cast away the heavy shield of doubt.' They give authority to such a picture as this:

'On the way to Paris he visited the town of Lille, which had only just been evacuated by the German forces. He became detached from the rest of his party, and eventually Sir Arthur Salter came upon him standing dishevelled in the town square, clasping in either hand the hand of a small French child. A crowd had gathered to view this strange spectacle, and Morrow was facing them with his eyes half closed. "Vive la France!" he was repeating in earnest, almost apostolic accents. "Vive la France!" It was as if an incantation. The crowd were too bewildered, too impressed, to smile.'

I have spoken of reservations. Mr Nicolson's 'model for the completely civilised man,' for all its excellence, can hardly be said wholly to measure up to that very exacting requirement. There are times when we feel that after all Morrow is a trifle embarrassed in his resolution

to make the best—genuinely the best—of both worlds. These mostly have to do with his personal finance. They produce a somewhat strange effect on Mr Nicolson :

‘One night, in the little brown house on Spring Lane, Mrs Morrow had been startled from her sleep by yells of pain and fear. She hurried to her husband’s assistance. “Betsy,” he panted, “I have had the most horrible nightmare. It was all so vivid, it was all so ghastly. It seemed real, Betsy, it seemed so *real*. . . .” and at the recollection of his nightmare he groaned repeatedly aloud. “What was it?” she asked him. “What was it that you dreamt?” “It was terrible,” he groaned. “It was all so vivid somehow. I dreamt, Betsy, that we had become rich. But *enormously* rich.” “But, Dwight,” she answered, “that’s nothing to be scared about! You can trust me to set *that* right.” He was comforted by this assurance and silence again descended upon that happy little house. But the nightmare came true.’

How deftly the incident may be reported I cannot judge, but I find it entirely, almost unpleasantly unconvincing. There is, however, no indication that it makes Mr Nicolson uneasy. When Morrow was considering the invitation to join Morgan, he wrote to an old tutor, ‘Betty and I are not conscious of having let the money consideration affect us. In fact, I think that feature has been a deterring element in reaching our decision.’ And to another, ‘Mrs Morrow and I are not conscious of having let the money side of the question affect us, although it makes considerable difference in that respect.’ Morrow was a sincere man, but even sincere men are subject to moments of self-deception. As early as 1909 Mrs Morrow noted in her diary, ‘We have passed the period of struggle. Dwight says it will not be such fun from now—but wherever we are together there will be fun.’ Morrow was then thirty-six, devoting the full maturity of his energies to a business career. How honourably this career was conducted has been shown, but the reader may be forgiven if he detects an air of pretence in the professions that Morrow was indifferent to the material rewards that his whole environment must have made part and parcel of his ambition. Again we are uncomfortable when Mr Nicolson, speaking of Morrow’s taste for seclusion, remarks, ‘It is no sufficient explanation to say that Dwight Morrow was indifferent to money or that he

actually resented the large sums which almost automatically accrued.' Indeed, the confusion in Morrow's own mind on the matter seems to have communicated itself to Mr Nicolson's. He quotes Morrow as saying, 'Once we have made £20,000 we shall return to the practice of the law. I shall teach history; you will write poetry; the children will earn their own living,' and then Mr Nicolson adds:

'The fact that, even when his fortune had reached a total of seven figures, he never effected this renunciation does not detract either from its sincerity or from the constancy with which it returned, if only in the form of a daydream, to his mind. Being a practical man and one who had experienced the cramping anxieties of poverty, he was determined to harvest the crop which, at such risks and with such endurance, he had sown.'

That, as they say, won't wash. It is true that Mr Nicolson is able to assure us that before he joined the Morgan firm Morrow never made more than £7,000 in one year, and that up to that time he had only been able to put aside £20,000. With his removal to Wall Street, however, the days of these straitened circumstances were over. We are not told what his personal fortune amounted to in the end, but we learn that in 1927 he was able to bestow the sum of £30,000 in private benefactions. It may be worth noting that the time was approaching when Vachel Lindsay would die, desperately driven for 4,000 dollars.

We do not for a moment believe that Morrow was anything but wisely and lavishly generous with his money, but we are not impressed by the suggestion that he cared little whether he made it or not. Mr Nicolson tells us that when the financial crash came in America, 'He would awake at night revolving miraculous remedies, picturing the anxieties of his friends, the distress and suffering of a hundred million people. It was no consolation to him that his own private fortune had survived the hurricane almost intact.' Perhaps not, but are we to infer that his own distress would have been no greater if he had lost it? Though the ethical propriety of these large private accumulations may be open to question, if ever a man became rich without losing his soul it was

Morrow. But it is absurd to suggest that the attractions of wealth had no meaning for him. The truth is that these great material careers, however decent and admirable they may be, nearly always have some points of spiritual insecurity in their foundations. Writing of the part taken by the Morgan firm in saving the city of New York from bankruptcy, Morrow said, 'I recall distinctly the feeling that I had of the very great power that the House had in leadership. Without this power they would have been unable to do the thing at all.' True; but we can imagine the reader, in a moment of scepticism, murmuring 'What then?' Is all now fundamentally well with the economic condition of New York or of the world? Mr Nicolson provides us with two other clues to what may be the solution of this problematic aspect of a character that was in most respects so clear and right. 'Art, music, and nature had little meaning for him,' he tells us in one place; and in another, 'he was impervious to the æsthetic.' There seems to be no suspicion that this was a defect of much or any consequence. We submit that, in the final reckoning, it is one that makes Morrow, for all his unquestionably beneficial influence, something less than a model for the *completely* civilised man. Apart from these moments of uncertainty, Mr Nicolson's book is a beautifully accomplished piece of work. He sometimes seems to overstress the figure of Morrow as a twinkling sort of little person, but on the whole he gives us the full significance of a remarkable man. The good fortune that attended Morrow throughout his life remains with him in his biographer.

When I first visited America, in 1919, Vachel Lindsay was my host at Springfield, Illinois. He gave me a book in which he had written, 'Please accept my own copy of *The Spoon River Anthology*. It is my humble opinion that no better poetry has ever come out of America, and no better book. Whatever is first rank, here, this also has a first place.' From that time I became familiarly acquainted with Lindsay's own poetry, saw him at intervals, was able to return his hospitality when he visited London, and was in occasional correspondence with him until he died. With this knowledge of the man and his work, I can confidently say that no one else could

have hoped to give so wise and sympathetic an account of both as that now given by the author of 'The Spoon River Anthology.' Mr Masters's book has not yet been published in England. It is to be hoped that it soon will be. There can be no more significant biography in modern American literature.

Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, and Vachel Lindsay were the principal figures in the movement that strove to emancipate the poetry of the Middle West from the traditions or, as they regarded them, the fetters of New England. The detached observer may find that in their best work they too in many essential respects drew from the same sources as those that inspired Robinson and the poets of the east, but their conscious endeavour was steadfastly to look away from the culture of the old world towards their own townships and prairies. In one of his note-books Lindsay made a note of the material that he meant to use in his poetry: 'American classic allusions: Liberty and Union, Log Cabins, Lincoln Rails, Honest Old Abe, the Little Giant, George Rogers Clark, Ladies of the South, Texas Rangers, Prairie Schooners, Indian named rivers. The forest and prairies our grandfathers found: wild flowers, grandma's old house.' With all that is here implied, Mr Masters, by the evidence of his own remarkable poems, is acutely in sympathy, and his interpretation of Lindsay's genius is made in the light of creative understanding. Also, his mind thrills to the spiritual gallantry and the fearless patriotism that were the mainsprings of Lindsay's life. On the other hand, the relentless common sense that gives an astringent seasoning to the beauty and pity of 'The Spoon River Anthology' makes him an impartial, and consequently an illuminating critic of the woolly and rhetorical elements in Lindsay's character that frustrated much of his purpose.

Lindsay, born in 1879, came of much the same stock as Morrow. His father was a doctor, his mother an evangelical blue-stocking of the pioneer middle-west. No personal influence on his life was comparable to his mother's. There was on both sides an affection the tenacity of which he sometimes resented almost fiercely. His record at school was good, at Hiram College middling. His father wanted him to become a doctor, and was less

explosive than might have been expected when this wish was disregarded. At twenty-one Lindsay had started on just the sort of indefinite career that would have set Morrow's hair on end. He attended art classes in Chicago and New York, supplementing small supplies from home by odd jobs. At one time he was a box-sorter in Marshall Field's store at twelve dollars a week, at another he peddled his poems at two cents a sheet from door to door on Tenth Avenue in New York. He made long tramps across the continent, working his way as a casual labourer, often without a dollar in his pocket. He knew what it was to be too hungry to read. He received ten dollars a week for lecturing on art at the Y.M.C.A. to a 'class composed of policemen, street car conductors and the like, and as to race, of Italians, Greeks, and Jews.' Under the influence of St Francis he wrote: 'I believe that beggary is the noblest occupation of man; I believe in the hospitality of my fellow human, for it has never failed me.' On which Mr Masters dryly observes: 'It is also the most perfect system under which some can write poetry, carry on moral crusades, and stand all day under the falls of Tallulah, and the rest of the people can plow corn and have supper ready when the water gets cold and the warm bed allures the mind tired from thinking about the salvation of the world.' How cordially, and how properly, would Morrow assent. 'Don't carry your wish-bone where your backbone ought to be.' He would find the adage apt.

And he would be wrong. Throughout this vagrancy one burning purpose remained intact; to be a creator, first as a painter, then as a poet. The painting came to nothing, but out of the mists slowly emerged a poet who at his best found nobly vital expression for a great vision. With his poem on General Booth he became popular, and for some years was a familiar figure on American lecture platforms, where he mimed his poems with an incantation that infected his audience with something of a revivalist fervour. The success pleased him, and when it passed he was perplexed. It was not important either way, but the more serious recognition that he received in later life was. A stabler temperament would have used this as a sure refuge when the rewards of notoriety dwindled. The responsible esteem that he enjoyed should have armed

him even against the graceless attacks of a younger school. But he lost grip, and died miserably. Springfield then gave him a public funeral.

There are no dull pages in Mr Masters's narrative, but there is nothing here of the clear continuity with which Mr Nicolson is able to present a career. Lindsay's life was one of threads and patches, and its real significance is to be found in occasional words and the rarely visiting moods of his highest inspiration. 'When you think a thought, be sure that five master minds have thought it better before you.' There the vagrant sees the gleam; and again, 'Do not overstrain your will. It is bankruptcy. Curb your imagination; simplify your aims.' When he really could so discipline himself, he wrote the poems—Mr Masters reckons them at about thirty—that will take their place in the American testament as surely as the Declaration of Independence, 'Leaves of Grass,' Emerson's Essays, and the Gettysburg speech. Mr Masters must have the last word:

'It is absurd to say that men like Lindsay cannot be cherished, protected, and preserved. There are ways in plenty. They did not condemn him to hemlock, but they doomed him by failing to protest against his doom, by failing to give him help out of their useless abundance. They could have consulted and decided upon some way to give him bread, and let him do his work for his city and the country, taking from that work what was good, and throwing the rubbish away.'

JOHN DRINKWATER.

Art. 11.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF WRITING HISTORY.

1. *Nature, Man and God.* By William Temple, Archbishop of York. The Gifford Lectures, 1932-4. Macmillan, 1934.
2. *Christianity and the Nature of History.* By H. G. Wood. The Hulsean Lectures, 1933-4. Cambridge University Press, 1934.
3. *The Theory and History of Historiography.* By Benedetto Croce. Translated by Douglas Ainslie. Harrap, 1921.
4. *The Whig Interpretation of History.* By H. Butterfield. Bell, 1931.
5. *Clio, a Muse, and other Essays.* By G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans, 1930.
6. *Selected Essays.* By J. B. Bury. Edited by H. W. V. Temperley. Cambridge University Press, 1930.
7. *Cambridge University Studies.* Edited by Harold Wright. *Essay on History.* By R. E. Balfour. Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 1933.

'HISTORY,' declared David Hume, 'is a collection of facts which are multiplying without end; and if they are to be made intelligible, they must, in some way, be abridged.' Abridgment is the eternal problem of the historian. In the method of abridgment, in the selection of the criterion of relevance lies the whole problem of the relation of philosophy to history. And the difference between chronicle and history is not the difference between an abridged report and a summary, but between a story irrelevantly told, with an arbitrary criterion of memorableness, and a story told with some degree of significant form. Voltaire, indeed, tells how the Marquise du Châtelet first revealed to him the inanities of the old-fashioned annalists, their lack of perspective, their incredible credulity, their tiresome repetition of trivialities, their stupid silence on the important matters of institutions, manners, customs, and ideas. He sought, like Bolingbroke, to free history from the dead hand of the antiquary. And he made the memorable decision, 'il faut écrire l'histoire en philosophe.'

With the final expulsion of the annalist from the stage the hobby-horse trotted on, in full career. It had long

been waiting in the wings, and already had made several false entries. History had been written didactically for various purposes. By Machiavelli, by Fénelon, and by Bolingbroke it had been treated as a magazine of maxims, a storehouse of useful examples; and Voltaire himself had regarded it as 'un vaste magasin où vous prendrez ce qui est à votre usage.' The annalist's vague criterion of memorableness had already yielded to the utilitarian, didactic criterion of men with a moral to expound. A century before Voltaire's 'Essai,' Bossuet had written a 'Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle,' a supreme example of the historical hobby-horse, for which Voltaire was not slow to chivy him. 'The illustrious Bossuet . . . seems to have written solely with the intention of insinuating that everything has been done in the world for the Jewish nation; . . . if God set up Cyrus on the throne, it was to avenge them; if God sent the Romans, it was, again, to chastise them.' Yet perhaps this providential view of history has more in common with the philosophical conception of history than Voltaire suspected. It is tempting to adopt the orthodox view of historiography as starting with the didactic aims of Fénelon and Bossuet, turning in the course of the eighteenth century into a philosophical exercise and a literary pursuit, and in the nineteenth century into a scientific compilation and exposition. This is to identify the logical stages with the chronological. At first, history and philosophy were distinct, history being utilised merely to provide examples and illustrations of the truths of philosophy. Then the two became more interdependent and philosophy was used to interpret history and provide it with value and significance. Finally historiography, freeing itself from the trammels of philosophy and utilising the methods of science, emerged in all its voluminousness, ponderous and overwhelming.

This article aims at casting suspicion on that neat thesis. I hope to suggest that there is not one art of historiography which has thus emerged, but that there have been, throughout, two arts or, rather, two techniques: the craft of historiography, which is the task of the historian, and the art of historiology, which is a branch of philosophy; that although, in England, only in recent thought has the independence of the craft of

historiography come to be openly recognised, yet the greatest professional historians have always felt the need for such independence, and their best work has, in fact, been the product of this independent craft. When Machiavelli and Bolingbroke and Voltaire drew from history illustrations of their philosophical beliefs they were being historiologists. Most politicians of to-day and all who quote that the 'verdict of history' is so-and-so are historiologists of a similar kind. When Bossuet interpreted history as the apotheosis of the Jews; when Mazzini interpreted it as the apotheosis of Italy; when Hegel interpreted it dialectically and Marx materialistically, all were acting as philosophers rather than historians, and as prophets rather than philosophers. The most profound kind of historiology is that which regards history as the expression or actualisation of an absolute force or principle. Most of such historiologists are idealist philosophers, of which Hegel is perhaps the high priest; although all Christian theologians tend naturally to regard history as at least in some measure the manifestation of a Divine Providence. Discussion of the nature of history has fallen, of late, into these idealist hands. The Archbishop of York, Mr H. G. Wood, and Professor Benedetto Croce, whose books are listed above, have this in common, as each believes that history is the expression of an ultimate reality. 'God the eternal is such as to sustain His own fullness of being, with a self-giving and reality of victorious sacrifice which religion apprehends as the heart of that fullness of being, through the historical process which supplies to those elements in His nature an opportunity of actualisation not otherwise conceivable.' Thus writes the Archbishop of York. Mr H. G. Wood maintains that 'there is implicit in all modern historical work a philosophical interpretation of a definitely idealistic or spiritual order, and history is not, and ought not to be, susceptible of any other type of interpretation.' Professor Croce identifies spiritual reality with the historical process, and claims that 'there is neither philosophy nor history, nor philosophy of history, but history which is philosophy and philosophy which is history and is intrinsic to history.' I do not attempt to deny that it is legitimate for the theologian or the philosopher to interpret history by the principles of his theology or his philosophy, nor do I deny

that such a task is both necessary and valuable. But I deny completely that it is the task of the professional historian. If there is to be a technique of historiography the nature of history must be conceived in terms other than idealist; and there must be an accurate and independently achieved story of the past before the art of historiology can have genuine value.

The philosophical conception of historiography is based, first, on the false assumption of the philosopher that whilst there are many objects of study, there is only one way of studying them. This leads to the claim to determine the function and methods of historiography by a method which is philosophical and not historical. Yet the method of the philosopher is the opposite of the method of the historian. It is expressed in essence by Professor Pollard. 'The philosopher conceives it his business to think things together, that is to say, to ignore what seem to him unessential *differentia* and confine his attention to the essential unities.' The method of philosophers, and especially of idealist philosophers, is to abstract the fundamental 'idea' and to deal with that. He will speak of 'man' rather than 'men' and think of the city rather than the houses, of the houses rather than the stones. For the historian, however, as Mr Butterfield has indicated, 'there is not an essence of history that can be got by evaporating the human and the personal factors, the incidental or momentary or local things, and the circumstantial elements, as though at the bottom of the well there were something absolute, some truth independent of time and circumstance.' As Professor Trevelyan remarks, 'You cannot so completely isolate any historical event from its circumstances as to be able to deduce from it a law of general application.' The value of history, as distinct from philosophy, is to carry us from the general to the particular, the abstract to the concrete, the 'real idea' of the idealist to the actual life of the past. And the philosopher is smashing the most valuable touchstone for his own philosophy if he begins by cramming history inside the framework of his own theoretical system.

The philosophical conception of history is based, secondly, on the false assumption of the historian that history remains valueless and meaningless until interpreted by philosophy. He has rightly felt that a

philosophy of history has imbued it with a new meaning. But it enhances it as philosophy and not as history. Historiology is the testing of a philosophy by the touchstone of history. The historian may rightly philosophise about his story, so long as he realises that he is then a historiologist and so long as he has not first cut his story according to the pattern of his philosophy. His standard of relevance must be a principle inherent in the nature of the historical process itself. It is not true that unless history is interpreted by philosophy it must be a meaningless and valueless chronicle of all that happened. It may be the story of what happened, told by an artist, with all the significance of a true story and all the value of revealing the nature of the historical process. To object that it cannot be true because it can never be complete is to beg the question, because the same objection, if valid, also invalidates any philosophy built on it; and anything builded upon sand must fall—even if it be upon the sands of time.

There may or there may not have been an historical progress: that involves ethical and philosophical criteria; but there has certainly been an historical process, and this is the business of the historian. All philosophies of history cast a spotlight on certain elements in this process, to the darkening of the rest. To this extent they dramatise but distort the picture of the process, and as Professor Croce himself points out, 'there is an evident poetical character running through all "philosophies of history."' In recent English thought, the historical process has been variously described. In his '*Speculum Mentis*,' Mr R. G. Collingwood writes:

'History . . . is not a sheer flux of unique and disconnected events, each absolutely new and unprecedented. And, on the other hand, it is not a barren cyclical repetition of the same pattern over and over again, still less a shuffling of rearranged units like repeated throws of dice, every new event an arbitrary selection from a given number of possibilities. It is a process in which method or regularity does not exclude novelty; for every phase, while it grows out of the preceding phase, sums it up in the immediacy of its own being and thereby sums up implicitly the whole of previous history. Every such summation is a new act, and history consists of this perpetual summation of itself.'

Professor Bury depicted history as the study of a series of significant contingencies, a contingency or chance being the 'valuable collision of two or more independent chains of causes.' There is a sense in which all history is coincidence: the internal decay of the Roman spirit and organisation coinciding with the invasions of the barbarians; the geographical discoveries of new worlds coinciding with the astronomical discoveries of a new universe; the invention of printing with the revival of learning; the military genius of a Napoleon with circumstances which demanded a dictator; always such circumstances interacting, sometimes partly connected by cause and effect, sometimes the purest of contingencies. The historian's criterion of relevance is, in a certain sense, the line drawn between such points of coincidence: the principle of abridgment is the adequate description of the mediations whereby each coincidence merged into the next. Mr Butterfield, in his 'Whig Interpretation of History,' pleads for a principle of abridgment of the historical process which shall not involve emotional or moral or theological implication, but which shall be drawn exclusively from the historical process itself. He sees the whole of the present as precipitated by the whole of the past, with its complex movement and entanglements and intricate interactions. This, he insists, is the only positive assertion which the historian can make about the relationship between past and present. History is, therefore, 'the study not of origins but of mediations, but it is the study of effective mediations genuinely leading from something old to something which the historian must regard as new. It is essentially the study of transition, and to the historian the only absolute is change.'

And so the basic unity of history, so far as it may be said to have a real unity, is simply as a story; and to over-dramatise it is to give it a false unity. It is a unity in the sense in which it has taken the whole of the past to precipitate the whole of the present. Farther than this the historian must tread very warily. When the Archbishop of York, for example, in his recent Gifford Lectures, suggests as an analogy for the unity of history the dramatic and artistic unity of a poem, the technical historian cannot follow him. 'For it means,' he says, 'that there exist series of successive parts, so ordered that when regarded

forwards no necessitating ground is discernible, but which are seen to be governed by an immanent necessity when regarded backwards, from the viewpoint of the completed series.' His Grace concludes that there is to be found in history an element properly described as immanent purpose, and 'to exhibit this is one essential function of the historian.' But surely, whereas the element of free-will in the construction of the poem is practically absolute, the element of free-will in the individual life or the national history is different even in kind. The poet has the final option of tearing up the whole poem and starting again; or even of not starting again. Moreover, the discovery of this unity emergent from continuity cannot be the function of the historian, because on the Archbishop's own admission 'the thought or meaning which is the ground of necessity for every part of the poem is only given when the end of the poem is reached.' And so it is the business not of the historian but of the prophet; or, at least, of the historiologist. And it remains clear that the only unity of history is its unity as a story; culminating in the ever-dramatic moment of the present. 'Round the story, as flesh and blood round the bone,' writes Professor Trevelyan in 'Clio, a Muse,' 'should be gathered many different things—character-drawing, study of social and intellectual movements, speculations as to probable causes and effects, and whatever else the historian can bring to illuminate the past. But the art of history remains always the art of narrative. That is the bedrock.'

One of the most serious criticisms levelled against Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall' is that it reveals an ignorance of the 'dynamics' of history. The criticism has a certain truth, in that the historians of the enlightenment were often far more concerned with painting a picture than with telling a story. The historian conceived himself as an artist, even in the sense of a painter. It hardly seems to have been realised how readily the analogy of a picture rather than a story sprang into the eighteenth-century historian's mind when he thought of his own task. 'My object,' declares Voltaire, 'is to depict to posterity . . . the mind of men in the most enlightened of centuries.' And 'I wish to portray the last century, and not simply a prince.' And again, 'the chief personages are in the forefront of the canvas, the crowd is in the background.'

'I aspire not,' says Robertson, 'at rivalling the great masters who have painted and adorned savage life, . . . I am satisfied . . . to exhibit a portrait that resembles the original.' And Gibbon's avowed aim is to 'render to posterity a just and perfect delineation of all that may be praised, of all that may be excused, of all that may be censured.' 'Its style,' writes Horace Walpole of the 'Decline and Fall,' 'is as smooth as a Flemish picture, the muscles are concealed, and only for natural uses.' Gibbon would have made no objection to the comparison, for as early as 1764 he writes to his stepmother of preparations for 'a description of ancient Italy.' Likewise, the most severe censure Walpole makes of Robertson is that 'he cannot, like Mr Gibbon, make an original picture with some bits of mosaic.' This pictorial conception of their art is borne out by the histories they produced. Voltaire's 'Charles XII' is a masterpiece of descriptive history. His purpose in the 'Essai sur les Mœurs' was to present reason with the tableau of history, in the belief that reason will then proceed to establish a more rational order. And, believing that human nature is the same everywhere and in all ages, it seemed that it was customs alone which were different. The problem, therefore, was to describe the customs. Gibbon's conception of history was that of a gorgeous and spacious panorama, in which a series of tableaux should pass in succession before the reader's eye. The ultimate meaning of the historical process he leaves, on the whole, to the judgment of the reader. He was content to produce the vivid and graphic brilliance of the picture of the approach of the Crusaders to Constantinople in 1203.

'While the wind was favourable, the sky serene, and the water smooth, every eye was fixed with wonder and delight on the scene of military pomp which overspread the sea. The shields of the knights and squires, at once an ornament and a defence, were arranged on either side of the ships; the banners of the nations and families were displayed from the stern; our modern artillery was supplied by three hundred engines for casting stones and darts; the fatigues of the way were cheered with the sound of music; and the spirits of the adventurers were raised by the mutual assurance that forty thousand Christian heroes were equal to the conquest of the world. . . . As they passed along, they gazed with admiration

on the capital of the East, or, as it should seem, of the earth, rising from her seven hills, and towering over the continents of Europe and Asia. The swelling domes and lofty spires of five hundred palaces and churches were gilded by the sun and reflected in the waters; the walls were crowded with soldiers and spectators, whose numbers they beheld, of whose temper they were ignorant; and each heart was chilled by the reflection that, since the beginning of the world, such an enterprise had never been undertaken by such a handful of warriors. But the momentary apprehension was dispelled by hope and valour; and every man, says the marshal of Champagne, glanced his eye on the sword or lance which he must speedily use in the glorious conflict.'

The whole history is composed of penetrating descriptions such as this; and it is only necessary to recall the description of Egyptian monastic life in chapter thirty-seven, of the Normans in Sicily in chapter fifty-six, and of Mahomet and Arabia in chapter fifty. He is able, as Horace Walpole phrased it, 'to melt his materials together and make them elucidate and even improve and produce new discoveries.' Perhaps that is the ultimate art of the historian.

Alongside this pictorial idea of historiography the men of the enlightenment had a surprisingly clear conception of the nature of the historical process. Perhaps it was what Voltaire was vaguely groping after when he thought of an '*esprit du siècle*,' an '*esprit des nations*,' and even an '*esprit des hommes*.' It is clearly what Robertson had in mind when he wrote: 'It is necessary to mark the great steps by which they [i.e. the nations of Europe] advanced from barbarism to refinement, and to point out those general principles and events which, by their uniform as well as extensive operation, conducted all of them to that degree of improvement in policy and in manners which they had attained when Charles V began his reign.' With Gibbon, the conception achieves greater clarity and a more modern tinge. '*L'histoire est pour un esprit philosophique ce qu'était le jeu pour le Marquis de Dangeau. Il voyait un système, des rapports, une suite, là, où les autres ne discernaient que les caprices de la fortune.*' And to those who regard Gibbon as a complete example of the philosophical conception of history it will be startling to find him advising, '*Déférez*

plutôt aux faits qui viennent d'eux-mêmes vous former en système, qu'à ceux que vous découvrez après avoir conçu ce système. Préférez souvent les petits traits aux faits brillants.' This process of absorbing details until they crystallise out into a pattern of their own must always be an essential element of great historiography; though possibly the belief that the pattern so formed is likely to be the truest pattern is ultimately an act of faith.

A century later, amidst the passion and fashion for 'scientific' history, Macaulay stoutly maintained that history should be a true novel, capable of

'interesting the affections, and presenting pictures to the imagination. . . . It should invest with the reality of human flesh and blood beings whom we are too much inclined to consider as personified qualities in an allegory; call up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners, and garb; show us over their houses, seat us at their tables, rummage their old-fashioned wardrobes, explain the uses of their ponderous furniture.'

And so minuteness of detail was indispensable, and he was led to spend on only fifteen years all the twenty-five chapters of the 'History' as it remains. He came to the perhaps unconscious conclusion that the only way to describe the historical process was to tell, as completely as possible, the whole story. The result was a real impression of unity. 'Beneath the smooth and polished surface layer under layer may be seen of subordinate narratives,' writes one of his biographers, 'crossing and interlacing each other like the parts in the score of an oratorio. And this complexity results not in confusion, but in the most admirable clearness and unity of effect.' If there is any real basis for Macaulay's boast, in his diary, that he has a conception of history more just than that of Hume, Robertson, Voltaire, and Gibbon, it is that his aim is not only pictorial, but dramatic as well. His narrative moves all the time, in all its complexity: though the third chapter shows how brilliantly he could paint a backcloth when the stage had to be set for action. He retained, in short, the eighteenth-century genius for painting a picture, whilst showing greater appreciation of social dynamics and the forces of change that make history.

This combination of aim and method is deliberately

retained in these latter days by Professor Trevelyan. His history of 'England in the Reign of Anne' is written on the same spacious scale. The first five chapters of 'Blenheim' are devoted to a brilliant painting of England in the reign of Anne. In the preface to each of his three volumes he insists on the unity in the multiplicity of the story, and on the dramatic nature of that unity.

'If, indeed, the story of the great events and the great men of our Augustan age could be told in its truth and simplicity, as only the man of Athens could have told it, it would move like a five-act tragedy from start to finish, presenting in turn the overweening pride and the fall of Louis, then of Marlborough and of the Whigs, then of the Tories in their turn, while, through the crash of each successive crisis of war and politics, the fortune of England moves forward on the tide of destiny.' ('Blenheim,' p. vii.)

'This volume is a rope twisted of three strands—the war, English politics and the Scottish problem. The close interconnections of the three are the special interest and difficulty of the historian.' ('Ramillies,' p. vii.)

'The question of the Peace and the question of the Protestant Succession became closely interwoven. . . . Such is the story here told. It is highly complicated in detail, but intensely dramatic in the march of events. I hope that I have been able so to tell it that the wood may be observable in spite of the trees.' ('Peace and the Protestant Succession,' p. ix.)

The conception of history prevalent in the last years of the last century and the first decade of the present century has been embodied—if not quite embalmed—in the Cambridge histories. The extraordinariness of the idea implied in those composite works has hardly been realised. In the 'Cambridge Modern History' alone there are no fewer than two hundred and eighty-five separate monographs, placed end to end. There is, inevitably, a certain amount of overlapping, just as there are gaps. But the belief that such a method will produce a unity is quite extraordinary. Bishop Creighton, in his introductory note to the first volume, felt the need to justify such a belief.

'From this point of view a series of monographs, conceived on a connected system, instead of presenting a collection of fragments, possesses a definite unity of its own. . . . Each

subject or period has a natural coherence of its own. If this be grasped, its relations to other divisions of the work will be readily apparent, and may be followed without difficulty. . . . It is better to allow the subject matter to supply its own unifying principle than to create one which is inadequate or of mere temporary value.'

And so the wheel has turned full cycle, and from a historian so 'scientific' as Creighton we get *this same faith in the unity of the story itself as a story*, this belief in a pattern inherent in the facts themselves, if only they are properly collected and related. It is this pattern alone which allows no room for the hobby-horse. It is this unity alone which can be a true principle of abridgment and therefore the only basis for an independent historiography. The threefold task of the historian has been well stated by Mr R. E. Balfour.

'The ideal historian would first collect and sift all the evidence until he had reached an assured basis of facts; holding all these facts in his mind at once he would then be able to relate them to each other in such a way as to see the relationship between them and so to arrive at their inner meaning; finally he would set down that interpretation in such a way as to convey it most clearly to his readers, selecting for that purpose such facts as were most significant and most representative of the whole.'

The greatest historians of the last two hundred years have each in some measure realised this, and have been great in so far as they have groped to achieve this ideal. It is not necessary to relate history to anything else. It is only necessary to relate it; in the fullest sense of the word. And the problem whether historiography be a science or an art is irrelevant; for it is essentially a craft, with a technique of its own to be learnt and artistic possibilities of its own to be developed.

DAVID THOMSON.

Art. 12.—THE GENERAL ELECTION—AND AFTER.

THE General Election of 1935 resulted in a victory for the National Government far greater even than its most optimistic supporters had deemed possible, and the Prime Minister's decision to seek a fresh mandate from the electorate earlier than some of his followers—especially those who represented industrial constituencies—had thought advisable was amply justified. The impression held by many political observers before the Election, that it would be a mistake for the Government to go to the country until it had obtained the approval of Parliament for its revised Unemployment Regulations and had removed the undoubted hardships of the Family Means Test, proved to be unfounded, for only in the Special Areas was the question of the Means Test one which appears materially to have affected the fate of Government candidates. But the loss of seats in parts of the country like Durham and South Wales was, in any case, almost inevitable in view of the prevailing unrest in the coal-mining industry ; only a super-optimist could expect Conservative and Liberal candidates to win seats in mining areas when polling-day was made to coincide with the day appointed for a strike ballot. In other industrial areas, notably in Lancashire and on Tyneside, the success of the Government's supporters exceeded anticipation, and is a proof that improving trade and industry with the consequent decline in unemployment afford the most effective reply to Socialist propaganda.

There has been, as is usual after a General Election, considerable discussion in the press as to the exact significance which should be attached to its result. Some experts would have us believe that the Government's unexpectedly large majority affords conclusive proof that the people of this country are definitely opposed to the policy put forward by the Labour Party ; whilst others draw attention to the increase of the Socialist vote as a sign that opposition to the existing social system is gathering strength. In all probability there is an element of truth in both these points of view. The Government won the Election not so much upon its past record of

achievement—excellent though it was—and the programme of social and industrial development which it put forward in its manifesto as upon the feeling of uneasiness aroused amongst all sections of the community as to what might happen both at home and abroad in the event of a Socialist victory. In most constituencies throughout the country Government candidates had little or no difficulty in securing the support of the majority of the electors when they drew attention to the Socialist policy of nationalisation—especially that of the banks—and when they made full use of the wild and foolish utterances and writings of men like Major Attlee, Sir Stafford Cripps, and Mr G. D. H. Cole. There can be no doubt that that large section of the population of Great Britain which has something to lose is not disposed to entrust the destinies of the country to a political party that proposes to effect a complete social revolution within the lifetime of a single parliament. As long, too, as Socialism is preached in Marxist terms 'it rouses such powerful antagonism that its success, in developed Western countries, becomes daily more improbable.' Nor are the middle-class and the saner element of the working-class population of Great Britain blind to the fact that under the so-called capitalist system they are enjoying a standard of life and social advantages infinitely superior to those which were enjoyed by their fathers. They may feel that there is room for still further improvement in their social well-being and that the State should take a more and more active part in the control and regulation of industry and commerce; but they are sufficiently familiar with current political thought to realise that the Prime Minister and the other leaders of the National Government are men who share their point of view to a large extent and who are working on sound and practical lines for the attainment of their purpose.

Although the Election has thus shown that the majority of the electors are not disposed, for the time being at any rate, to risk any big experiment that might lead to a political and social upheaval, it has shown nevertheless that there is a movement towards the Left and that the political battle of the future is to be fought out between the Socialist and anti-Socialist forces. The

task of the Government, therefore, during the course of this Parliament must be to prove to the democracy of this country that its aspirations for a higher standard of living and a fuller share in the good things of life can best be attained under the existing social system; that only by the maintenance of industrial peace and by the co-operation of all classes can our economic problems be solved. This is no easy task, and if it is to be satisfactorily accomplished the forces supporting the Government must be reorganised and re-aligned, and the leaders must have vision and not be lacking in energy or courage.

The General Election has once more vindicated the existing constitutional system, the efficiency of which has been questioned during recent years from a number of different angles. The left wing of the Labour Party and especially the writers of the Socialist League have constantly asserted that the parliamentary institutions of this country are quite unsuited to the needs of a modern 'collectivist' society, which demands above all things rapidity of legislation. The obstruction of the House of Lords, would, they maintain, stultify any progressive programme of reform, the inefficiency of the procedure of the House of Commons would make it impossible for any Government to carry into effect a far-reaching policy of reconstruction. A year or two ago it seemed not unlikely that these views would receive a considerable measure of support from outside the ranks of Socialism. Political writers, whose arguments were as divergent as their party sympathies, gave vent to much ill-informed criticism of the parliamentary system, and this not unnaturally led to an uneasy feeling among the general public that there must be something radically wrong with the existing machinery of government. During the last few months there has been a remarkable revulsion of opinion. The inclusion of the demand for constitutional changes in the Labour Party manifesto did more than anything else, with the possible exception of the proposed nationalisation of the banks, to discredit the policy of that party. The attack upon the House of Lords was a singularly unsuccessful piece of electioneering propaganda, and the sinister reference to a reform of the procedure of the House of Commons aroused well-merited distrust. It has, in fact, become abundantly clear that the writers of

the Socialist League have championed the cause of constitutional reform not because they wish to improve the existing machinery of democratic government but because they hope, should the Labour Party at any time be returned with a majority in the House of Commons, to obtain the rapid passage into law of an Enabling Bill giving unlimited power to the Socialist Party. In the words of Mr G. D. H. Cole :

'The first step of a Socialist Government will be to call Parliament together at the earliest possible moment and place before it an Emergency Powers Bill to be passed through all its stages on the first day. This Bill will be wide enough in its terms to allow all that will be immediately necessary to be done by Ministerial Order.'

Such a policy, which implies the complete supersession of Parliament, is obviously repugnant to the vast majority of the people of this country, and during the election campaign the Labour Party suffered the full consequences of its surrender to an extremist element which knows that it can never hope to obtain a genuine majority in the House of Commons. It is not the least of the Prime Minister's achievements that he succeeded in stimulating among the rank and file of the electorate renewed pride in our constitutional inheritance, renewed confidence in a political system which has adapted itself to the needs of modern society and has made possible the combination of strong government and ordered liberty.

Criticism of the existing form of government is not, however, confined to the left-wing Socialists. The leaders of the Liberal Opposition have once more raised the cry of electoral reform. The two-party system, they assert, has gone for ever, and if there are to be three or more parties in the State, the simple method of majority voting in single-member constituencies must lead to obvious injustice. The result of a general election under our present system is, they maintain, a travesty of popular opinion. Mr Ramsay Muir has gone so far as to say that 'our existing electoral system is a distortion and falsification of democracy—in the highest degree unjust, unsatisfactory, and dangerous.'* It is worth while to consider whether this contention is borne out

* See 'How Britain is Governed,' by Ramsay Muir.

by the actual figures. At the recent General Election 52 per cent. of the votes were cast for National Government candidates, 38 per cent. went to the Labour Party, and 5 per cent. to the Opposition Liberals. It is true that under a system of proportional representation the Government's majority would have been about 50 and not 250. It is also true that at the General Election of 1929 the Labour Party with 36 per cent. of votes won 288 seats, whereas the Conservatives with 38 per cent. of votes won only 253 seats, and the Liberals with 23 per cent. of votes won 141 seats. Had the distribution of seats been strictly in proportion to the number of votes cast, the Conservatives would have been the largest party in the House of Commons and would presumably have been entrusted with the formation of a Government. In 1931, on the other hand, a majority of 15 per cent. of votes for the National Government led to the return of a majority of 65 per cent. in the House of Commons.* None the less, a considered view of the matter will show that these results did in fact give a very fair reflection of the general trend of opinion in the country. In 1929 there was a strong reaction against the Government; on the other hand the bulk of the people did not want Socialism, and Mr Lloyd George's dramatic promise to cure unemployment in two years won among the more credulous section of the community a much wider measure of support than was gained by any section of the Liberal Party at the last Election. The inconclusive result obtained, although it made the House of Commons an intensely unsatisfactory instrument of government, was none the less in full accordance with the existing temper of the people. In 1931 the disillusionment resulting from two years of Socialist administration, the distrust aroused by the programme of the Labour Party, the conviction that financial disaster could be avoided only by the continuance in office of Mr MacDonald's coalition cabinet led to an overwhelmingly strong expression of public opinion in favour of the National Government. In 1935 the Labour Party regained the support of a large number of working-class electors who had voted for the Government in the crisis of 1931, but there was no such

* These figures are not entirely accurate, since they take no account of undisputed returns.

swing over as in 1929, and the bulk of the nation undoubtedly wished to express its sense of quiet confidence in the Government. The effect of the existing method of election, which makes it possible for a large number of seats to be won by small majorities, is not to distort public opinion but to give an additional advantage to the victorious party, and it has, therefore, the beneficial effect of increasing the strength and efficiency of the Government. It does, admittedly, penalise small groups; this does not mean that any definite, well-organised body of opinion can be stifled, but it does mean that there will be a constant tendency to encourage the re-alignment of opinion into two large parties.

It is clear that the Liberal Opposition hoped in 1935 for a return to the conditions prevailing after the 1929 election. They hoped that neither Conservatives nor Socialists would obtain a clear majority and that the Government would hold office at the mercy of the Liberal Party. In his election broadcast Sir Herbert Samuel urged that the return of a strong body of Liberal members was essential in order to protect the country 'against a complacent Toryism on the one hand and against the possibility of a reckless and subversive Socialism on the other.' A few weeks earlier Lord Snowden in an address to the National Liberal Club had vigorously championed the cause of Liberalism: 'The time may come,' he declared, 'when a strong Centre Party may be needed to hold the balance between reaction on the one hand and revolution on the other.' This is a conception more akin to Continental than to British traditions of government. It is no accident that parliamentary democracy in this country has developed on the basis of the two-party system. The primary function of the House of Commons is not to represent but to govern, and the natural division of opinion at any given time, therefore, is between those who support and those who oppose the existing administration. When the moderate opinion of the centre is divided between the two main parties it is possible for this moderate element within each party to control the extremists. On the Continent the tendency has been to form three *blocs* of the left, right, and centre, each *bloc* being subdivided into a multiplicity of small groups and factions. This 'concentration of democratic opinion'

leads to a corresponding increase in the influence of the extremists on either flank ; it follows that any cabinet which attempts to pursue a moderate policy and to stand by the principles of parliamentary democracy must seek support from the centre ; a considerable proportion of the members of the legislature belong to parties which take no responsibility for the actual conduct of affairs, and it is, therefore, extremely difficult to form any alternative Government. In France the path of parliamentary democracy after the establishment of the Third Republic was beset by difficulties owing to the survival of irreconcilable groups nourished on the revolutionary history of the past. In Germany the growth of strongly organised extremist parties of the left and right was one of the main causes which led to the collapse of the democratic régime. In this country the Irish Nationalist in the latter part of the nineteenth century gave a vivid demonstration of the dislocation that can be caused by a comparatively small group intent upon recalcitrant opposition. But this was an alien intrusion in no way characteristic of the normal trend of British party politics, and there is every reason to hope that we shall be able to avoid similar inconveniences in the future. The policy and aims of the Labour Party are still obscure and undefined, but by no stretch of imagination can the present Conservative Party be described as a stronghold of reactionary Toryism.

In the present Parliament the Liberal Opposition has been reduced to a mere handful, and the members of this attenuated group must, unless they wish to condemn themselves to impotent ineffectiveness, make their choice between the Government and the Opposition. The extent to which Labour can hope to win Liberal support will depend upon the future policy of that party. At the present time it seems highly probable that many of Sir Herbert Samuel's followers will take the advice of Mr Henry Hobhouse who, in a recent letter to 'The Times' urged them to consider whether 'now that free trade is, for the time being at any rate, not practical politics—Liberal principles would not be better promoted by those politicians who hold them acting as the left wing of the National Party rather than aspiring to be a second and weaker opposition.' This means that they must swallow

the bitter pill of Conservative friendship, as the Liberal Unionists did forty years ago, although they, no less than the Liberals of to-day, felt an urgent desire 'to keep their group a separate entity . . . above all to preserve their right to the sacred name of Liberal with all the emotions and traditions which it embodies.'* It is natural that Liberals should feel profound regret, even resentment, at the destruction of a great historic party. This does not justify the advocacy of constitutional changes such as proportional representation or the introduction of the French system of parliamentary procedure which, although they might, if adopted, give a temporary increase of power to the remnant of the Liberal Party, could in the long run serve only to bring into contempt the whole system of parliamentary democracy, to the maintenance of which that party, more than any other, is pledged by every principle and tradition.

A return to the two-party system would preclude the continued existence of the National Liberal and National Labour Parties, a result which would be deplored by those who believe that the survival of these small groups as separate entities constitutes our strongest safeguard against factions or partisan government. There is, in fact, very little foundation for this belief. Those sections of opinion which are represented by the National Liberal and National Labour sections of the present coalition would not lose influence or become inarticulate because they were merged with the Conservatives into a single political organisation. There is every indication that the natural course of events will lead to this result. In the present Parliament there are 387 Conservative, 33 National Liberal, and 8 National Labour members. In the House of Commons the Conservatives alone have a majority over all other parties, and it is clear that in the constituencies the National Liberal and National Labour organisations depend very largely upon Conservative support. These two small groups put up 64 candidates who between them polled 1,200,000 votes, but it must be remembered that a very large proportion of these votes were Conservative. It is improbable that a single National Liberal or National

* See 'The Life of Lord Salisbury,' by Lady Gwendoline Cecil, vol. III, p. 299.

Labour candidate would have been returned without the loyal help and support of the local Conservative associations, and, personal considerations apart, most of these seats could in fact have been won by Conservatives. No one would wish to belittle the work which has been done and is being done for the Government by the National Liberal and National Labour members, but this does not alter the fact that no useful purpose would be served by artificially fostering separate National Liberal and National Labour organisations.

The Coalition of 1931 was formed to meet a particular emergency. No coalition can exist indefinitely; either it will disintegrate into its component parts, when the immediate purpose for which it was created has been accomplished, or else the different sections of the coalition will draw closer together and become welded into a new political party. The two-party system does not imply, and never has implied, the existence of two static, unchangeable groups of opinion. New political issues constantly arise, and the emergence of a new issue of major importance often leads to a splitting-up and re-alignment of parties. This happened when the Peelites broke away from the Conservatives on the question of Free Trade, and again when the Home Rule issue led to a split in the Liberal Party. On both occasions the new parties which were formed as the result of an immediate crisis afterwards joined in a permanent union with those who had been their allies in a common cause.

Absurd though it may seem, the real problem at the present time arises from the apparently insuperable difficulty of finding a new name for what is in fact a new party. It is perfectly natural that the National Liberal and National Labour supporters of the Government should be reluctant to call themselves Conservatives. The only alternative to 'Conservative' appears to be 'National,' but this is even more open to objection, since it carries with it the implication that one party in the State has a monopoly of national feeling. We do not wish to import into this country the crude distinction between 'Nationalists' and 'Marxists' which embittered German political life under the Constitution of Weimar. The expression 'National' has undoubtedly a considerable propaganda value, especially among the middle-class

voters in residential areas ; but it is to be hoped that politicians will not for that reason cling to a title which, although it had some justification in the crisis of 1931, has outlived its purpose. It is, moreover, on purely utilitarian grounds a very doubtful asset in working-class districts. The average working-man, whether he is a member of the Labour Party or not, considers it unfair that Conservatives and Liberals should seek to gain a special advantage by calling themselves 'National,' and he rightly resents the fact that some 'National' candidates fought their election campaign under red, white, and blue favours.

To cling to a shadow when the substance has ceased to exist is a common failing of mankind. The determination to see in the continued existence of the National Government the end of all party strife has led to a vast confusion of thought. Immediately after the Election the following passage occurred in a leading article in 'The Times':

'The electorate is in no mood to see party government restored at a time when no one party can offer the breadth and forbearance necessary to the wise and safe development of national policy in all fields. The experiment of national government, forced upon the country by the extravagance of party dogma and by the disorders which it bred four years ago, has set a standard in this respect which is likely to guide our politics for some time to come.'

But a Government because it chooses to call itself 'National' does not for that reason cease to be a party Government. This kind of argument gives ample scope for trenchant criticism on the part of the Opposition. It is, as Professor Laski has observed in an article in the 'Political Quarterly,' 'built upon the absurd assumption that the association of two tiny groups with a horde of Tories constitutes a government of all parties in the state.' Professor Laski was writing in 1933, and if there was an element of truth in his contention then, there is infinitely more to-day. The assertion that the National Government is in some peculiar sense a Government above party involves the dangerous conclusion that the criticism of a parliamentary Opposition, representing nearly half the electorate, can be discountenanced as a factious and unpatriotic assault upon the unity of the

nation. 'Party government,' Professor Laski maintains, 'is the vital principle of representative government . . . since it enables criticism to be organised in terms of an alternative basis of government.' The championship of constitutional principles comes somewhat strangely from the pen of one who has so often prophesied the doom of parliamentary democracy; but this does not alter the fact that on this occasion there is sound reason in his argument.

The assertion that the experiment of a National Government was forced upon the country 'by the extravagance of party dogma' is both meaningless and misleading. The Coalition Government of 1931 was called into being to save the country from the consequences of a financial crisis caused by the incompetence of the Labour Government to deal with an exceptionally difficult economic situation. In this time of emergency there was much to be gained by a union of parties, but it does not follow that this union was made necessary because every political party was bound by slavish adherence to its own creed. In justice to the Labour Party it must be remembered that the extremist element gained influence after and not before the crisis of 1931; during their two very difficult years of office the Labour Ministers failed rather through weakness and lack of decision than through excess of zeal for the principles of a doctrinaire Socialism. The Conservative Party has never since the days of Disraeli been a party of vested interests representing a single class; it has never under the leadership of Mr Baldwin followed a narrow sectarian policy. The implied suggestion that the Conservative Party would, in the event of the breaking up of the present Coalition, revert to the pursuit of selfish ends incompatible with the national interest is without a vestige of foundation. The policy of the National Government except during the first nine months, when in deference to the views of Sir Herbert Samuel and his followers it adopted an excessively cautious attitude in regard to tariffs, has not in any material respect differed from the policy of the Conservative Party. It is an essential condition for the successful working of our parliamentary institutions that there should be a fundamental basis of agreement between the two great parties in the State, and that each should

be in the best sense of the word a 'national' party capable of governing in the interests of the community as a whole. It is an ill service to the cause of democracy to suggest that party differences can be abolished or that any one combination of parties can remain indefinitely in office, and so to obscure the fact that the future of the parliamentary system in this country depends upon the ability of the Labour Party to cast aside the influence of an extremist faction and to fit itself for the task of constitutional government.

There are abundant signs that the more thoughtful members of the Labour Party are at last beginning to realise that they must, if they wish for success in the future, make a determined effort to put their house in order. The failure of the Labour leaders to reorganise their party during the last four years can, to a very large extent, be explained by the fact that they drew entirely false conclusions from their defeat in 1931. Instead of facing the unpleasant fact that their discomfiture was due to their own failure in office and to their own lack of courage in refusing to undertake the necessary but unpopular policy of economy, they clung to the belief that they had been tricked of power by capitalist machinations and listened to the blandishments of Mr Cole and Professor Laski, who told them that they could regain the respect and confidence of the working classes only if they pursued a policy of out-and-out Socialism. The more experienced politicians and trade-union officials looked askance upon the extremist views of the intellectuals, and there followed all the unhappy consequences of weak leadership and divided counsel. Mr Herbert Morrison has wasted no time in bringing home to his own party the lesson of the last election; there will never, he maintains, be any hope of gaining a parliamentary majority unless the Labour leaders can learn to 'think nationally,' and unless they can produce a programme which will win the support of more than one class in the community. Surprisingly enough, these views have been endorsed by Mr G. D. H. Cole. In an article on the future of the Labour Party in the 'New Statesman and Nation' he writes: 'The industrial proletariat cannot possibly win by itself an electoral majority, and it is actually becoming with every year a smaller

fraction of the electorate . . . in Great Britain the era of post-war excitement is over. British capitalism has not collapsed and no longer appears to be threatened with collapse. Socialism has receded, and most people have settled down again to making the best of things as they are.' Mr Cole rather ungratefully blames the political leaders because during the last four years they paid too much attention to his own views, and he suggests that, although he intends to press these same views in the future, it would be more expedient that they should be ignored. Mr Cole's conversion has not indeed gone very far. He does not advocate a fundamental change of policy, but suggests that the same policy should be reproduced in a more reassuring form calculated to attract the black-coated proletariat. The savings of the small man are to be secured, but the capitalist—the industrial *entrepreneur*—is to be taxed out of existence. One can almost detect a note of longing when he talks of the 'new depression not perhaps far off' which will give the Labour Party its chance of victory. This is not the stuff of which statesmanship is made. The Labour Party cannot hope to strengthen its position by accepting the capitalist system on terms which would make that system unworkable; either it must press forward for a policy of complete Socialisation, even though by so doing it condemns itself to outer darkness, or it must frankly recognise the fact that it can best pursue its ultimate object, the improvement of the standard of living of the working classes, within the framework of the existing social order.

The most immediate and difficult domestic problem which confronts the Government is the crisis in the coal industry. The result of the miners' ballot has been by an overwhelming majority to give their leaders authority to negotiate for a general increase in wages of 2s. a shift, and, if necessary, to enforce this claim by strike action. The miners' claim, it must be borne in mind, is a double one, inasmuch as it demands both a substantial increase in wages and also implies a recognition of the principle of national negotiations which the owners have since 1926 steadily refused to admit. The present situation is serious because, although a substantial but unvoiced body of opinion among the miners is certainly opposed to ceasing work, the recent vote must be taken at its

face value; the loyalty of the men to their leaders is proverbial, and, if they are called upon to do so, they will strike even though many of the wiser among them may realise that such action will be suicidal. Undoubtedly, too, there is a political as well as an economic motive influencing the policy of the miners' leaders. The more extreme men among them believe that should negotiations fail and a strike ensue—the effect of which would undoubtedly make the conditions in the industry even worse than they are to-day—the Government would have no alternative but to nationalise the industry. It is this fear of the political motive behind the miners' present claim which mainly accounts for the owners' objection to national negotiations on wage problems; there was no peace in the coal industry so long as a national agreement existed. But they are also influenced by powerful economic considerations. Conditions in the industry vary widely from district to district, and they maintain that a national wages agreement cannot therefore prove satisfactory; it must result either in more prosperous districts paying wages below the level of which they are capable or, more probably, in less prosperous districts using the higher wages paid elsewhere as a claim to increases which cannot be justified. Nevertheless, the owners' refusal to consider national negotiations has done much to lose them the sympathy of the country, for there is no other great industry in which wages questions are not considered on a national scale by a national Union. Nor is the argument of the miners against the owners' contentions unreasonable. They urge that a national negotiation of wages need not necessarily imply an equality of payments throughout the country, which they admit is not possible in view of the varying conditions in the industry.

In the circumstances it is not surprising that there is considerable sympathy for the miners' claim, for although the average wages in the industry are not low and the higher paid men can earn good money, there is no doubt that in certain districts the lower paid men are only able to earn wages which are totally insufficient. This fact is recognised by most of the owners, but their difficulty is that the condition of the industry to-day is such that it cannot afford to pay an increase of 2s. a shift.

The only possible remedy would seem to be to reduce still further the cost of production or to increase the receipt from sales, but the published figures unfortunately prove that little further reduction in cost can be anticipated. Here and there possibly amalgamations, an adjustment of royalties and wayleave, the co-ordination of pumping and agreed working of boundaries, etc., may result in further savings ; while technical improvements in the winning and haulage of coal will no doubt in the more modern pits continue to result in reduced costs. Further substantial general economies, however, cannot be expected, and, in this connection, critics of the coal owners should not forget that during the years of depression they have, despite the heavy financial losses incurred by the industry as a whole, spent many millions of pounds in improving the efficiency of their pits and in reducing costs. But there is a definite limit beyond which expenditure upon the improvement of technical efficiency cannot be remunerative, and that limit is fixed at a point where interest and redemption charges, calculated per ton of coal raised, are greater than the economies effected by the installation of the plant for which the expenditure has been incurred. Moreover, it must be remembered that the object of technical improvements, mechanisation, and other efforts of economy is nearly always to reduce labour charges, and their immediate effect is, therefore, to throw men out of work and to increase unemployment. As colliery districts almost invariably coincide with distressed areas, the result is only to intensify the problem of enabling the industry to provide work and wages for the mining population. Incidentally, this aspect of the problem is not without importance when considering the miners' claim that the nationalisation of the mines is the only effective method of solving the problem, for it is inconceivable that even a Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer would consent to maintain indefinitely any industry out of taxes and subsidies. A nationalised industry would have to be a rationalised industry and the result would inevitably be that the older districts and the less efficient pits would be discarded.

Since an increase of technical improvements cannot be expected to provide a solution of the problem, it is only natural that attention is now being given to the

possibilities of obtaining the additional funds for increasing the miners' wages by means of an improved method of selling coal. With this object in view, and as a result of Government pressure, the coal owners have consented to put into operation before July 1936 a system for co-ordinating the sale of coal, in the hope that economies in distribution and the elimination of inter-colliery and inter-district competition will enable higher net returns to be obtained. So optimistic do the Government, the owners, and the men's leaders appear to be of the result of such a policy that discussions on the possibility of immediately raising wages by drawing upon future profits are now being held. Such optimism is a little rash, and the average man might be justified in asking why, if central selling is to lead to such advantageous results, the owners have delayed so long in setting up schemes. Nevertheless, since action is necessary to avoid a strike and no alternative appears possible, it is doubtless wise to incur this risk—for, although the initiation of a central selling scheme may necessitate some temporary assistance from the Government, it is clear that the industry must be self-supporting. The country is not prepared to subsidise it permanently.

The Prime Minister in his election speeches stated that the object of his domestic policy would be 'the rebuilding of Britain,' by which, no doubt, he meant that the Government would endeavour to develop the industrial resources of the country and to extend the scope of the social services. It is to be hoped, therefore, that a determined effort will be made at once to deal with the problems of the Special Areas. In the last Parliament the Government did not appear sufficiently to appreciate the urgency of the needs of the working-class population in these districts, and it was not until April 1934 that it appointed Special Investigators to inquire into the industrial conditions prevailing in them—conditions which must already have been familiar enough to the Ministry of Labour. The reports of these Investigators were published early in the following November, and shortly afterwards the Special Areas (Development and Improvement) Bill was introduced and carried through Parliament. This Act provided for the immediate appointment of two Commissioners—one for

England and Wales and one for Scotland—to initiate and to assist measures for the economic development and social well-being of the Special Areas, and a sum of 2,000,000*l.* was set apart as a first instalment of public money to enable them to carry on their work. The Commissioners have done their best to fulfil their task, but there is no doubt that they have been considerably handicapped as a result of departmental interference and supervision, and the delays and investigations which have attended the giving of grants have had the effect of making the people sceptical of the genuineness of the Government's intention to help them.

It is clear that something more effective must be done if any real recovery is to be achieved. The Government must decide how far it is prepared to expend public money upon the revival of industrial life in the Special Areas and whether or not it is desirable in the national interest to adopt a policy of development and expansion. There can be little doubt that, unless a revival is brought about by Government assistance, the trend of industry from north to south will continue. The only course to adopt in that case would be to facilitate by every possible means the transference of the industrial population from the Special Areas to other parts of the country. This transference has been going on for some years past, but its continuance on a larger scale would involve great difficulties and would seriously affect the industrial future of the North of England. The decision of the Government to encourage the setting up of new secondary industries in these areas by assisting in the development of trading estates is, therefore, to be welcomed. If the problem is to be solved, the Government must not be afraid to adopt bold measures. The movement of industry from one part of the country to another is no new phenomenon; in the past movements of this kind have caused serious dislocation and it is quite possible to argue that in the long run the economic advantages gained have not been sufficient to justify the social distress incurred. But if the Government intends to control, and to a certain extent to counteract, the operation of economic forces, it cannot any longer afford to rely only upon the good will and patriotic sentiment of individual manufacturers.

The success of the Government at the Election was largely due to the fact that its foreign policy had won the general approval of the nation. An overwhelming body of opinion amongst all parties, including the Socialist and Liberal Opposition, endorsed the Government's decision to support the League of Nations and the system of Collective Security for which it stands. This being the case, the Opposition failed to raise any response among the bulk of the electorate by its criticism of the Government's proposals to strengthen our defensive organisation—for it was generally recognised that Great Britain must be in a position to play her part effectively should any complications arise which might necessitate the employment of armed forces.

Within a month of the Election this sense of confidence in the Government's foreign policy was seriously shaken by the publication of the Hoare-Laval peace proposals. During the course of the Italian-Abyssinian dispute it had become clear that France was extremely reluctant to enforce the terms of the Covenant because by so doing she would have to sacrifice her understanding with Italy. It had, however, become no less clear that Great Britain could in the last resort always rally the French to support the League if she took a strong line and forced them to choose between British and Italian friendship. Suddenly and for no sufficient reason the British Government decided to endorse peace proposals which implied that the aggressor State was to be bought off by the dismemberment of the victim of aggression. The worst consequences of this astonishing surrender to French policy were prevented as a result of the spontaneous condemnation of the peace proposals by public opinion in Great Britain and to a lesser degree in France. It is to be hoped, therefore, that this unfortunate episode is dead and buried. If it has done nothing else, it should at least have impressed upon the people of this country the fact that we cannot pursue a policy of collective action through the League of Nations without adequate armaments. So long as sanctions are mild and comparatively ineffective an aggressor nation will submit to them with equanimity; but so soon as the economic pressure becomes noticeable, it will retaliate by every means in its power. The danger of sanctions leading to war can only be avoided, therefore, if the economic

pressure is backed by a military force so powerful that the aggressor dare not attack. It is clear that throughout the course of these negotiations the British Government was severely hampered by the knowledge that our defence forces were wholly inadequate and that we were not in a position to provoke an attack unless we could count upon military support from the other members of the League—support which they were either unable or unwilling to give. It is the urgent duty of the Government to ensure that in the future British foreign policy should not be rendered ineffective owing to a lack of necessary armaments.

Whatever the outcome of the Italian-Abyssinian dispute may be it is evident that the League of Nations cannot ever become an effective instrument for maintaining the peace of Europe until Germany returns to the fold. It must, however, be recognised that there is no likelihood that the present German Government, or, indeed, any other German Government, will consent to resume membership of the League so long as that body stands, or is thought to stand, for the rigid preservation of the territorial *status quo* established by the Peace Treaties. Germany, more especially a Germany which is rearmed and which in a few years may again be the dominating military Power on the Continent, cannot be expected permanently to accept the enforced separation of Austria and the loss of Danzig, Memel, and the Polish Corridor. The task of Mr Baldwin's Government, therefore, should be to strengthen and to reform the Covenant of the League and thereby to convince the Germans that their best hope of treaty revision is by peaceful negotiations through the auspices of the League of Nations. The fact that the German Government is pursuing a policy of rearmament does not necessarily mean that it intends to resort to force to gain its ends. The Germans learned in the last war that even they could not withstand a world in arms; they are fully aware of the difficulties which beset the revision of the Peace Treaties and are not likely to attempt an act of aggression if they know that it would be opposed by strong, united action on the part of all the European States which belong to the League of Nations.

The real problem, therefore, which awaits solution by the Government is how best to bring about an under-

standing between France and Germany. There can be little doubt that Germany is ready and anxious to arrive at an amicable agreement with Great Britain and France, and the perfectly correct attitude which her Government has shown throughout the course of the Italian-Abyssinian controversy should make easier an interchange of diplomatic proposals between the three countries. The German Government has repeatedly stated that Germany has no cause at issue with France or Great Britain. Her people appear, moreover, to realise that any attempt to regain Alsace and Lorraine would be futile and contrary to the best interests of their country. If then the French could be made to appreciate the fact that they are no longer in danger of German invasion and that in any case they could always count upon the prompt and effective assistance of Great Britain, surely they might be induced to relinquish their policy of building up European Alliances against Germany and to reconsider the advisability of their military understanding with Russia. This policy of the encirclement of Germany was one of the causes which the Germans allege led to the Great War and may, if it is pursued, sooner or later lead to a similar catastrophe, because so long as it is persisted in unrest will continue among the European nations and a new race in armaments will be inevitable. It is the duty of our Government to take a vigorous lead in bringing France and Germany together; it is useless to expect any French Government to take the full responsibility for a policy which is bound to arouse considerable opposition in France; it is only by the assistance of Great Britain that an end can be put to the suspicion and fear with which the French regard the Germans.

It must be recognised from the beginning, should negotiations take place, that no lasting agreement can be reached if Germany is asked to accept the existing *status quo* in Eastern Europe and in Austria. Those who are responsible, therefore, for our foreign policy must not allow any future proposals which may be made for an understanding between France and Germany to be wrecked because the French may begin by insisting upon tacking to them some general system of security based upon the maintenance of the present frontiers of Europe.

At the time of the Stresa Conference it looked as if our representatives might be manœuvred into guaranteeing the independence and integrity of Austria. Any acceptance of such a policy on our part would be most unwise in view of the fact that the economic and political situation in Austria is insecure and probably untenable. The present Austrian Government has little or no popular support and its pro-Italian policy is losing it the sympathy even of those sections of the community which have hitherto upheld it. We in this country must realise the fact that the natural orientation of Austria, both on grounds of cultured affinity and of economic interests, is towards Germany, and not towards Italy. There is no doubt that a fatal mistake was made in preventing the economic *Anschluss* between the two countries in 1931, when the whole Austrian people desired it. To-day, of course, the advent of the Nazi régime in Germany with its tragic consequences in Austria has rendered any such alliance more difficult, and while, therefore, no action should be taken by this or any other country to induce the Austrians to adopt any policy that is not in harmony with their wishes, it is equally obvious that Great Britain should not commit herself to the maintenance of the integrity of Austria when this integrity implies a complete subservience to Italy which is not acceptable to the majority of her people.

We should, moreover, make it an essential object of our policy to bring about a more satisfactory settlement in Eastern Europe. Much of the opposition to any revision of the existing frontiers is due to the fact that those nations which have benefited under the Treaties believe that if any concessions were made to Germany, she would adopt the policy of Oliver Twist and ask for more—that she would not be content until she had extended her frontiers so as to include the whole of the *Auslandsdeutsche*. In view of the irredentist attitude of the Nazi party, this point of view is not surprising and presents a real impediment to any peaceful settlement in Eastern and Central Europe. It must be the task of our diplomacy to convince the German Government that it is more to its advantage to accept a limited measure of treaty revision by agreement than to pursue a more ambitious policy which would involve the opposition of

an overwhelmingly powerful combination of hostile states under the leadership of France and Russia. It should also be made clear to Germany that any readjustment of frontiers must be looked upon as a permanent settlement guaranteed by the League of Nations and secured by some such means as the Locarno Treaties.

The Government, as this article has attempted to show, is faced with grave complications at home and abroad, and has already met with a serious set-back which has temporarily impaired its prestige. It is not easy to understand how the Prime Minister and his colleagues can have so entirely misunderstood the feeling of the nation with regard to the Italian-Abyssinian dispute, but their frank admission of their mistake has done something to mitigate its ill-effects. They are supported by a loyal body of supporters in the House of Commons and, if they are successful in regaining their authority at Geneva and can succeed in bringing about a better understanding in Western Europe, they should have no difficulty in re-establishing their position—more especially as the Socialist Opposition appears to possess no particular ability or political acumen. Abroad the task of the Government is to maintain peace and to strengthen the League of Nations. At home its immediate concern is to secure an amicable settlement of the coal dispute. If this can be satisfactorily accomplished, there is every reason to hope that Mr Baldwin's fourth administration will be able to improve the social and economic condition of the country, and that with improved trade and industry the long wished for reduction of unemployment will be effected.

CUTHBERT HEADLAM.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

- Shakespeare's Imagery.** Caroline Spurgeon.
Shakespeare and Home Life. Cumberland Clark.
Byron: The Years of Fame. Peter Quennell.
Mary Tudor. Beatrice White.
Richard Cromwell, Protector of England. Robert W. Ramsey.
Mirabeau. Evarts S. Scudder.
Pepys, the Years of Peril. Arthur Bryant.
Peter Porcupine. Marjorie Bowen.
Roman Britain. C. M. Franzero.
A History of the Church, Vol. II. Phillip Hughes.
Dictionary of Religion and Religions. Richard Ince.
Coral Gardens and their Magic. Bronislaw Malinowski.
Notes on Antique Folklore. X. F. M. G. Wolters.
A Survey of the Occult. Edited by Julian Franklyn.
The Book World. Edited by John Hampden.
Chronicles of Barabbas. George Doran.
Life of Charles Gore. G. L. Prestige.
Zaharoff, the Armaments King. Robert Neumann.
Epitaph on George Moore. Charles Mergan.
More Letters from Martha Wilmot.
Prisoner of the OGPU. George Kitchin.
Hashish. Henry de Monfried.
Arabian Adventure. Douglas Caruthers.
Elegant Modes in the Nineteenth Century. Angus Holden.
Essay on Landscape Painting. Kuo Hsi.
Scenery and the Sense of Sight. Vaughan Cornish.
Survey of London, Vol. XVI.
Chanticleer. J. G. Legge.
What a Word! A. P. Herbert.

THE study of Shakespeare has grown intensive, and the results already obtained from such treatment are restoring our Stratford (and universal) poet to his true outstanding dimensions and causing indirectly the bogy of the Baconians to become more than ever as a shadow of moonshine. A positive contribution to this chapter of scholarship (with a tiny sideslip on p. 86) is contributed by Dr Caroline Spurgeon in her 'Shakespeare's Imagery' (Cambridge University Press) which, as a result of extraordinary industry and care on her part, for she has listed, classified, and counted every image in every one of the plays thrice, throws light on the poet's personality, temperament, and thought, his themes and characters, of great value. How much labour and temper might have been saved if this good work had been done even a decade ago, but let us be thankful for it now! Every play, it seems, has its particular atmosphere of thought; a view which, in general, had been long accepted, for no reader or play-goer could have failed to discern, for instance, the tone of tempest, of distress and agony, of passion, as

expressed in the images and diction of the great tragedies ; but Dr Spurgeon carries us from the general to the particular and reveals the pictured thoughts, the linked ideas, which give colour and reality to every play. Her work is a triumph of devotion and patience, happily to be followed by continuations that when complete will comprise a living monument to Shakespeare's genius and personality. Of that personality we learn much from this study. We are shown a greater, warmer, and kinder man than some of us, caught among the smallnesses of his London life, with a dark woman intervening, had quite believed in. He had supremely sensitiveness, poise, courage, humour and wholesomeness ; while in memorable words, the spiritual truth of his greatness is expressed.

'By, in and for ourselves, we are as nothing ; we exist only just in so far as we touch our fellows, and receive back from them the warmth or light we have ourselves sent out. To befriend, to support, to help, to cheer and illuminate our fellow-men is the whole object of our being, and if we fail to do this, we have failed in that object, and are as empty husks, hollow and meaningless. Only thus can we fulfil ourselves.'

After the studious, the imaginative and yet real research of Dr Spurgeon's book, it is perhaps unfair to turn at once to Mr Cumberland Clark's '**Shakespeare and Home Life**' (Williams and Norgate), for his treatment is obvious ; careful but stolid, and with all his industry he sheds no new light. Yet his volume is useful, for he groups his domestic and other facts carefully.

Of books about Byron there seems to be no end, but that would be no complaint if all were written in so attractive and discerning a manner as Mr Peter Quennell's '**Byron : The Years of Fame**' (Faber). Sometimes the readers of books about the poets almost wonder whether there was any genuine Byron at all, or whether he was really like a striking building presenting several varied facades to the public gaze but with hollow emptiness behind. Hereditary violent and bad blood, added to early Calvinistic training, may have convinced him that he was the Man of Doom, damned by fate—but how entertaining to play the part, to the creeping of other people's, and his own, flesh ! He may truly have been the genial, kindly companion of whom we get glimpses—but then again how striking to play the genial part when

one is damned ! He may have been addicted to all the horrible vices of which he has been accused and which are read autobiographically into his poems—but then what delight to pose as an Evil Spirit when really he was different. He probably should never have married, and one thing is certain, that such a woman as Lady Byron was the worst of all wives for him. It may be said that if the most striking of vices are unproved in Byron, the most striking of virtues are only too well proved in Lady Byron. Hence, perhaps, even with readers of the strictest and most upright lives, Byron is still treated with sympathy while the unfortunate Lady Byron is found almost intolerable.

The fashion of revised biography, which in the last few years has raged as a literary epidemic, has discovered one of its best examples in Miss Beatrice White's '*Mary Tudor*' (Macmillan). Written with excellent style, imaginative and apt, it brings before readers with clearness and colour the series of extraordinary persons, as they seem to modern eyes, who peopled the energetic, cruel, treacherous, brave, and glorious Tudor time. Of all the figures prominent in English history, none surely was worse treated or was more pathetic than the Roman Catholic elder daughter of Henry VIII. Wronged from the hour of her mother's divorce, Mary, as Princess and as Queen, did, or was made to do, just the wrong things ; and the ironic gods therefore pelted her with the fruits of her conscientious folly. With breadth of judgment, insight and sympathy, Miss White tells the full story and reveals that diversity of purposes which caused the Queen often to appear contradictory. She was naturally gentle and merciful ; yet the religious bigotry which sometimes possessed her, and often only reacted to the bigotry of opponents as fierce as those on her own side, wrought her to moments and decisions of cruelty which fastened on her name an ugly adjective, which Miss White, with her true account and characterisation, it is hoped, has removed for ever. Mary would have saved Lady Jane Grey had not her hands been forced by the harshness and folly of others. As to the Queen herself, we get a clear portrait in these pages—'not at all beautiful, for she is little rather than stout, she is very red and white. She has no eyebrows, she is a perfect saint, but she dresses very

badly.' With '**Richard Cromwell. Protector of England**' (Longmans), Mr Robert W. Ramsey had a more difficult task than he had with '**Queen Dick's**' brother Henry; for the reason that the latter was practically a fresh subject, whereas Richard from the fact of his succeeding his father became inevitably the mark and also often the scorn of historians. Dryden's '**foolish Ishbosheth**,' through his failure to retain what had become an impossible task to any one but the mighty Oliver—in time also it might have become hopeless even to him—has been too easily derided; and therefore this fair and balanced volume is welcome, for it does much to redeem an old injustice. Richard was not a fool and he had courage, dignity, and decision, although he did not draw sword in the Civil War, thereby providing a gibe to malcontents. It is true that when the troubles in the Army brought about his fall and he might have saved or delayed catastrophe by retaliation, he refused to do so. 'I will have no blood spilt for me,' he declared. 'I would not take away the life of the least person in the nation to preserve my greatness, which is a burden to me.' It was no small man, of heart or mind, who made that utterance; but, of course, Richard was not the man for the rare occasion and he fell. With him went also whatever was of interest about him. His later many years in which he dabbled and pottered through life as '**Mr Clarke**' on the whole are belittling to him; with his twenty years of solitary exile, his troubles over property, his tendencies to tumble into debt. We come now to a most forceful personality. With all the publicity that he enjoyed in his lifetime, and the many biographical studies of him that exist, the actual **Honoré Gabriel Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau**, remains essentially unknown, for the reasons that the workings of genius are mainly inscrutable; and he, without question, as orator and practical statesman who vanished in his prime, was a genius. In '**Mirabeau**' (Barker), Mr Evarts S. Scudder has painted a vivid and vigorous portrait of this man of many passions, that sometimes could be so destructive to himself as well as to the women whose love was won by the charm which was among the qualities that his biographers have never been able to reveal. Had it not been for the Revolution and the opportunity it

gave him for insisting on the right middle course that might have saved for France its liberties and for Louis Seize his throne, Mirabeau could only have been remembered as a rake and spendthrift, in his wildness and ruthlessness outdoing almost any other of the world-famous rakes. As it is, had Mirabeau lived he might have saved his country and prevented the worse effects of that Reign of Terror that was the glory of Robespierre and an eternal blot on the name of Liberty.

Mr Arthur Bryant's new volume '**Pepys, the Years of Peril**' (Cambridge University Press) will come as a revelation to all who are not learned in the facts of Pepys' life and work, and to many who are. The chapters dealing with his work as Secretary of the Board of Admiralty show the lasting debt that the British navy owes to him. He realised that keenness and vitality at sea are useless, when there is slackness, corruption and chaos in Whitehall. Pepys set himself to purify the administration, to organise the whole service and arrange for the proper professional training of officers. He began to blaze the trail which has led to the efficiency of our present navy. Another striking feature of Mr Bryant's work is the evidence he gives of Charles II's genuine devotion to the navy and his unfailing friendship for and support of Pepys, at times when, but for that, Pepys' enemies would have ruined him if not taken his life. It must be remembered, however, that Pepys was really only a channel of attack on the King and the Duke of York and that but for his unswerving loyalty Charles would have found it still more difficult to defeat his own enemies. The chapters dealing with the machinations of Shaftesbury and his minions to bring down Pepys, and Pepys' counter-measures are as good reading as any detective story: spies, corrupt informers, faked evidence, and false charges on the one side, and the ingenious, unsparing, and clever efforts of Pepys and his friends to prove the falsities on the other. One definite conclusion from this fascinating book is that, whatever may be said of Charles's high-handed dealings with his parliaments, he was justified, for even an archangel could hardly have dealt amicably with such an obstinate and wayward body of men.

Although much has been written about William Cobbett, and he was his own earnest remembrancer, he

remains generally unknown, especially to the class he was most eager to serve; his force and assertiveness, sincerity, and the gifts that were his having left little that has clung to the popular heart; wherefore it is well that Miss Marjorie Bowen should have written this spirited study of his character and career to refresh our minds over him. 'Peter Porcupine' (Longmans), to use the pen-name which nowadays is not the best to draw attention to the book, lived at an age when such as he were needed. The abuses, social and political, which called for reform, looked back upon, appear appalling; while there was a want of good will and enlightenment amongst many of those who might have led the crusade required and which, omitted, make the aspects that confronted Cobbett appear darker. But he had no hesitations in challenging Apollyon, Mammon, Beelzebub, and any or every other of his innumerable aversions that were endangering the prosperity and freedom of the common people. Unfortunately he had little discrimination over the true proportions of things, and inevitably soon was quarrelling with his most influential colleagues and supporters. 'Porcupine' was the word for him, as he had a pig-like obstinacy and an abundant armoury of prickles; while his many prejudices included a detestation of potatoes, of Wilberforce, and Shakespeare. Yet, as we see from this presentation of him, he was a kindly man who although self-complacent and self-righteous, lost those faults when hot in fight for a cause.

It is natural that in these hazardous and assertive Italian days Signor C. M. Franzero should wax lyrical over the Romans and their Empire of old and in his exultant preface, addressed to Il Duce, express his feeling that 'the era of the Mussolinian Rome already had the significance of the ancient'; but he oversteps the limits of accuracy and other things when in efforts of doubtful comparison he misdescribes the British as 'an Empire, one might say, of shopkeepers who go to reap the spoils, not to bring forth civilisation'; and as 'every day more an aggregate of far-away nations, intolerant of the tutelage of England, anxious to turn their backs on her who made them what they are. The British Empire is—in the political mythology of the present world—the giant with feet of clay.' Such statements are as ludicrous as they

are pompous ; but their absurdity must not deter students of archæology and history from glancing through his 'Roman Britain' (Allen and Unwin), as his descriptions of the remains of the old settlements of the legions in garrisons throughout our country, of villas and baths, and especially roads, are revealing. He has the imagination as well as the enthusiasm of the born archæologist ; but his imagination basely overleaps the truth when he declares that the monument of a cavalryman, now in Hexham Abbey, represents the 'Vessilliferus' as 'kicking the stern of the barbarian who kneels under his horse.' It does nothing of the kind ; but is merely an example of bad composition.

The outstanding impressions derived from the second volume of Philip Hughes' introductory study of '**A History of the Church**' (Sheed and Ward) are of its breadth of judgment, its freedom from bias, and the bright lucidity of its presentment. The period covered is but a few years short of a thousand, and stretches from the age of St. Augustine of Hippo, whose enlightened philosophy and spiritual courage amid the complexities of determined schisms and heresies entitled him to be named the father of medieval Christian thought, to St Thomas of Aquinas, who, when this volume closes, was still the incompletely recognised genius on whose teaching the next crucial stage in the progress of Christendom was to be based—ten centuries in which the Church built itself into security and supreme religious authority, and when also seeds were sown of future disillusionment. That the story is not all golden but sometimes was cruel and far removed from the ideals of the Divine Founder is seen by Mr Hughes, whereby the value of his work is enhanced. He recognises without explaining away the methods and influence of the Holy Inquisition, and acknowledges that the Popes were acquiescent to some of its cruelties. But also he sees in a volume of almost unbounded diversions and developments, the human sides ; as the sweet humanity of St Francis, the less-sweet humanity of Abelard ; hears the voices of the Councils settling great questions and describes the struggles of the Church against the powers of the world, and of Christendom against Islam. Students of religion and general readers interested in the subject will find Mr Richard

Ince's '**Dictionary of Religion and Religions**' (Barker) a useful and informative volume. Within the limits of space available in 300 pages there is a mine of useful and instructive knowledge, from Archbishops of Canterbury to Roman gods, from mysticism to original sin, from church architecture to water nymphs, from medieval saints to the price of apostle spoons at Christies'.

It is to be feared there may be some disappointment through the title of Professor Bronislaw Malinowski's '**Coral Gardens and their Magic**' (Allen and Unwin) being misread. It has the poetry of promise which must allure the normal gardener whose own plot to him is a lovesome spot, God wot! and who finds its slow sure improvement as year follows year an instance of the magic that comes from the happy collaboration of efforts made with Nature. Professor Malinowski's volumes are different from that, and yet more wonderful and fascinating to its right reader, the student of anthropology and tribal lore. Having lived for three years with the primitive Trobrianders, 'a few thousand "savages," practically naked, scattered over a small flat archipelago of dead coral' off the east end of New Guinea, he has studied their methods of agriculture which to them, besides producing the fruits of the earth in prosperity, is an expression of worship, an unconscious (it may be) culture of natural magic. This is a full and thorough work, with numerous illustrations, maps, tables, and vocabularies, but except to the devout, who have the key to its intricacies, it makes stiff reading.

Folklorists will also be interested in a Work in English published by H. J. Paris of Amsterdam, '**Notes on Antique Folklore**,' which might not come to their knowledge without this mention of it. It is a study by Dr X. F. M. G. Wolters of a passage in Pliny's '**Natural History**' (Lib. xxviii., 22-29) in which such superstitions or magical habits as that absent people feel by the buzzing of the ears that they are being spoken about, and that a scorpion refrains from stinging if 'duo' is said to it (a point on which the doctor is, however, a little doubtful) are stated and generally explained. The book has an added attraction because of the glimpses it gives of the minds and fears of the common people of ancient Rome, whose glamour lives. We pass to another department of

psychology. Through the weaknesses of the credulous and of those who deceive, often with intent to defraud, the Occult is a good deal suspect, and it is easy to regard askance any new work treating of that illimitable province of inquiry or curiosity. But '**A Survey of the Occult**' (Barker) which Mr Julian Franklyn has edited, with contributions by four others, is anyhow sound in its intentions. With such subjects as Alchemy, Astrology, Fairies, Werewolves, Devil Worship, Spiritualism, the Succubus and Incubus, Witchcraft, and Ghosts, and those are but a handful caught from this garnering, faults may be expected; but on the whole the work is meritorious in its care of assertion, honesty, and reasonableness. The element of fraud is recognised among spiritualistic mediums, with the acceptance also of the sincerity of much of the research; while the truth that a famous chemist like the late Sir William Crookes could be almost wilfully credulous in a sphere that was not his own is frankly acknowledged.

A book on Books—their authorship, production, publication, marketing, and reviewing—containing articles by Messrs. Frank Swinnerton, W. G. Taylor, G. Wren Howard, Stanley Unwin, Basil Blackwood, J. G. Wilson, and Gerald Gould—must of necessity command the respect and attract the attention of those interested in literature in this country. Such a work is '**The Book World**' (Nelson) edited by John Hampden, which in little over 200 pages gives an able survey of its subject, discusses many of its problems, shows what is being done and can be done in future to make our nation more book-conscious and, last but not least, explains its difficulties. These difficulties seem so slight to the book-desiring public which clamours more and more for all they want in full measure at ever cheaper prices; while ignoring the fact of the many, from author to bookseller's assistant, who somehow have to live on the small margin of profit left by ever lower prices and increasing book borrowing. This book is lucid and concise and should be on the shelves of all members of the book community. A distinguished and successful American publisher, Mr George Doran, has written his reminiscences under the title of '**Chronicles of Barabbas**' (Methuen). The title is suggestive of the cynic or the humorist and Mr Doran shows

both qualities, especially in his description of various pious, prosperous, and strictly evangelical publishers, on both sides of the Atlantic, with whom he has had associations. Piety was not allowed to interfere when profit-making pointed the way to lines far wider than those publishers would at one time have considered conceivable, and in one case at least an orgy of chapel-attendance and prayer-meeting on Sundays did not bring an excess of Christian charity into business on weekdays. We wonder what some of the many distinguished authors dealt with in this volume think of being thus classed as intimate friends of Barabbas! Mr Doran by his ability, enterprise and energy created a highly successful business and was responsible for the appearance of many fine works. He is obviously a good friend, using easily Christian names with most of his authors, small and great; but he is also a hard hitter with those who, like Dr Axel Munthe, have earned his displeasure.

Dr G. L. Prestige in his 'Life of Charles Gore' (Heinemann) gives his readers an able and convincing portrait of a great man. Neither the lights nor shades of his character are exaggerated. We are shown the scholar, teacher, priest, the wit, and traveller, the saint, the religious controversialist, the often impatient critic—all is there, told in a clear way; yet we cannot close the book without feeling that it is a Martha rather than a Mary that is disclosed. So much detail is there, but one thing is wanting, the real spiritual inspiration that, for all who really knew him, is summed up by the name of Charles Gore. It is as if a man, highly skilled in words, were describing some splendid cathedral window, its tracery, its lights, the stories depicted in them, the general effect and detail, and yet has not seen that window with the sunlight coming through it. It is the effect of that sunlight which makes all the difference, and is so hard to describe. Dr Prestige might have told his readers more about Gore's literary work, which gets scant notice compared with its wide influence, and also more about his intimate and delightful relations with his family throughout his life—indeed his life can hardly be seen in true perspective without those essentials. Dr Prestige has faced a tremendous task courageously: if the result just lacks inspiration and at times seems slightly patronising to his subject it may well

be answered that no one who did not know Charles Gore intimately would be likely to have done better.

'Zaharoff, the Armaments King,' by Robert Neumann (Allen and Unwin), is an astonishing book. If the author is deemed to have proved his case, Sir Basil Zaharoff stands out as a figure of grim and sinister ill omen who by his work in armaments has done more evil to the human race than any man of his time. If the author has not proved his case, the book, surely, is one of the most outspoken that has been issued for many years. There are few crimes (not excluding murder) which, according to the suggestion of this volume, Sir Basil has not committed, while his early years were lurid. The word 'suggestion' is advisedly used as the author, after giving strong evidence in favour of the charges made, as often as not gives almost equally good evidence on the other side. The final opinion is suggested—usually against Sir Basil. This is an irritating procedure, and coupled with the affectations of the author's style does away with no small part of the reader's pleasure in the book. To pass to a different department of personal interest Mr Charles Morgan has written an '**Epitaph on George Moore**' (Macmillan) which makes a seemly supplement to Mr John Eglinton's crystalline study of that Anglo-Irish writer of occasional genius in his '**Irish Literary Portraits.**' Both Mr Morgan and Mr Eglinton, it appears, were invited by Moore to write his biography; but both of them, after some experience of the facts, eventually declined the work. Which may be a parable. The aspects they present of Moore are generally alike, and honouring to him, though neither was blind to his imperfections of appearance, personality, or achievement. As to the literary faults, especially of the earlier Moore, Mr Morgan is the franker, and dubs that rightly less-illustrious fellow as *Amica Mooreni*, a subtlety of verbal portraiture which would not have pleased the Master in Ebury Street.

It was natural enough after the success of the *Russian Journals of Martha and Catherine Wilmot*, published a year ago, that the *Impressions of Vienna*, in the ten years of her husband's chaplaincy to the British Ambassador there, described in '**More Letters from Martha Wilmot**' (Macmillan), edited by Lady Londonderry and Dr H. M. Hyde, should be looked for and read with

eagerness. Its interest is not equal to that of the earlier book, but, as Hamlet said, it serves ; while some of the pages describing the gorgeous gaieties at the British Embassy when Lord Stewart, who after the death of the famous Castlereagh became the third Marquess of Londonderry, was the Ambassador, are brilliant. Martha Wilmot, happily had a touch of the gall of malice mixed in her ink and spent it amusingly on Lady Stewart, whose attitudes and magnificence in the glory of her temporary opportunity were almost super-royal. It was a fortunate chance which took Martha Bradford with her husband and their three children to Vienna to stay there for ten years, with visits meanwhile to Italy and the Tyrol, at a time when the crux of political interest was fixed in Austria. The Bradfords came to know Metternich and many others who were making history in those post-Napoleonic years ; and it has an added interest that their small son, Wilmot, born in the year of Waterloo, did not die until 1914, and in his childhood knew the unhappy Duc de Reichstadt, the second Napoleon, and later the Iron Duke. How vast and brief may be a hundred years !

No denunciation more compelling of man's inhumanity to man could well be written than the late George Kitchin's account of his sufferings and experiences when a 'Prisoner of the OGPU' (Longmans). The brutal cruelties that he witnessed, the treacheries, the incompetence of the Soviet system of misgovernment, should open the eyes even of communists wilfully blind ; for he has told his terrible story with a convincing moderation and sincerity. In spite of his name, Mr Kitchin, who died from the effects of his four years' imprisonment, was a Finn ; and sentenced, sent to prison, like some others, because he refused to use his opportunities for spying in the service of the Bolsheviks on foreign residents in Russia. Unhappily, in refusing the obnoxious suggestion he offended an official of the OGPU, and, therefore, was sent to penal camps in Northern Russia. Of the three hundred unfortunates who went with him on that frozen trek only forty were alive three years afterwards ; and no one need feel surprise over that when one considers the physical and moral tortures to which they were subject. In his Postscript, wherein he details the whereabouts in February, 1932, of the 475,000 prisoners

in penal camps, he reminds us of those, innumerable, who were unable to survive ; such as the gallant Bakhtiarov, who hanged himself, rather than continue to help to make the brutal system efficient.

No more than revolution can the adventurous life be of rose-water ; indeed, the very discomforts of it must be allurements to the seeker of realities, at any rate overseas. Henry de Monfried's wandering life, as disclosed in 'Hashish' (Methuen), illustrates that truth. An old gun-runner, he turned to smuggling into Egypt the forbidden drug, and in the process passed under the threat of so many hazards and dangers that the luck which carried him securely through them must have failed him had the customs officers and others responsible, with whom he came into contact, been less stupid or corrupt. Probably he would have been hardly less happy if he had failed, for his heart was in the game rather than in the bulky roll of paper-money that was its prize. And he loved his small vessel, the *boutre*, in which he sailed the Gulf of Suez ; carried his bags of hashish from this hiding-place to that ; planted pearls in oysters for dupes to find ; encountered squalls and storms, and must have had many uncomfortable moments ; but to him it was a 'magic carpet' transporting him to enchanted countries as also it was the means of his 'crooked fight amid the filth of a sewer.' Drug-running is revealed as a dirty, if a profitable trade. It brought de Monfried into acquaintance with some precious rascals, men, mainly Greeks, rich and fat on the dangers and pains of others. But always he shows that he loved his crew, who respected him.

It is only fair to recognise that Mr. Douglas Carruthers' 'Arabian Adventure' (Witherby), is a quarter-century old. The experiences he describes and that came to him in his search for the oryx, the graceful humped antelope in the almost unvisited desert of sand, the Great Nafud, where it still lingered, happened in 1909. For many centuries Time was so obstinately stationary in those lost areas of the East that, in comparison, a mere quarter-century is nothing. Yet in many ways progress, chiefly mechanical, has affected Syria and Arabia more during these last few years than it had done before from the age of Abraham ; and it is necessary, therefore, for readers to know that, except for some casual notes and interpola-

tions, the work is not up to date. The author's interest in the oryx rested largely on its possible identification with the unicorn of fable; but that question, so far as may be, was settled five years ago by Mr Odell Sheppard in his work on 'The Lore of the Unicorn,' wherein he shows with the aid of an illustration of the *Oryx Capensis* how easy it was for the creature to appear as one-horned when seen from broadside with the two long graceful horns precisely aligned. Slight as the work is, it does enforce the truth that in this vast old world many districts remain where Nature proves still unsubduable before the enterprise of men.

Mr Angus Holden's 'Elegant Modes in the Nineteenth Century' (Allen and Unwin), which he further particularises as being 'from High Waist to Bustle,' would probably have been three times as good if it had been thrice the length: a compliment rare. Taking as the basis of his observations a series of fashion-plates—those sure targets of mirth for later-day humorists—he traces the periodical changes between frequent absurdity and infrequent sense in the clothing of women and men between 1807 and 1885, and makes it passably amusing. More amusing are his remarks on social ways and misdoings, persons, and nonentities, made apart from the plates: such as his account of the careers of the six odd forgotten daughters of George III; of the unauthorised ménage of Lady Blessington and her d'Orsay, and of croquet, about which one of its enthusiasts said in the 'seventies, 'that nothing is better worth attention than this petted but perverted pastime.' But is Mr Holden right in saying that the 'leg of mutton' sleeves disappeared entirely in 1836? We seem to remember something like them, possibly accompanying the 'pork-pie' hat, in the 'eighties.

In particular and in general no more timely or attractive little book could be published than the 'Essay on Landscape Painting' (Murray) by the eleventh-century thinker-artist, Kuo Hsi, which is Mr Cranmer Byng's latest 'score' for the 'Wisdom of the East' series. In particular this publication is timely, because it provides an apt introduction to the Exhibition of Chinese Art at Burlington House; while, in general, it is so for the reason that modern art, European art, needs the reminders

of ideals and of spiritual dedication before creation which Kuo Hsi was teaching at about the time of the Battle of Hastings. The sad thought is inevitable that the Sung Dynasty that witnessed the supreme magnificent flowering of Chinese inspiration and genius in the coloured and plastic arts and in poetry was itself the ultimate expression of the greatest triumph of the creative spirit in the East. Kuo Hsi's essay, put into excellent English by Miss Shio Sakanashi, is a reminder of the truth that for the fulfilment of beauty in deeds and in thought there can be no surrender of the essential ideals without paying the penalty that Asia seems largely to have paid in the slow fading of her vision through surrendering to the materialism that also mars the vision of the West. Curiously, in his scientific essay on '**Scenery and the Sense of Sight**' (Cambridge University Press) Dr Vaughan Cornish gives somewhat similar counsel to that of the Chinese sage, though instead of his advocating the rapt discipline of the spirit he appeals for a better use of the eyes. Although his formulæ and measurements may be a little beyond the interest of many lovers of the beautiful in nature and life, his examples are illuminating. As he says, 'the exquisite colours which light and atmosphere impart to a snowy landscape are only half seen by many people owing to their opinion that "snow is really white" '; and he has carried the training of his own observant powers to such a degree that he claims to be able to tell whether the nearer planets and Sirius appear as four-pointed or as six-pointed stars. While his work has its far cries, it has also its practical values; for even those who can recognise the 'visual music' of skies and fields in the cloud-light or the sunshine will respond to that more eagerly because of the counsel he gives.

The sixteenth volume of the invaluable '**Survey of London**' (Country Life), that is in process of issue by joint publishing committees of the London County Council and the London Survey Committee, under the general editorship of Mr G. H. Gater and Mr Walter H. Godfrey, takes us to the northern end of Whitehall and the demesnes that there adjacent lie. It is highly historic ground; containing the Horse Guards and the Admiralty buildings, Whitehall Place—of which a picture is shown with St Paul's distantly visible—Charing Cross, with

King Charles's statue and Spring gardens. With a care, worthy of that dangerous adjective meticulous, rate-books and old maps, plans and engravings have been studied, photographs made, and lists of tenants and of structural alterations drawn up; all of which combine to restore to eyes and minds this district as it has been from the sixteenth century onwards. Already this series is justified. It is an outstanding literary monument to the greatness and rich interest of London, but even now, in these sixteen bulky tomes, the subject has barely been touched. If anybody could accomplish the impossible, and translate into English adequately an anthology of foreign poems, it might be Mr J. G. Legge, who up to a point has done so in '**Chanticleer**' (Dent), which follows the courses of French poetry from the eleventh century until the day-before-yesterday, when the blaze had died down to the somewhat brilliant flashes and flickerings of the decadents. Often, as a result of five years of care and repolishing, he has caught the lilt of the music that goes with the thought; but the happiest readers of his book will be those who, knowing the French language well and reading the poems in the original, can follow his chronicle and commentary.

Mr. A. P. Herbert—happily now M.P.—for many moons with his reforming broom has been stirring up stupidities, clichés and solecisms, legal, administrative and otherwise; raising a fine cloudiness of dusty particles to remind us, incidentally, what parrots and marionettes most of us are. With '**What a Word!**' (Methuen) he rollicks—rollicks and riots, making an Aunt Sally of many a writer who thinks himself, or it may be herself, sacrosanct in the Temple of the Written Word. When an important novelist (to some) writes, 'This unseemly demonstration was not motivated by literary considerations'; and a Prime Minister declares 'It is up to us in the Government'; and the style of the ordinary administrative document, whatever the administration may be, is a mere verbiage of tangled dull pomposities, it is time for a protest to be made and it comes hot from the inkpot of Mr Herbert. The trouble is—who is safe? Now that Mr Herbert is in Parliament we shall expect to find in every printed Act such inspired lucidity and humour as mark the style of—well, Mr Haddock.

CORRESPONDENCE

DRUNKENNESS AND ENVIRONMENT

To the Editors of the 'Quarterly Review.'

SIRS,—Sociologists in general and Temperance Reformers in particular will be grateful to Mr J. L. Carlin for his article on 'Drunkenness and Environment' in the October issue of the 'Quarterly Review,' in so far as he stresses the value of a right environment and for his confirmation of the fact that alcoholic euphoria is no longer deemed the 'easiest way out.' His claim with regard to transport, the cinema, and broadcasting hardly does justice to other factors which have played and still play a great part in the reduction of criminal drunkenness. Mr Carlin says 'that it was in 1924 that the tendency towards sobriety began to be statistically evident.' Surely this statement is hardly correct in view of the figures since 1910. From that year until 1914 prosperity marked our national life and the convictions for drunkenness per 10,000 of the population were 43, 47·7, 49·7, 51·2, and 49·3. Then came the War and the necessary restrictions under the Defence of the Realm Act, with the most spectacular drop in convictions (both for men and women) which this country has seen. They dropped progressively to 7·8 per 10,000 in 1918, rising to 25·5 in 1920. Since then they dropped to 7·5 in 1932, rising to 8·9 in 1933. The figures for the County of London and seventy-seven County Boroughs in 1934 show an increase of 27·5 per cent. over those for 1932. It is, therefore, not correct to say that the tendency to sobriety became statistically evident in 1924.

Further, in taking 1924, because of the coincidence of a million B.B.C. licences, Mr Carlin has taken as his departure point the year in which post-war unemployment reached its lowest level since 1920. According to 'Statistical Abstracts,' the annual percentage of unemployed among certain Trade Unions was 2·4 per cent. in 1919 and 1920. Then the slump began and in 1921 (with the Coal Stoppage) the percentage rose to 14·8, in 1922 15·2, in 1923 11·3. In 1924 it dropped to 8·1 per cent. (when the convictions for drunkenness went up) and then rose to 10·5 per cent. in 1925 and 12·2 per cent. in 1926. Since then the records have been given in a different form, viz. the percentage of insured people unemployed. Taking the average of January and July for each year 1927-34 the figures are 10·6, 11·1, 10·9, 14·5, 21·5, 22·5, 21·2 and 17·6 per cent. respectively. The partial recovery from trade depression, plus some reduction in the price and some relaxa-

tion in the restricted hours, resulted in the increase of convictions already noted.

In face of these figures and the recorded experience of the National Service Authorities, Mr Carlin has not given sufficient weight either to the far-reaching effect of the war-time restrictions or to the influence of prosperity or its reverse on the spending power of the public and the consumption of alcoholic drink and its results.

The drastic curtailment of the facilities for drink, the reduction in the alcoholic strength of liquor, and a beginning of reform in the matter of counter-attraction and canteen conditions have had a continuous and permanent effect. As the report of Lord Colwyn's Committee on National Finance said, the habits with regard to drink thus enforced left a permanent mark on the life of the nation. After the Armistice, with the first rebound towards prosperity the consumption of drink and the convictions went up. Then the tide began to ebb, and we passed into the period of depression not yet ended. This economic depression must be considered as a powerful factor in the reduction of the number of convictions.

There are other very potent factors which Mr Carlin has overlooked. First, there is the increased cost of liquor and the restricted hours of sale. In 1914 the duty on beer was 23s. per standard barrel and the brewery profits £9,970,000; in 1934 the duty was nearly five times as much and the profits £18,000,000. The drinking public pay a greater price for a less alcoholic liquor. Secondly, Mr Carlin has overlooked another factor which many believe to be a very powerful one, viz. the remarkable change in medical practice with regard to the medicinal use of beverage alcohol in the treatment of hospital patients. The writer has just completed an investigation which covers over 1,700,000 patients in 805 hospitals. Comparing 1934 (with its increased cost of liquor) with 1900, had there been no change in medical practice the drink bill would have been £319,000; as a fact it was only £27,000. This not only indicates the great change in medical opinion and practice, but it has effected a saving of £280,000 in hospital finances and has had a great educational effect on nurses, patients, and the public. It is true, of course, that the ordinary questions of treatment and personal habit must be kept distinct; at the same time much drinking has been strengthened by the traditional belief in alcohol as a 'medicine.' Thirdly, Mr Carlin allows a serious break in the train of causation when he neglects reference to the work of Temperance Reformers and their provision of definite and specific education whereby generations of young people have been enlightened

as to the true nature of alcoholic beverages and their effect on the individual and social organism. This education has been a far more potent factor than many people are willing to recognise.

Fourthly, and closely akin to the preceding, is the fact revealed by the Registrar General in the last 'Decennial Supplement' regarding the incidence of alcoholism and cirrhosis of the liver in the social classes. The people who have come least under the influence of specific teaching about alcohol are those with the highest death rate from cirrhosis of the liver, which, in spite of all 'red herrings' is still recognised by competent observers as an index of alcoholic consumption and excess.

Dividing the nation into three classes, the upper and professional, the skilled artisans, and the unskilled workmen, it is the first, with all its opportunity of general education, culture, and comfort, which has the highest death rate, while the mass of skilled workmen has the lowest; a result due to causes operating long before 1924 and the B.B.C.

Mr Carlin states 'that liquor is only indulged in for its own sake by abnormal individuals or in abnormally bad environments.' Be that as it may, the fact remains that last year we spent £229,000,000 on drink, and, to return to the 'Decennial Supplement,' if we arrange all the 176 occupations of the country in order of their death rate from cirrhosis of the liver, we get the following result. At the bottom, with no deaths or very, very few, we have coal miners, clergy, ministers, and teachers. At the top, with the heaviest death rate, those connected with the liquor trade; and then in the first forty all the professional classes of the community. True, the actual number of 'certified' deaths from alcoholism or cirrhosis is small, still, so far as they go, they show that those with the means to drink and the will to do so have to pay the penalty.

Whether, as Mr Carlin says, 'beer and liquor generally is now taking its proper place' he must cast his net further afield if he would encompass the comprehensive factors, individual and social, economic and moral, which are involved in the lure of alcohol and its inevitable results on individual and social life.

Yours very truly,
COURTENAY C. WEEKS.

The National Temperance League,
33, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1.

